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ISHED IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE THE PRINCIPLES OF VIRTUE AND RELIGION IN THE MINDS OF THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

A NARRATIVE,

Which has its foundation in truth, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, is entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct.

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PAMELA.

LETTER I.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

I HAVE great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mentioned to you, and left us all much grieved for the loss of her; she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I feared, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forced to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualified above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: but God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienced, put it into my good lady's heart, just an hour before she expired, to recommend to my young master, all her servants one by one: and when it came to my turn to be recommended, (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow,) she could only say,—'My dear son!' and so broke off a little; and then recovering, 'remember my poor Pamela.'—And these were some of her last words. O how my eyes run! Don't wonder to see the paper so blotted.

Well, but God's will must be done! And so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return home to be a clog upon my dear father! For my master said 'I will take care of you all my good maidens. And for you, Pamela (and took me by the hand; yes, he took my hand before them all,) 'for my dear mother's sake, I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen.' God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father and mother, for a blessing upon him; for he has given mourning, and a years' wages to all my lady's servants, and I having no wages as yet (my lady having said she would do for me as I deserved,) he ordered the housekeeper to give me mourning with the rest; and gave me with his own hand four golden guineas, and some silver, which were in my old lady's pocket when she died; and said, if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake. And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort, for Providence will not let me want: and so you may pay some old debt with part, and keep the other part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my duty, and it shall be my care to love and cherish you both; for you have loved and cherished me when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by John our footman, who goes your way: but he does not know what he carries, because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes, which my lady had, wrapped close in paper, that they mayn't chink; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, dear father and mother, I must give you both grief and pleasure; and so I will only say, pray for your Pamela; who will ever be your most dutiful daughter

I have been scared out of my senses; for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! How was I frightened! I went to hide the letter in my bosom; and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, 'To whom have you been writing, Pamela?' I said, in my confusion, 'Pray your honour, forgive me!—only to my father and mother.' He said, 'Well, then, let me see how you are come on in your writing.' O how ashamed I was! He took it, without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again, and I said, 'Pray, your honour, forgive me!' Yet I know not for what: for he was always dutiful to his parents; and why should he be angry that I was so to mine! And indeed he was not angry; for he took me by the hand, and said, 'You are a good girl, Pamela, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these; though you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family. Be faithful and diligent; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this.' And then he said, 'Why, Pamela, you write a very pretty hand, and spell tolerably too. I see my good mother's care in your learning has not been thrown away upon you. She used to say, you loved reading; you may look into any of her books to improve yourself, so you take care of them.' I did nothing but curtsey and cry, and was all in confusion at his goodness. Indeed he is the best of gentleman, I think: but I am making another long letter; so I will only add to it, that I shall ever be your dutiful daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

LETTER II.

In answer to the preceding.

DEAR PAMELA,

YOUR letter was a great trouble, and some comfort to me and your poor mother. We are troubled for your good lady's death, who took such care of you, and gave you learning, and for three or four years past has always been giving you clothes and linen, and every thing that a gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief trouble is, and a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, by being set so above yourself. Every body talks how you have come on, and what a genteel girl you are; and some say you are very pretty: and six months since, when I saw you last, I should have thought so myself, if you was not our child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruined and undone? My dear Pamela, we begin to be in great fear for you; for what signify all the riches in the world, with a bad conscience, and to be dishonest? We are, it is true, very poor, and find it hard enough to live; though once, as you know, it was better with us. But we would sooner live upon the water, and, if possible, the clay of the ditches I dig, than live better at the price of our child's ruin.

I hope the good squire has no design; but when he has given you so much money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and, oh! that fatal word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do *as you should do*, almost kills us with fears.

I have spoken to good old widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formely lived in good families; and she put us in some

comfort; for she says, it is not unusual, when a lady dies, to give what she has about her person to her waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her illness. But then, why should he smile so kindly upon you? why should he take such a poor girl as you by the hand, as your letter says he has done twice? Why should he stoop to read your letter to us, and commend your writing and spelling? And why should he give you leave to read his mother's books? Indeed, my dearest child, our hearts ache for you: and then you seem so full of *joy* at his goodness, so *taken* with his kind expressions, (which, truly, are very great favours, if he means well) that we *fear*—yes, my dear child, we *fear*—you should be *too* grateful, and reward him with that jewel, your virtue, which no riches, nor favour, nor any thing in this life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long letter, but will say one thing more; and that is, that in the midst of our poverty and misfortunes, we have trusted in God's goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, though our lot is hard here: but the loss of our dear child's virtue would be a grief that we could not bear, and would bring our gray hairs to the grave at once.

If, then, you love *us*, if you wish for *God's* blessing and *your own* future happiness, we both charge you to stand upon your guard: and if you find the least attempt made upon your virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us; for we had rather see you all covered with rags, and even follow you to the church-yard, than have it said, a child of our's preferred any worldly convenience to her virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful present; but, till we are out of pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the price of our poor daughter's shame: so have laid it up in a rag among the thatch, over the window for awhile, lest we should be robbed. With our blessings, and our hearty prayers for you, we remain, *your careful, but loving father, and mother,*

JOHN AND ELIZABETH ANDREWS

LETTER III

DEAR FATHER,

I MUST say, your letter has filled me with trouble: it has made my heart, which was overflowing with gratitude for my master's goodness, suspicious and fearful; yet I hope I shall never find him act unworthy of his character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young creature as me? But that which gives me most trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the honesty of your child. No, my dear father and mother, be assured, that, by God's grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I will die a thousand deaths rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assured, and set your hearts at rest; for although I have lived above myself for some time past, yet I can be content with rags, poverty, and bread and water, and will embrace them, rather than forfeit my good name, let who will be the tempter. Of this pray rest satisfied, and think better of *your dutiful daughter till death.*

My master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no cause to fear any thing. Mrs. Jervis the housekeeper too is very civil to me, and I have the love of every body. Sure they cannot and have designs against me, because they are civil! I hope I shall al-

ways behave so as to be respected by every one; and that nobody would do me more hurt than I am sure I would do them. Our John so often goes your way, that I will always get him to call, that you may hear from me either by writing (for it brings my hand in,) or by word of mouth.

LETTER IV.

DEAR MOTHER,

For the last was to my father, in answer to his letter, and so I will now write to you, though I have nothing to say but what will make me look more like a vain hussey than any thing else: however, I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret pleasure one has to hear one's self praised. You must know that my Lady Davers, who, I need not tell you, is my master's sister, has been a month at our house, and has taken great notice of me, and given me good advice to keep myself to myself. She told me I was a very pretty wench, and that every body gave me a very good character, and loved me; and bid me take care to keep the fellows at a distance; and said, *that* I might do, and be more valued for it, even by themselves.

But what pleased me much was what I am going to tell you; for at table, as Mrs. Jervis says, my master and her ladyship talking of me, she told him she thought me the prettiest wench she ever saw; and that I was too pretty to live in a bachelor's house, since no lady he might marry would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improved, and had a good share of prudence and sense above my years: it would be a pity that what was my merit should be my misfortune. 'No,' says my good lady, 'Pamela shall come and live with me, I think.' He said, with all his heart; he should be glad to have me so well provided for. 'Well,' said she, 'I'll consult my lord about it.' She asked how old I was; and Mrs. Jervis said I was fifteen last February. 'O!' says she, 'if the wench' (for so she calls all us maiden servants) 'takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her person as her mind.'

Now, my dear father and mother, though this may look too vain to be repeated by me, yet are you not rejoiced, as well as I, to see my master so willing to part with me? This shows that he has nothing bad in his heart. But John is just going away: and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be, *your honest, as well as dutiful daughter.*

Pray make use of the money You may do it safely.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

JOHN being to go your way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He says it does him good at his heart to see you both, and to hear you talk. He says you are both so sensible, and so honest, that he always learns something from you to the purpose. It is a thousand pities, he says, that such worthy hearts should not have better luck in the world; and wonders that you, my father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a hand, succeeded no better in the school you attempted to set up, but was forced to go to hard labour. But this is more pride to me, that I am come of such honest parents, than if I had been born a lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady Davers; and I am very easy at present here: for Mrs. Jervis

uses me as if I were her own daughter: and is a very good woman, and makes my master's interest her own. She is always giving me good counsel, and I love her, next to you too, I think, best of any body. She keeps so good rule and order, she is respected by us all; and takes delight to hear me read to her: and all she loves to hear read is good books, which we read whenever we are alone: so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one of our men, Harry, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me; I think he called me his pretty Pamela, and took hold of me, as if he would have kissed me, for which you may be sure I was very angry: and she took him to task, and was as angry at him as could be; and told me she was very well pleased to see my prudence and modesty, and that I kept all the fellows at a distance. And I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civilly to every body; but yet, methinks, I cannot bear to be looked at by these men-servants, for they seem as if they would look one through; and, as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup with Mrs. Jervis, (so good is she to me) I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me for Mrs. Jervis' sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in awe of her, knowing her to be a gentlewoman born, though she had misfortunes.

I am going on again with a long letter, for I love writing, and shall write to you. But when I began, I only intended to say that I am quite fearless of any danger now; and cannot but wonder at myself, (though your caution to me was your watchful love) that I should be so foolish as to be so uneasy as I have been: for I am sure my master would not demean himself so as to think upon such a poor girl as I for my harm. For such a thing would ruin his credit as well as mine, you know; who, to be sure, may expect one of the best ladies in the land. So no more at present, but that I am *your ever-dutiful daughter.*

LETTER VI.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.

My master has been very kind since my last; for he has given me a suit of my late lady's clothes, and half a dozen of her shifts, and six fine handkerchiefs, and three of her cambric aprons, and four Holland ones. The clothes are fine silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no affront to him to make money of them, and send it to you; it would do me more good.

You will be full of fears, I warrant now, of some design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. Jervis when he gave them me; and he gave her a mort of good things at the same time, and bid her wear them in remembrance of her good friend, my lady, his mother. And when he gave me these fine things, he said, 'These, Pamela, are for you; have them made fit for you, when your mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good mistress's sake. Mrs. Jervis gives you a very good word, and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have hitherto done, and every body will be your friend.'

I was so surprised at his goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I curtseyed to him, and to Mrs. Jervis, for her good word; and said, I wished I might be deserving of his favour, and his kindness; and nothing should [illegible] ing in me to the [illegible] ledge. O how [illegible] is doing good! [illegible] great folks for.

I always thought my young master a fine gentleman as every body says he is: but he gave these good things to us with such a graciousness, as I thought he looked like an angel.

Mrs. Jervis says, he asked her if I kept the men at a distance; for, he said, I was very pretty: and to be drawn in to have any of them might be my ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good word, and took occasion to launch out in my praise, she says. But I hope she has said no more than I shall try to deserve, though I may'nt at present. I am sure I will always love her, next to you and my dear mother. So I rest *your ever-dutiful daughter.*

LETTER VII.

DEAR FATHER,

Since my last, my master gave me more fine things. He called me up to my late lady's closet, and pulling out her drawers, he gave me two suits of fine Flanders' laced head-clothes; three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me, (for my lady had a very little foot,) and the other with wrought silver buckles in them, and several ribands and top-knots of all colours; four pair of white cotton stockings, three pair of fine silk ones, and two pair of rich stays. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the stockings, for Mrs. Jervis was not there: if she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I received them very awkwardly; for he smiled at my awkwardness, and said, 'Don't blush, Pamela; dost think I don't *know* pretty maids should wear *shoes and stockings?*"

I was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather. For you must think there was no answer to be made to this: so, like a fool, I was ready to cry, and went away curtseying and blushing, I am sure, up to the ears; for, though there was no harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Jervis, who said, God put it into his heart to be good to me; and I must double my diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in dress for a waiting-maid's place on Lady's Davers's own person.

But still your kind fatherly cautions came into my head, and made all these gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no reason: for what good could it do to him to harm such a simple maiden as me? Besides, to be sure no lady would look upon him, if he should so disgrace himself. So I will make myself easy; and, indeed, I should never have been otherwise, if you had not put it into my head, for my good, I know very well. But may be, without these uneasinesses to mingle with these benefits, I might be too much puffed up: so I conclude all that happens is for our good; and God bless you, my dear father and mother: I know you constantly pray for a blessing upon me, who am, and shall always be, *your dutiful daughter.*

LETTER VIII.

DEAR PAMELA,

I CANNOT but renew my cautions on your master's kindness, and his free expressions about the stockings. Yet there may not be, and I hope there is not, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that

there *possibly* may, and that if there should, no less depends upon it than my child's everlasting happiness in this world and the next, it is enough to make one tremble for you. Arm yourself, my dear child, for the worst, and resolve to lose your life sooner than your virtue. Though the doubts I filled you with, lessen the pleasure you would have had in your master's kindness; yet what signify the delights that arise from a few fine clothes, in comparison with a good conscience?

These are very great favours he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected; and when you say he looked so amiable and like an angel, how afraid I am that they should make too great an impression upon you! For, though you are blessed with sense and prudence above your years, yet I tremble to think what a sad hazard a poor maiden of little more than seven years of age, stands against the temptations of this world, and a dignified gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much *power* to oblige, and has a kind of *authority* to command as your master.

I charge you, my dear child, on your blessings, poor as we are, to be on your guard: there can be no harm in that. And since Mrs. Jervis is so good a gentlewoman, and so kind to you, I am easier a great deal, and so is your mother; and we hope you will hide nothing from her, and take her counsel in every thing. So, with our blessings and assured prayers for you, and prayers for ourselves, we remain *your loving father and mother.*

Because you don't let people's telling you, you are pretty, puff you up; for you did not make yourself, and so can have no praise due to you for it. It is virtue and goodness only that make the true beauty. *Remember that, Pamela.*

LETTER IX.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I AM sorry to write you word, that the hopes I had of going to wait on Lady Davers are quite over. My lady would have had me, but my master, as I heard, would not consent to it. He said, her nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his mother loved me, and committed me to his care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. Jervis would be a mother to me. Mrs. Jervis tells me, the lady shook her head, and said, '*Ah! Brother!*' and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your cautions, my heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your caution or my own uneasiness to Mrs. Jervis; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, vain, and conceited, to have any fears about the matter, from the great distance between such a gentleman and so poor a girl. But yet Mrs. Jervis seemed to build something upon Lady Davers's shaking her head, and saying '*Ah! Brother!*' and no more. God, I hope, will give me his grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good advice, and pray for *your sad-hearted* PAMELA.

LETTER X.

DEAR MOTHER,

YOU and my good father may wonder you have not had a letter from me in so many weeks: but a sad, sad scene has been the oc-

casion of it. For to be sure, now, it is too plain, that all your cautions were well-grounded. O, my dear mother! I am miserable, truly miserable!—But yet, don't be frightened, I am honest—God, of his goodness, keep me so!

O this angel of a master! this fine gentleman! this gracious benefactor to your poor Pamela! who was to take care of me at the prayer of his good dying mother; who was so apprehensive for me lest I should be drawn in by Lord Davers's nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady Davers's: this very gentleman (yes, I *must* call him gentleman, though he has fallen from the merit of that title,) has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant! he has now showed himself in his true colours, and, to *me*, nothing appears so black, and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but had writ, from time to time, how he, by sly, mean degrees, exposed his wicked views; but somebody stole my letter, and I know not what has become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to do bad things, in one respect, did not stick at *this*. But be it as it will, all the use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of *his* part; I not of *mine*: for he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and gloried in the honesty of my poor parents.

I will tell you all the next opportunity; for I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. Jervis, 'This girl is always a scribbling; I think she may be better employed.' and yet I work all hours with my needle upon his linen, and the fine linen of the family; and am, besides, about flowering him a waistcoat. But, *oh! my heart's* broke almost; for what I am I likely to have for my reward, but shame and disgrace, or else ill words and hard treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long letter. *Your most afflicted daughter.*

May-be, I *he*, and *him* him too much: but it is his own fault if I do. For why did he lose all his dignity with me?

LETTER XI.

DEAR MOTHER,

WELL, I can't find my letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all, and be as brief as I can. All went on well enough in the main for some time after my last letter but one. At last I saw some reason to *suspect;* for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner as showed not well. One day he came to me, as I was in the summer-house in the little garden, at work with my needle; Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me; and I would have gone out, but he said, 'No, don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you: and you always fly me when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.'

I was much out of countenance you may well think; but said at last, 'It does not become your poor servant to stay in your presence, Sir, without your business required it; and I hope I shall always know my place.'

'Well,' says he, 'my business does require it sometimes; and I have a mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.'

I stood still confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand; for now no soul was near us.

'My sister Davers,' said he (and seemed, I thought, to be as

much at a loss for words as I) 'would have had you live with *her*; but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my girl?' said he, with some eagerness, 'hadst thou not rather stay with me, than go to my sister?' He looked so as filled me with affrightment: I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak, 'Your honour will forgive me; but as you have no lady for me to wait upon, and my good lady has been now dead this twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady Davers. *because*——' I was proceeding, and he said a little hastily, '*Because* you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own light;' and so saying he put his arm about me, and kissed me!

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appeared plainly. I struggled and trembled, and was so benumbed with terror, that I sunk down, not in a fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his arms, quite void of strength, and he kissing me two or three times with frightful eagerness. At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer house, but he held me back, and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, 'I'll do you no harm, Pamela; don't be afraid of me.' I said, 'I won't stay.'—'You won't, hussey!' said he: 'do you know whom you speak to?' I lost all fear and all respect, and said, 'Yes, I do, Sir, too well! Well may I forget that I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master.'

I sobbed and cried most sadly—'What a foolish hussey you are!' said he, 'have I done you any harm?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'the greatest harm in the world: you have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me, and have lessened the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself to be so free to a poor servant. Yet, Sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, though poor: and if you was a prince, I would not be other wise.'

He was angry, and said, 'Who would have you otherwise, you foolish slut! Cease your crying. I own I have demeaned myself! but it was only to try you; if you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me a better opinion of your prudence, and here's something,' said he, putting some gold in my hand, 'to make you amends for the fright I put you in. Go, take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your crying is over; and I charge you to say nothing of what is past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.'

'I won't take the money, indeed, Sir,' said I, 'poor as I am. I won't take it.' For, to say the truth, I thought it looked like taking earnest, and so I put it upon the bench; and as he seemed vexed and confused at what he had done, I took the opportunity to open the door and went out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, 'Be secret, I charge you, Pamela, and don't go in yet, as I told you.'

O how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little must they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a turn or two in the garden, but in sight of the house, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my hand to dry my eyes, because I would not be disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear father and mother, and don't be angry. I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forced to break off hastily. Your *dutiful and honest daughter.*

LETTER XII.

DEAR MOTHER,

WELL, I will proceed with my sad story. After I had dried my eyes, I went in, and began to ruminate what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the house and go to the next town, and wait an opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a loss to resolve whether to take away the things he had given me or no, and how to take them away: sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the clothes on my back; but then I had two miles and a half, and a by-way, to the town; and being pretty well dressed, I might come to some harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then, thought I, 'it will be reported I had stolen something, and so was forced to run away: and to carry a bad name back with me to my dear parents, would be a sad thing!'—O how I wished for my gray russet again, and my poor dress with which you fitted me out, (and hard enough too it was for you to do it!) for going to this place, when I was not twelve years old, in my *good lady's* days! Sometimes I *thought of telling* Mrs. Jervis, *and taking her* advice, and only feared his command to be secret for, thought I, he may be ashame of his actions, and never attemp the like again: and as poor Mr Jervis depended upon him, throug misfortunes that had attended he I thought it would be a sad thin to bring his displeasure upon he for my sake.

In this quandary considering crying, and not knowing what t do, I passed the time in m chamber till evening: when, de siring to be excused going to sup per, Mrs. Jervis came up to me and said, 'Why must I sup with out you, Pamela? Come, I se you are troubled at something tell me what is the matter.'

I begged I might be permitte to lie with her on nights; for was afraid of spirits, and the would not hurt such a good pe son as she. 'That was a sill excuse,' she said; 'for why wa you not afraid of spirits before Indeed I did not think of that 'But you shall be my bedfello with all my heart,' added sh 'let your reason be what it will only come down to supper.' begged to be excused,' 'For,' sai I, 'I have been crying so, that will be taken notice of by my fe low-servants: and I will hide n thing from you, Mrs. Jervis, whe we are alone.'

She was so good as to indulg me; but made haste to bed, an told the servants that I should l with her, because she could n rest well, and would get me read her to sleep; for she kne I loved reading, she said.

When we were alone, I to her all that had passed; for thought, though he had bid m not, yet if he should come know I had told, it would be worse; for to keep a secret such a nature, would be, as I a prehended, to deprive myself

the good advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought, and would keep worse secrets, and so make him do worse by me. Was I right, my dear mother?

Mrs. Jervis could not help mingling tears with my tears; for I cried all the time I was telling her my story, and begged her to advise me what to do; and I showed her my dear father's two letters, and she praised the honesty and inditing of them, and said pleasing things to me of you both. But she begged I would not think of leaving my service; 'For,' says she, 'in all likelihood, you behaved so virtuously that he will be ashamed of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: though, my dear Pamela,' said she, 'I fear more for your prettiness than for any thing else; because the best man in the land might love you:' so she was pleased to say.—She wished it was in her power to live independent; then she would take a little private house, and I should live with her like her daughter.

And so, as you ordered me to take her advice, I resolved to tarry to see how things went, except he was to turn me away; although, in your first letter, you ordered me to come away the moment I had any reason to be apprehensive. So, dear father and mother, it is not disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a blessing, or the good fruits of your prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

All the next day I was very sad, and began my long letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mentioned) to Mrs. Jervis, 'That girl is always scribling: methinks she might find something else to do,' or to that purpose. And when I had finished my letter, I put it under the toilet, in my late lady's dressing-room, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. Jervis, besides my master; but when I came up again to seal it, to my great concern, it was gone; and Mrs. Jervis knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my master's having been near the place in the time; so I have been sadly troubled about it: but Mrs. Jervis, as well as I, thinks he has it, for he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

But he has ordered Mrs. Jervis to bid me not pass so much time in writing; which is a poor matter for such a gentleman as he to take notice of, as I am not idle other ways, if he did not resent what I wrote upon. And this has no very good look.

But I am a good deal easier since I lie with Mrs. Jervis, though, after all the fears I live in one side, and his frowning and displeasure at what I do on the other, make me more miserable than enough.

O that I had never left my little bed in the loft, to be thus exposed to temptations on one hand, or disgusts on the other! How happy was I awhile ago! How contrary now! Pity and pray for *your afflicted* PAMELA.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

Our hearts bleed for your distress, and the temptations you are exposed to. You have our hourly prayers, and we would have you flee this evil great house and man, if you find he renews his attempts. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. Jervis to advise with. We can find no fault with your conduct

hitherto: but it makes our hearts ache for fear of the worst. O my child! temptations are sore things, but yet, without them, we know not ourselves, nor what we are able to do.

Your danger is great: you have riches, youth, and a fine gentleman to withstand; but how great will be your honour to withstand them! When we consider your past conduct, your virtuous education, and that you have been bred to be more ashamed of dishonesty than poverty, we trust in God, that He will enable you to overcome. Yet, as we cannot see but your life must be a burden to you, through the great apprehensions always upon you; and it may be presumptuous to trust too much to your own strength; you are but very young; and the devil may put it into his heart to use some stratagems, of which great men are full, to decoy you; I think you had better come home to share our poverty with safety, than live with so much discontent in a plenty that may be dangerous. God direct you for the best! While you have Mrs. Jervis for an adviser and bedfellow, (and, O my dear child, that was prudently done of you!) we are easier than we should be, and so, committing you to the Divine Protection, remain *your truly loving, but careful father and mother.*

LETTER XIV.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

Mrs. Jervis and I have lived very comfortably together for this fortnight; my master was all that time at his Lincolnshire estate, and at his sister's the Lady Davers. He came home yesterday, and had *some* talk with Mrs. Jervis soon *after, mostly about me.* He said *to her,* 'Well, Mrs. Jervis, I know Pamela has your good word; but do you think her of any use in the family?' She told me, she was surprised at the question, but said, that I was one of the most virtuous and industrious young creatures she never knew. 'Why that word *virtuous,*' said he, 'I pray you? Was there any reason to suppose her otherwise; or has any body taken it into his head to *try* her?'—'I wonder, Sir,' says she, 'you ask such a question! Who dare offer any thing to her in such an orderly and well-governed house as yours, and under a master of so good a character for virtue and honour?'—'Your servant, Mrs. Jervis,' said he 'for your good opinion; but pray, if any body *did,* do you think Pamela would let *you* know of it?'—'Why Sir,' said she, 'she is a poor innocent young creature, and I believe has so much confidence in me, that she would take my advice as soon as she would her mother's.'—'*Innocent!* again; and *virtuous* I warrant! Well, Mrs. Jervis, you abound with your epithets; but I take her to be an artful young baggage; and had I a young handsome butler or steward, she'd soon make her market of one of them, if she thought it worth while to snap at him for a husband.'—'Alack-a-day, Sir?' said she, ''tis early days with Pamela; and she does not yet think of a husband, I dare say: and your steward and butler are both men in years, and think nothing of the matter.'—'No,' said he; 'if they were younger, they'd have more wit than to think of such a girl. I'll tell you my mind of her, Mrs. Jervis: I don't think this same favourite of your's so very artless a girl as you imagine.'—'I am not to dispute with your honour,' said Mrs. Jervis: 'but I dare say, if the men will let her alone, she'll never trouble her-

self about them.'—'Why, Mrs. Jervis,' said he, 'are there any men that will not let her alone, that you know of?'—'No, indeed, Sir,' said she; 'she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently, that they all esteem her, and show her as great respect, as if she was a gentlewoman born.'—'Aye,' says he, 'that's her art that I was speaking of. But, let me tell you, the girl has vanity and conceit, and pride too, or I am mistaken; and perhaps I could give an instance of it.'—'Sir,' said she, 'you can see farther than such a poor silly woman as I am; but I never saw any thing but innocence in her.'—'And *virtue* too, I'll warrant ye!' said he. 'But suppose I could give you an instance, where she has talked a little too freely of the kindnesses that have been shown her from a *certain quarter;* and has had the vanity to impute a few kind words, uttered in mere compassion to her youth and circumstances, into a design upon her, and even dared to make free with names which she ought never to mention but with reverence and gratitude: what would you say to that?'—'Say, Sir!' said she! 'I cannot tell what to say. But I hope Pamela incapable of such ingratitude.'

'Well, no more of this silly girl,' says he. 'You may only advise her, as you are her friend, not to give herself too much license upon the favours she meets with; and, if she stays here, that she will not write the affairs of my family purely for an exercise to her pen and her invention. I tell you, she is a subtle, artful gipsey, and time will show it you.'

Was ever the like heard, my dear father and mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a *repulse, and mistrusts* that I have told Mrs. Jervis, and has my long letter too, that I intended for you; and so is vexed to the heart. But I can't help it. I had better be thought artful and subtle, than be so, in *his* sense: and as light as he makes of the words *virtue* and *innocence* in me, he would have made a less angry construction, had I less deserved that he should do so; for then, may be, my *crime* would have been my *virtue* with him; naughty gentleman as he is!—

I will soon write again, but must end with saying, that I am, and shall always be, *your honest daughter.*

LETTER XV.

DEAR MOTHER,

I BROKE off abruptly my last letter; for I feared he was coming; and so it happened. I put the letter in my bosom, and took up my work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the *artful*, as he called it, that I looked as confused as if I had been doing some great harm.

'Sit still, Pamela,' said he, 'and mind your work, for all me.—You don't tell me I am welcome home, after my journey to Lincolnshire.—'It would be hard, Sir,' said I, 'if you was not always welcome to your honour's own house.'

I would have gone; but he said 'Don't run away, I tell you. I have a word or two to say to you' Good Sirs, how my heart went pit-a-pat! 'When I was a *little kind* to you,' said he, 'in the summer-house, and you carried yourself so *foolishly* upon it, as if I had intended to do you great harm, did I not tell you, you should take no notice of what passed, to any creature? and yet you have made a common talk of the matter not

considering either my reputation or your own.—'I made a common talk of it, Sir!' said I: 'I have nobody to talk to, hardly.'

He interrupted me and said, '*Hardly!* you little equivocator! what do you mean by *hardly!* Let me ask you, have not you told Mrs. Jervis for one?'—'Pray, your honour,' said I, all in agitation, 'let me go down: for it is not for me to hold an argument with your honour.'—'Equivocator, again!' said he, and took my hand, 'what, do you talk of an *argument?* Is it holding an argument with me to answer a plain question? Answer me what I asked.'—

'O, good Sir,' said I, let 'me beg you will not urge me farther, for fear I forget myself again, and be saucy!'

'Answer me, then, I bid you!' says he: 'have you not told Mrs. Jervis? It will be saucy in you, if you don't answer me directly to what I ask.'—'Sir,' said I, and fain would have pulled my hand away, 'perhaps I should be for answering you by another question, and that would not become me.'—'What is it you would say?' replies he; 'speak out.'

'Then, Sir,' said I, 'why should your honour be so angry, I should tell Mrs. Jervis, or any body else, what passed, if you intended no harm?'

'Well said, pretty *innocent* and *artless!* as Mrs. Jervis calls you,' said he; 'and it is thus you taunt and retort upon me, insolent as you are! But still I will be answered directly to my question.'—'Why, then Sir,' said I, 'I will not tell a lie for the world: I *did* tell Mrs. Jervis; for my heart was almost broken: but I opened *not my* mouth to any other.—'*Very well, bold-face,*' said he, '*and equivocator* again; you did not open your *mouth* to any other; but did you not write to some other?'—'Why now, and please your honour,' said I, (for I was quite courageous just then, 'you could not have asked me this question, if you had not taken from me my letter to my father and mother, in which, I own, I opened my mind freely to them, and asked their advice, and poured forth my grief!'

'And so I am to be exposed, am I,' said he, '*in* my own house, and out of my house, to the whole world, by such a saucebox as you?'—'No, good Sir,' said I; 'and I hope your honour wont be angry with me; it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the truth.'—'So, taunting again! Assurance as you are,' said he, 'I will not be thus talked to!"

'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'of whom can a poor girl take advice, if it must not be of her father and mother, and such a good woman as Mrs. Jervis?'—'Insolent!' said he, and stamped with his foot, 'am I to be questioned thus by such a one as you? I fell down on my knees, and said, 'For heaven's sake, your honour, pity a poor creature, that knows nothing of her duty, but how to cherish her virtue and good name! I have nothing else to trust to; and, though poor and friendless, yet I have always been taught to value honesty above my life.'—'Here's ado with your honesty,' said he, 'foolish girl! Is it not one part of honesty to be dutiful and grateful to your master, do you think?'—'Indeed, Sir,' said, I, 'it is impossible I should be ungrateful to your honour, or disobedient, or deserve the names of Bold-face and Insolent, which you call me, but when your commands are contrary to that first duty which shall ever be the principle of my life?'

He seemed to be moved, and rose up, and walked into the great chamber two or three turns, leaving me on my knees; I threw my apron over my face, and aid lmy head on a chair, and cried as if my heart would break, having no power to stir.

At last he came in again; but, alas! with mischief in his heart, and raising me up, he said, 'Rise, Pamela, rise; you are your own enemy. Your perverse folly will be your ruin. I tell you this, that I am very much displeased with the freedoms you have taken with my name to my housekeeper, as also to your father and mother; and you may as well have *real* cause to take these freedoms with me, as to make my name suffer for *imaginary* ones.' And saying so, he offered to take me on his knee, with some force. O how I was terrified! I said, like as I had read in a book a night or two before, 'Angels and saints, and all the host of heaven, defend me! And may I never survive, one moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my innocence.'—'Pretty fool!' said he, 'how will you forfeit your innocence, if you are obliged to yield to a force you cannot withstand? Be easy,' said he: 'for, let the worst happen that can, *you'll* have the merit, and *I* the blame; and it will be a good subject for letters to your father and mother, and a tale into the bargain for Mrs. Jervis.'

He by force kissed my neck and lips; and said, 'Who ever blamed Lucretia! All the shame lay on the ravisher only: and I am content to take all the blame upon me; as I have already borne too great a share for what I have deserved.'—'May I,' said I, 'Lucretia-like, justify myself *with my death, if I am used barbarously?*'—'O, my good girl,' said he,' tauntingly, 'you are well read, I see; and we shall make out between us, before we have done, a pretty story in romance, I warrant ye.'

He then put his hand in my bosom, and indignation gave me double strength, and I got loose from him by a sudden spring, and ran out of the room; and the next chamber being open, I entered it, shut to the door, and it locked after me: but he followed me so close, he got hold of my gown, and tore a piece off, which hung without the door; for the key was on the inside.

I just remember I got into the room; for I knew nothing further of the matter till afterwards; for I fell into a fit with my terror, and there I lay, till he, as I suppose, looking through the keyhole, espied me upon the floor, stretched out at length, on my face; and then he called Mrs. Jervis to me, who, by his assistance, bursting open the door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the matter, if she was wise.

Poor Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse, and cried over me like as if she was my mother; and I was two hours before I came to myself; and just as I got a little upon my feet, he coming in, I fainted away again with the terror; and so he withdrew; but he staid in the next room to let nobody come near us, that his foul proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. Jervis gave me her smelling bottle, and had cut my laces and set me in a great chair, when he called her to him.

'How is the girl?' said he: 'I never saw such a fool in my life. I did nothing to her.' Mrs. Jervis could not speak for crying. 'So,' he said, 'she has told you,

it seems, that I was kind to her in the summer-house, though I'll assure you, I was quite innocent then, as well as now: and I desire you to keep this matter to yourself, and let *me* not be named in it.—'O, Sir,' said she, 'for your honour's sake, and for Christ's sake!' But he would not hear her, and said, 'For *your own sake*, I tell you, Mrs. Jervis, say not a word more. I have done her no harm. And I won't have her stay in my house; prating, perverse fool, as she is! But since she is so apt to fall into fits, or at least pretend to do so, prepare her to see me to-morrow after dinner, in my mother's closet; do you be with her, and you shall hear what passes between us.'

And so he went out in a pet, and ordered his chariot and four to be got ready, and went a visiting somewhere.

Mrs. Jervis then came to me; I told her all that had happened, and said I was resolved not to stay in the house: and she replying—

He seemed to threaten as much; I said, 'I am glad of that; then I shall be easy.' So she told me all he had said to her, as above. Mrs. Jervis is very loth I should go; and yet, poor woman, she begins to be afraid for herself; but would not have me ruined for the world. She says, to be sure he means no good; but may be, now he sees me so resolute, he will give over all attempts, and that I shall better know what to do after to morrow, when I am to appear before a very bad judge, I doubt.

O how I dread this to-morrow's appearance! But be assured, my dear parents, of the honesty of your poor child, as I am of your prayers for *your dutiful daughter*.

O this frightful to-morrow! how I dread it!

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

I KNOW you longed to hear from me soon; and I send you as soon as I could.

Well, you may believe how uneasily I passed the time till his appointed hour came. Every minute as it grew nearer, my terrors increased; and sometimes I had great courage, and sometimes none at all; and I thought I should faint when it came to the time my master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink, for my part; and do what I could, my eyes were swelled with crying.

At last he went up to the closet, which was my good lady's dressing-room; a room I once loved, but then as much hated. Don't your heart ache for me? I am sure mine fluttered about like a new caught bird in a cage. 'O Pamela,' said I to myself, 'why art thou so foolish and fearful? Thou hast done no harm! What, if thou fearest an unjust judge, when thou art innocent, wouldst thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have courage, Pamela; thou knowest the worst! And how easy a choice poverty, and honesty is, rather than plenty and wickedness.'

So I cheered myself, but yet my poor heart sunk, and my spirits were quite broken. Every thing that stirred, I thought was to call me to my account: I dreaded it, and yet I wished it to come.

Well, at last he rung the bell; 'O,' thought I, 'that it was my passing-bell!' Mrs. Jervis went up, with a full heart enough, poor good woman! He said, 'Where's Pamela? Let her come up; and do you come with her.' She came

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his sternness, and said, 'Indeed she told me, you *only* pulled her on your knee, and kissed her.'

Then I plucked up my spirit a little. '*Only!* Mrs. Jervis?' said I; 'and was not that enough to show me what I had to fear? When a master of his honour's degree demeans himself to be so free as *that* to such a poor servant as me, what is the next, to be expected? But your honour went further; and threatened me what you would do, talked of Lucretia and her hard fate. Your honour knows you went too far for a master to a servant, or even to his equal; and I cannot bear it.' So I fell a crying most sadly.

Mrs. Jervis began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor maiden, that had such a value for her reputation. He said, 'I think her very pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my favours, or the notice I took of her; but I abhor the thought of forcing her to any thing I know myself better,' said he, 'and what belongs to me: and be sure I have enough demeaned myself to take notice of such a one as she; but I was bewitched by her, I think, to be freer than became me; though I had no intention to carry the jest farther.'

What poor stuff was all this, my dear mother, from a man of his sense! but, see how a bad cause and bad actions confound the greatest wits! it gave me a little more courage then; for innocence, I find, in a low fortune, and weak mind, has many advantages over guilt, with all its riches and wisdom.

So I said, 'Your honour may call this jest, or sport, or what you please; but, Sir, it is not a jest that becomes the distance between a master and servant.'—'Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis,' said

he, 'the pertness of this creature? I had a good deal of this sort before in the summer-house, and yesterday too, which made me rougher with her than, perhaps, I had otherwise been.'—Says Mrs. Jervis, 'Pamela, don't be so pert to his honour: you should know your distance; you say his honour was only in jest.'—O dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, 'dont *you* blame me too. It is very difficult to keep one's distance to the greatest of men, when they won't keep it themselves to their meanest servants.' *

'See again!' said he: 'could you believe this of the young baggage, if you had not heard it?' 'Good, your honour,' said Mrs. Jervis, 'pity and forgive the poor girl; she is but a girl, and her virtue is very dear to her: I will pawn my life for her, she will never be pert to your honour, if you will be so good as to molest her no more, nor frighten her again. You saw, Sir, by her fit, she was in terror; she could not help it: and though your honour intended her no harm, yet the apprehension was almost death to her; and I had much ado to bring her to herself again.'—'O the little hypocrite' said he; 'she has all the arts of her sex; they were *born* with her; I told you awhile ago you did not know her. But this was not the reason principally of my calling you before me together: I find I am likely to suffer in my reputation by the perverseness and folly of this girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; I make no doubt of it; and she has written letters (for I find she is a mighty letter-writer) to her father and mother, and others, as far as I know; in which, representing herself as an angel of light, she makes her kind master *and benefactor* a devil incarnate.' —*(O how people will sometimes, thought I, call themselves* by their right names!)—'And all this, added he, 'I won't bear; and so am resolved she shall return to the distresses and poverty she was taken from; and let her be careful how she uses my name with freedom when she is gone from me.'

I was brightened up with these welcome words; I threw myself upon my knees at his feet, with most sincere glad heart, and said 'May your honour be for ever blessed for your resolution! Now I shall be happy. Permit me, on my bended knees, to thank you for all the benefits and favours you have heaped upon me; for the opportunities I have had of improvement and learning, through my good lady's means, and yours. I will now forget all your honour has offered to me; and I promise you, that I will never let your name pass my lips but with reverence and gratitude. God Almighty bless your honour, for ever and ever, *Amen!*'

Then rising from my knees, I went away with another-guise sort of heart, than I came into his presence with; and so I fell to writing this letter. And thus all is happily over.

And now, my dearest father and mother, expect to see soon your poor daughter, with an humble and dutiful mind, returned to you; and don't fear but I know to be as happy with you as ever; for I will lie in the loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little bed be got ready. I have a small matter of money, which will buy me a suit of clothes fitter for my condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. Mumford to help me to some needle-work; and fear not that I shall be a burden to you, if my health continues. I know I shall be blessed, if not for my own sake, for both *your* sakes, who have, in

trials and misfortunes, l so much integrity, as very body speak well of . But I hope he will let s. Jervis give me a cha- r fear it should be thought ned away for dishonesty. , my dear parents, may lest for me, and I for you. will always pray for my nd Mrs. Jervis. So good or it is late, and I shall alled to bed.

Mrs. Jervis is not angry She has not called me ; though I could eat no- he had. But I make no hall sleep purely to-night, m that I am with you in , dear happy loft once

od night again, my dear d mother, says *your poor ughter.*

s I mayn't come this cause I must get up the d leave in order every onging to my place. Send e if you can, to let me I shall be welcome, by o will call for it as he But say nothing of my way to him as yet: for said I blab every thing.

LETTER XVII.

EST DAUGHTER,

OME, welcome, ten times shall you be to us, for e to us innocent, happy. st; you are the staff and ort of our old age. And e cannot do for you as we et, fear not, we shall live ogether; what with my abour, your poor mother's and your needle-work, o doubt we shall do bet- better. Only your poor eyes begin to fail her: I bless God, I am as strong and able, and willing to labour as ever; and, O my dear child! your virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed things are trials and temptations, when we have the strength to resist and subdue them.

But I am uneasy about those four guineas: I think you should give them back again to your master; and yet I have broken them. Alas! I have only three left; but I will borrow the fourth, if I can, part upon my wages, and part of Mrs. Mamford, and send the whole sum back, that you may return it against John comes next, if he comes again before you.

I want to know how you come. I fancy honest John will be glad to bear your company part of the way, if your master is not so cross as to forbid him. If I know time enough, your mother will go one five miles, and I will go ten on the way, or till I meet you, as far as one holiday will go; for that I can get leave to make on such an occasion; and we shall receive you with more pleasure than we had at your birth, or than we ever had in our lives.

And so God bless you, till the happy time comes, say both your mother and I; which is all at present, from *your truly loving parents.*

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I THANK you a thousand times for your goodness to me expressed in your last letter. I now long to get my business done, and come to my old loft again, as I may call it. I have been quite another thing since my master has turned me off; and as I shall come to you an honest daughter, what pleasure it is to what I should have had

if I could have not seen you but as a guilty one. Well, my writing-time will soon be over; so I will make use of it now, and tell you all that has happened since my last letter.

I wondered Mrs. Jervis did not call me to sup with her, and feared she was angry; and when I had finished my letter, I longed for her coming to bed. At last she came up, but seemed shy and reserved; I said, 'My dear Mrs. Jervis, I am glad to see you: you are not angry with me, I hope?' She said she was sorrow things had gone so far; that she had a great deal of talk with my master after I was gone; that he seemed moved at what I said, and at my falling on my knees to him, and my prayer for him at going away. He said, I was a strange girl; he knew not what to make of me. 'And is she gone?' said he. 'I intended to have said something else to her; but she behaved so oddly, that I had not power to stop her.' She asked, if she should call me again. He said, 'Yes;' and then 'No: let her go; it is best for her and me too: she shall go, now I have given her warning. Where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the fellow of her in my life.' She said, he had ordered her not to tell me all: but she believed he never would offer any thing to me again; and I might stay, she fancied, if I would beg it as a favour, though she was not sure.

'I stay! dear Mrs. Jervis,' said I; 'why 'tis the best news that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I long to go back again to my *poverty* and *distress*, as he threatened, I should; for though I am sure of the poverty, *I shall* not have half the distress I *have had for some months* past, I *assure you.*'

Mrs. Jervis, dear good s
wept over me, and said, 'W
well, Pamela, I did not think I
shown so little love to you, as
you should express so much
upon leaving me. I am su
never had a child half so dea
me as you are.'

I wept to hear her so good to
as indeed she has always be
and said, 'What would you h
me *do*, dear Mrs. Jervis? I
you next to my own father
mother; and to leave you is
chief concern I have at quitting
place; but I am sure it is cer
ruin if I stay. After such off
such threatenings, and his com
ing himself to a wicked ravis
in the very time of his last of
and turning it into a jest, that
should make a pretty story in
mance; can I stay and be sa
Has he not demeaned him
twice? It behoves me to bew
of the third time, for fear he sho
lay his snares surer; for, perha
he did not expect a poor serv
would resist her master so mu
And must it not be looked upo
a sort of warrant for such acti
if I stay after this? For, I th
when one of our sex finds sh
attempted, it is an encouragem
to the attempter to proceed, if
puts one's self in the way o
when one can help it: it is nei
more nor less, than inviting hi
think one forgives what, in sh
ought *not* to be forgiven; whic
no small countenance to foul
tions, I'll assure you.'

She hugged me to her, and s
'*I'll assure you!* Pretty
where gottest thou all thy kn
ledge, and thy good notions
these years? Thou art a mir
for thy age, and I shall alw
love thee. But do you resolv
leave us, Pamela?'

'Yes, my dear Mrs. Jervis,'
I; 'for as matters stand, how c

[illegible] else?—But I'll finish the [illegible] of my place first, if I may; and I hope you'll give me a character, as to my honesty, that it may not be thought I was turned away for any harm.'—'Aye, that I will,' said she; 'I will give thee such a character as never a girl at thy years deserved.'—'I am sure,' said I, 'I will always love and honour you, as my third best friend, wherever I go, or whatever becomes of me.' So we went to bed, and I never waked till it was time to rise; which I did, as blythe as a bird, and went about my business with great pleasure.

I believe my master is angry with me: for he passed by me two or three times, and would not speak to me: towards evening he met me in the passage going into the garden, and said such a word to me as I never heard from him, to man, woman, or child; for he first said, 'This creature's always in the way.' I said, standing up as close as I could (and the entry was wide enough for a coach,) 'I hope I shan't be long in your honour's way.'—'D—n you,' said he (that was the hard word,) 'for a little wretch; I have no patience with you.'

I profess I trembled to hear him say so: but I *saw* he was vexed; and as I am going away I minded it the less. Well, I see, my dear parents, that when a person will do wicked things, it is no wonder he will speak wicked words. May God keep out of the way of them your *dutiful daughter.*

LETTER XIX.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

One John having an opportunity to go your way, I write again, and send both letters at once. I cannot say yet when I shall get away, or how *I shall come; because* Mrs. Jervis showed my master the waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said, 'It looks well enough; I think the creature had best stay till she has finished it.'

There is some private talk carried on betwixt him and Mrs. Jervis, that she don't tell me of; but yet she is very kind to me, and I don't mistrust her: I should be very base if I did. But, to be sure, she must oblige him, and keep all his lawful commands; and other, I dare say, she won't keep; she is too good, and loves me too well: but *she* must stay, when I am gone, and so must get no ill-will.

She has been at me again to ask me to stay, and humble myself. 'But what have I done, Mrs. Jervis?' said I. 'If I have been a Sauce-box, a Bold-face, a Pert and a Creature, as he calls me, have I not had reason! Do you think I should ever have forgot *myself*, if he had not forgot to act as my *master?* Tell me from your own heart, dear Mrs. Jervis, if you think I could stay and be safe: what would *you* think or how would *you* act, in *my* case?'

'My dear Pamela,' said she, and kissed me, 'I don't know how I should act, or what I should think: I hope I should act as *you* do. But I know nobody else that would. My master is a fine gentleman; he has a great deal of wit and sense, and is admired, as I know, by half a dozen ladies, who would think themselves happy in his addresses. He has a noble estate; and yet I believe he loves you, than his servant, better than all the [illegible] the land; he has tried to overcome it, because you are so much inferior; and it is my opinion he finds he can't; and that vexes his proud heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay: and so he speaks so cross to you who [illegible] you by accident.'

'Well, but, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor girl as me, as perhaps he may (for I have read of things almost as strange, from great men to poor damsels,) what can it be *for?* He may condescend, perhaps, to think I may be good enough for his harlot; and those things don't disgrace men, that ruin poor women, as the world goes. And so, if I was wicked enough, he would keep me till I was undone, and till his mind changed; for even wicked men, I have read, soon grow weary of wickedness with the same person, and love variety. Then poor Pamela must be turned off and looked upon as a vile abandoned creature; and every body would despise her, and *justly* too, Mrs. Jervis; for she that can't keep her virtue, ought to live in disgrace. 'But Mrs. Jervis,' continued I, 'let me tell you that I hope, if I was sure he would always be kind to me, and never turn me off at all, that I shall have so much grace, as to hate and withstand his temptations, were he not only my master, but my king; and that for the *sin's* sake. This my poor dear parents have always taught me: and I should be a sad wicked creature, if, for the sake of riches or favour, I should forfeit my good name; yea, and worse than any other young body of my sex; because I can so contentedly return to my poverty again, and think it a less disgrace to be obliged to wear rags, and live upon rye-bread and water, as I used to do, than to be a harlot to the greatest man in the world.'

Mrs. Jervis lifted up her hands, and had her eyes full of tears. 'God bless you, my dear love!' said she: 'you are my admiration and delight—How shall I do to *part with you?*'

'*Well, good* Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'let me ask you now:—You and he have had some talk; and you *mayn't* be suffered to tell me all: but do you think if I was to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done?—aye, and *ashamed* of it too; for I am sure he ought, considering his high degree, and my low degree, and that I have nothing in the world to trust to but my honesty. Do you think, in *your own* conscience, (pray answer me truly) that he would never offer any thing to me again, and that I could be safe?'

'Alas! my dear child,' said she, 'don't put thy home questions to me, with that pretty becoming earnestness in thy look. I know this, that he is vexed at what he has done; he was vexed the *first* time, more vexed the *second* time.'

'Yes,' said I, 'and so he will be vexed, I suppose, the *third* and the *fourth* time too, till he has quite ruined your poor maiden, and who will have cause to be vexed then?'

'Nay, Pamela,' said she, 'don't imagine that I would be accessary to your ruin for the world. I only can say, that he has yet done you no hurt; and 'tis no wonder he should love you, you are so pretty though so much beneath him: but I dare swear he never will offer you any force.'

'You say,' said I, 'that he was sorry for his *first* offer in the summer-house. Well, and how long did his sorrow last? Only till he found me by myself: and then he was worse than before; and so became sorry *again*. And if he has desine dto love me, and you say can't *help* it, why, he ca'nt *help* it neither, if he should have an opportunity, a *third* time to distress me. And I have read, that many a man has been ashamed of his wicked attempts, when he has been repulsed, that would never have been ashamed of them, had he suc-

Besides, Mrs. Jervis, if y intends to offer no *force*, es that mean? While you can't *help* liking me,—for annot be—does it not imply hopes to ruin me by my *nsent?*' I *think*,' said I, nope I should have grace) 'that I should not give his temptations on *any* ac- but it would be very pre- ous in me to rely upon my ength against a gentleman qualifications and estate, my *master*, and thinks him- tled to call me Bold-face, at not, only for standing on nce, and that too, where l of my soul and body, my God and my parents, are erned. How then, Mrs. said I, 'can I *ask* or *wish* '

l. well,' says she, 'as he ery desirous you should , I hope it is from a good -for fear he should be to disgrace himself as well '—'No, no, Mrs. Jervis,' 'I have thought of that I would be glad to consi- with that duty which be- ne: but then he would t me go to Lady Davers, have hindered my prefer- e would not have said, I return to my *poverty* and when, by his mother's s, I had been lifted out of he intended to fright and ne, as he thought, for not ng with his wickedness; shows what I have to ex- m his future goodness, ex- ill deserve it at his own ce.'

was silent; and I added, there's no more to be said; go, that's certain; all my will be how to part with d after you, with *every body;* for all my fellow-servants have loved me: you and they will often cost me a sigh, and a tear too.' So I fell a crying, I could not help it: for it is a pleasant thing to be in a house, among a great many fellow-servants, and beloved by them all.

Nay, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. Longman, our steward, is; vastly courteous, indeed, on all occasions! He said once to Mrs. Jervis he wished he was a young man for my sake; I should be his wife, and he would settle all he had upon me on marriage: and you must know he is reckoned worth a power of money.

I take no pride in this; but bless God, and your good examples, my dear parents, that I have been enabled so to carry myself, as to have every body's good word: not but our cook, one day, who is a little cross sometimes, said once to me, 'Why, this Pamela of *ours* goes as fine as a lady. See what it is to have a fine face!—I wonder what the girl will come to at last.' She was hot with her work; and I went away: for I seldom go down into the kitchen. I heard the butler say, 'Why, Jane, nobody has your good word: what has Pamela done to you? I am sure she offends nobody.'—'And what,' said the peevish wench, 'have I said to her, *footatum*, but that she was pretty?' They quarrelled afterwards, I heard; I was sorry for it, but troubled myself no more about it. Forgive this silly prattle, from *your dutiful daughter*.

Oh! I forgot to say, that I would stay to finish the waistcoat, if I might with safety; Mrs. Jervis tells me I certainly may. I never had a prettier piece of work; and I am up early and late to get it over; for I long to be with you.

LETTER XX.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I DID not send my last letter, so soon as I hoped, because John (whether my master mistrust or not, I can't say) had been sent to Lady Daver's instead of Isaac, who used to go; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust Isaac, though he is very civil to me, So I was forced to stay till John returned.

As I may not have opportunity to send again soon, and as I know you keep my letters, and read them over and over (so John told me) when you have done work, (so much does your kindness make you love all that comes from your poor daughter) and as it may be some little pleasure to me to read them myself, when I am come to you, to remind me of what I have gone through, and how great God's goodness has been to me, (which I hope, will farther strengthen my good resolutions, that I may not hereafter, from my bad conduct, have reason to condemn myself from my own hand, as it were:) for all these reasons I will write as I have time, and as matters happen, send the scribble to you as I have opportunity; and if I do not every time, in form, subscribe as I ought, I am sure you will always believe that it is not for want of duty. So I will begin where I left off, about the talk between Mrs. Jervis and me, for me to ask to stay.

Unknown to Mrs. Jervis, I put a project, as I may call it, in practice. I thought with myself some days ago—'Here I shall go home to my poor father and mother, and have nothing on my back that will be fit for my condition; for how would your poor daughter look with a silk night-gown, silken petticoats, cambric head-clothes, fine Holland linen, laced shoes,

that were my lady's, and fine
ings! And how, in a little
must these have looked li
cast-offs, and I looked so for
ing them! People would
said (for poor folks are envi
well as rich,) 'See there
Andrew's daughter, turned
from her fine place! What
dry figure she makes! How
that garb becomes her poo
rents' circumstances!' How
they look upon me, though
myself, when they should co
be thread-bare, and worn out!
how should I look even if I
purchase home-spun clothe
dwindle into them, one by o
I got them?—May be, an ol
gown, and linsey-woolsey
coat, and the like. So thou
I had better get myself equ
in the dress that will becom
condition. And though it
look but poor to what I have
used to wear of late days,
will serve me, when I am
you, for a good holiday and
day suit, and what, by a bl
on my industry, I may, pe
make shift to keep up to. S
I was saying, unknown to
body, I bought of Farmer N
wife and daughters, a goo
coloured stuff, of their own
ning, enough to make me a
and two petticoats; and I
robings and facing of a pret
of printed calico I had by me

I had a pretty good ca
quilted coat that I thought
do tolerably well; and I h
two flannel undercoats, not s
as my swan-skin and fine
ones, but what will keep me
if any neighbour should get
help them to milk, as someti
used to do formerly; for I
solved to do all your good
bours what kindness I can,
hope to make myself as muc
loved about you as I am her

I got some Scots cloth, and made me, at mornings and nights, when nobody saw me, two shirts; I have enough left for two shirts and two shifts for you, my dear father and mother. When I come home, I'll make them for you, and desire your acceptance.

Then I bought of a pedlar two pretty round-eared caps, a little straw-hat, and a pair of knit-mittens turned up with white calico, and two pair of blue worsted hose with white clocks, that make a smartish appearance, I'll assure you; and two yards of black riband for my shift sleeves, and to serve as a necklace. When I had them all come home, I went and looked at them once in two hours for two days together: for you must know, though I lie with Mrs. Jervis, I keep my own apartment for my clothes, and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say I was no bad house-wife to have saved so much money; but my dear good lady was always giving me something.

I believed myself the more obliged to do this, because as I was turned away for what my master thought want of duty; and as he expected other returns for his presents than I intended to make him; I thought it was but just to leave his presents behind me when I went away; for, you know, if I would not earn his wages, why should I have them?

Don't trouble yourself about the four guineas, nor borrow to make them up; for they were given to me, with some silver, as a perquisite, being what my lady left about her when she died; and as I expect no wages, I am vain as to think I have deserved all that money, in the four-[illegible] months, since my lady's death: for she, good *soul*, *over-*

paid me before, in learning and other kindnesses. Had *she* lived none of these things might have happened! But I ought to be thankful it is no worse. Every thing will turn out for the best; that's my confidence.

So, as I was saying, I have provided a new and more suitable dress, and I long to appear in it, more than ever I did in any new clothes in my life; for then I shall be soon after with you, and at ease in my mind—But mum! Here he comes, I believe—

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.

I was forced to break off; for I feared my master was coming; but it proved to be only Mrs. Jervis. She said, 'I can't endure you should be so much by yourself, Pamela.'—'I,' said I, 'dread nothing so much as company; for my heart was up at my mouth now, for fear my master was coming. But I always rejoice to see dear Mrs. Jervis.' Said she, 'I have had a world of talk with my master about you.'—'I am sorry for it,' said I, 'that I am made of so much consequence as to be talked of by him.'—'O,' said she, 'I must not tell you all; you are of more consequence to him than you think for.'—'Or *wish* for,' said I; 'for the fruits of being of consequence to him, would make me of none to myself, or any body else.'

Said she, 'Thou art as witty as as any lady in the land: I wonder where thou gottest it.' 'But they must be poor ladies, with such great opportunities, I am sure, if they have no more wit than I.' But let that pass. 'I suppose,' said I, 'that I am of [illegible] consequence, however, [illegible]

him, if it be but to think he can't make a fool of such a one as I, and that is nothing but a rebuke to the pride of his high condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.'

'There is something in that may-be,' said she; 'but, indeed, Pamela, he is very angry with you *too;* and calls you twenty perverse things; wonders at his own folly, to have shown you so much favour, as he calls it; which he was first inclined to, he says, for his mother's sake, and would have persisted to show you for your own, if you was not your own enemy.'

'Nay, now I shan't love you, Mrs Jervis,' said I; 'you are going to persuade me to ask to stay, though you know the hazards I run.'—'No,' said she, 'he says you *shall* go: for he thinks it won't be for his reputation to keep you; but he wished (don't speak of it for the world, Pamela) that he knew a lady of birth, just such another as yourself, in person and mind, and he would marry her to-morrow.'

I coloured up to the ears at this word: but said, 'Yet if I was the lady of birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to poor me, I don't know whether I should have him: for *she* that can bear an insult of that kind, I should think not worthy to be a gentleman's wife, any more than *he* would be a gentleman that would offer it.'

'Nay, now, Pamela,' said she, 'thou carriest thy notions a great way.'—'Well, dear Mrs. Jervis,' said I, very seriously, for I could not help it, 'I am more full of fears than ever. I have only to beg of you, as one of the best friends I have in the world, to *say nothing* of my asking to stay. *To say my master likes me*, when I know what end he aims at, is abomination to my ears; and I shan't think myself safe till I am at my poor father's and mother's.'

She was a little angry with me, till I assured her that I had not the least uneasiness on her account, but thought myself safe under her protection and friendship. And so we dropt the discourse for that time.

I hope to have finished the ugly waistcoat in two days; after which, I have only some linen to get up, and shall then let you know how I contrive, as to my passage; for the heavy rains will make it sad travelling on foot: but may-be I may get a place to ——, which is ten miles of the way, in Farmer Nichol's close cart; for I can't sit a horse well at all, and may-be nobody will be suffered to see me on upon the way. But I hope to let you know more, *from*, &c.

LETTER XXII.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

ALL my fellow-servants have now some notion that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. Jervis tells them, that my father and mother, growing in years, cannot live without me; and so I go home to them to comfort their old age, but they seem not to believe it.'

What they found it out by, was, the butler heard him say to me as I passed by him, in the entry leading to the hall, 'Who's that?'—'Pamela, Sir,' said I. 'Pamela!' said he, 'how long are *you* to stay here?'—'Only, please your honour,' said I, till 'I have done the waistcoat; and it is almost finished.'—'You might,' says he very roughly, 'have finished that long ago.'—'Indeed, and please your honour,' said I, 'I have work-

ly and late upon it, there is a work in it.—' *Work in it!*' ; ' you mind your pen more our needle; I don't want idle sluts to stay in my '

emed startled when he saw tler as he entered the hall, Mrs. Jonathan stood. ' What here' said he.

butler was as much confoun- I; for, never having been o roughly, I could not help sadly; and got out of both ays to Mrs. Jervis, and told mplaint. ' This love,' said s the d—l! In how many does it make people show lves! And in some the far- om their hearts.'

ne, and then another, has nce whispering, ' Pray, Mrs. are we to lose Mrs. Pame- they call me. ' What has e?' and then she tells them re, about going home to

said afterwards to me, Pamela, you have made ster, from the sweetest tem- gentleman in the world, one most peevish. But, you in your power to make him et tempered as ever; though you'll never do it on his

This was very good of Jervis, but it intimated, e thought as ill of his de- s I; and, as she knew his nore than I, it convinced me ought to get away as fast as l.

master came in, just now, to to Mrs. Jervis about house- natters, having some compa- dine with him to-morrow; l up, and having been cry- his naughtiness in the entry, ed away my face. ' You vell,' said he, ' turn away cursed face; I wish I had seen it!—Mrs. Jervis, how long is she to be about this waist-coat?'

' Sir,' said I, ' if your honour had pleased, I would have taken it with me; and, though it would be now finished in a few hours, I will do so still, and remove this hated poor Pamela out of your house and sight for ever.'—' Mrs. Jervis,' said he, not speaking to me, ' I believe this little slut had the power of witchcraft, if ever there was a witch; for she enchants all that come near her. She makes even *you*, who should know better what the world is, think her an angel.'

I offered to go away; for I believe he wanted me to ask to stay in my place, for all this his great wrath; and he said, ' Stay here, stay here, when I bid you!' and snatched my hand. I trembled, and said, ' I will! I will!' for he hurt my fingers he grasped me so hard.

He seemed to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly, and said, ' Be gone!' And away I tripped as fast as I could; and he and Mrs. Jervis had a deal of talk, as she told me; and among the rest, he expressed himself vexed to have spoken in Mr. Jonathan's hearing.

Now you must know, that Mr. Jonathan, our butler, is a very grave good sort of old man, with his hair as white as silver; and an honest worthy man he is. I was hurrying out with a flea in my ear, as the saying is, and going down stairs into the parlour, met him. He took hold of my hand (in a gentler manner, though, than my master) with both his: and he said, ' Ah! sweet, sweet Mrs. Pamela! what is it I heard but just now? I am sorry at my heart; but I am sure I will sooner believe *anybody* in fault than *you*.'—' Thank you, Mr. Jonathan,' said I, ' but as you, value your place, don't be seen

speaking to such a one as me.' I cried too; and slipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

And now I will give you an instance how much I am in Mr. Longman's esteem also.

I had lost my pen, somehow; and my paper being written out, I stepped to Mr. Longman's our steward's office, to beg him to give me a pen or two, and a sheet or two of paper. He said, 'Aye, that I will, my sweet maiden! and gave me three pens, some wafers, a stick of wax, and twelve sheets of paper: and coming from his desk, where he was writing, he said, 'Let me have a word or two with you, my sweet little mistress,' (for so these two good old gentlemen often call me; for I believe they love me dearly,) 'I hear bad news; that we are going to lose you; I hope it is not true?'—'Yes, it is, Sir,' said I,' 'but I was in hopes it would not be known till I went away.'

'What the d—l,' said he, 'ails our master of late! I never saw such an alteration in any man in my life! He is pleased with nobody, as I see; and by what Mr. Jonathan tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with you. What could *you* have done to him, too? Only Mrs. Jervis is a very good woman, or I should have feared *she* had been your enemy.'

'No,' said I, 'nothing like it. Mrs. Jervis is a just good woman, and, next to my father and mother, the best friend I have in the world.' —'Well, then,' said he, 'it must be worse. Shall I guess!' You are too *pretty*, my sweet mistress, and may-be too *virtuous*. Ah! have I not hit it?'—'No, good Mr. Longman,' said I, 'don't think any thing amiss of my master; *he is cross* and angry with me, indeed, that's true; but may have given him occasion fo it, possibly; and because I am desirous to go to my father an mother, rather than stay here perhaps he may think me ungrate ful. But, you know, Sir,' said 'that a father and mother's com fort is the dearest thing to a goo child that can be.'—'Sweet excel lence!' said he, 'this becomes *you* but I know the world and mankin too well; though I must hear an see, and say nothing! And so blessing attend my little sweeting said he, 'wherever you go And away I went, with a curtes and thanks.

Now this pleases me, my dea father and mother, to be so be loved. How much better it is by good fame and integrity, t get every one's good word bu *one*, than by *pleasing that one*, t make *every one else* one's enemy and be an execrable creature be sides! I am, &c

LETTER XXIII.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

We had a great many neigh bouring gentlemen, and thei ladies, this day at dinner; an my master made a fine entertain ment for them: Isaac, Mr. Jo nathan, and Benjamin, waited a table: and Isaac tells Mrs. Jervis that the ladies will by-and-by come to see the house, and hav the curiosity to see me; for, i seems, they said to my master when the jokes flew about, 'Well Mr. B—, we understand you hav a servant-maid who is the greates beauty in the county; and w promise ourselves to see her befor we go.'

'The wench is well enough,' sai he, 'but no such beauty as you tal of, I'll assure ye. She was my mother's waiting-maid, who, o

bed, engaged me to be
:r. She is young, and
ng is *pretty* that is

,' said one of the ladies,
e; but if your mother
recommended her so
here is so much merit
that I make no doubt
: gentleman would have
inducement to be kind

l laughed at my master:
seems, laughed for com-
said, 'I don't know how
see with different eyes
people; for I have heard
e talk of her prettiness
nk it deserves: she is
gh, as I said; but her
cellence is, that she is
l courteous, and faithful,
all her fellow-servants
my housekeeper, in par-
ats upon her; and you
ies, she is a woman of
it: and, as for Mr. Long-
Jonathan here, if they
emselves young enough,
hey would fight for her.
ue, Jonathan?'—'Troth,
e,' an't please your hon-
r knew her peer, and all
ur's family are of the
.'—'Do you hear now?'
aster.—'Well,' said the
will make a visit to Mrs.
and-by, and hope to see
on.'
they are coming; and
u the rest by-and-by. I
had come, and were
ny can't they make their
out me?
ese fine ladies have been
re gone back again. I
been absent if I could,
p into the closet: but
ne when they came in.
e four of them: Lady
the great white house
l, *Lady Brooks, Lady* Towers, and the other, it seems, a countess, of some hard name, I forget what.

'So, Mrs. Jervis,' says one of the ladies, 'how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your health.'—'I am much obliged to your ladyships,' said Mrs. Jervis: 'will your ladyships please to sit down?'—'But,' said the countess 'we are not *only* come to ask after Mrs. Jervis's health, but we are come to see a rarity besides.' —'Ah,' says Lady Arthur, 'I have not seen your Pamela these two years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty in that time.'

Then I wished I had not been in the closet: for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them: but I have often found, that bashful bodies owe themselves a spite, and frequently confound themselves more by endeavouring to avoid confusion.

'Why, yes,' says Mrs. Jervis, 'Pamela is very pretty indeed; she's but in the closet there.—Pamela, pray step hither.' I came out all covered with blushes, and they smiled at one another.

The countess took me by the hand. 'Why, indeed,' she was pleased to say, 'report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you.—Don't be ashamed, child,' (and stared full in my face,) I wish I had just such a face to be ashamed of.' O how like a fool I looked!

Lady Arthur said, 'Ay, my good Pamela,' I say as her ladyship says: 'don't be so confused; though it becomes you too. I think your good departed lady made a sweet choice of such a pretty attendant.

She would have been mighty proud of you, as she was always praising you, had she lived till now.'

'Ah, Madam! said Lady Brooks, 'do you think that so *dutiful* a son as our neighbour, who always *admired* what his mother *loved*, does not pride himself, for all what he said at table, in such a pretty maiden?' She looked with such a malicious sneering countenance, I can't abide her.

Lady Towers said, with a freer air (for it seems she is called a wit,) 'Well, Mrs. Pamela, I can't say I like you so well as these ladies do; for I should never care, if you were my servant, to have *you* and your *master* in the same house together.' Then they all set up a great laugh. I know what I could have said, if I durst. But they are ladies—and ladies may say any thing.

Says Lady Towers, 'Can the pretty image speak, Mrs. Jervis? I vow she has speaking eyes! O you little rogue,' said she, and tapped me on the cheek, 'you seem born to undo, or to be undone!'—'God forbid, an please your ladyship,' said I, 'it should be *either*.' 'I beg,' said I, 'to withdraw; for the sense I have of my unworthiness, renders me unfit for such a presence.'

I then went away with one of my best curtsies: and Lady Towers said, as I went out, 'Prettily said, I vow!' And Lady Brooks said, 'See that shape! I never saw such a face and shape in my life; why she must be better descended than you have told me!'

And so they ran on for half an hour more, in my praises, as I was told; and glad I was when I got out of the hearing of them!

But, it seems, they went down with *such* a story to my master, and so full of *me*, that he had much ado to stand it; but, as it *was very* little to my reputation, *I am sure I could* take no pride in it; and I feared it would mak no better for me. This gives m another cause for wishing mysel out of this house.

This is Thursday morning, an next Thursday I hope to set out for I have finished my task, an my master is horrid cross! I ar vexed, his crossness affects me s If ever he had any kindness toward me, I believe he now hates m heartily.

Is it not strange that love bor ders so much upon hate? Bu this wicked love is not like th true virtuous love, to be sure *that* and *hatred* must be far off a *light* and *darkness*. And how must this hate have been increase if he had met with a base com pliance, after his wicked will ha been gratified!

Well, we may see by a littl what a great deal means. For i *innocence* cannot attract commo civility, what must *guilt* expec when novelty has ceased to hav its charms, and changeablenes has taken place of it? Thus w read in holy writ, that wicke Amnon, when he had ruined poo Tamar, hated her more than eve he had loved her, and would hav turned her out of doors.

How happy am I to be turne out of doors with that sweet com panion, my innocence! O ma that be always my companion And while I presume not upo my own strength, and am willin to avoid the tempter, I hope th Divine Grace will assist me.

Forgive me, that I repeat i my letter part of my hourl prayer. I owe every thing nex to God's goodness, to your piet and good examples, my dea parents, my dear *poor parents* I say that word with pleasure for your *poverty* is my *pride*, a your integrity shall be my imi tation.

As soon as I have dined, I will put on my new clothes. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. Jervis with them; for she shan't see me till I am full dressed. John is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written. I find he is going early in the morning; and so I'll close here that I am *your most dutiful daughter.*

Don't lose your time in meeting me: because I am so uncertain. It is hard if I can't get a passage to you. But may-be my master won't refuse to let John bring me. I can ride behind him, I believe, well enough; for he is very careful, and very honest; you know John as well as I: he loves you both. Besides, may-be. Mrs. Jervis can put me in some way.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I SHALL write as long as I stay, though I shall have nothing but silliness to write; for I know you divert yourselves on nights with what I write, because it is mine. John tells me how much you long for my coming; but he says, he told you he hoped something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the occasion of my coming away; for if my fellow-servants should guess, it were better so, than to have it from you or me; besides, I really am concerned that my master should cast away a thought upon such a poor creature as me; for, besides the disgrace, it has quite turned his temper; and I begin to believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he likes me, and can't help it; and yet strives to conquer it, and so finds no way but to be cross to me.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited; for *it is more my* concern than my pride to see such a gentleman so demean himself and lessen the regard he used to have in the eyes of all his servants, on my account.—But I am to tell you of my new dress to-day.

And so when I had dined, up stairs I went, and locked myself up in my little room. There I dressed myself in my new garb, and put on my round-eared ordinary cap, but with a green knot, my home-spun gown and petticoat, and plain leather shoes, but yet they are what they call Spanish leather; and my ordinary hose, ordinary I mean to what I have been lately used to, though I should think good yarn may do very well for every day, when I come home. A plain muslin tucker I put on, and my black silk necklace, instead of the French necklace my lady gave me; and put the ear-rings out of my ears. When I was quite equipped, I took my straw hat in my hand, with its two blue strings, and looked in the glass, as proud as any thing. To say truth, I never liked myself so well in my life.

O the pleasure of descending with ease, innocence, and resignation!—Indeed there is nothing like it! An humble mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking disappointment, let Fortune's wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. Jervis, to see how she liked me. I met, as I was upon the stairs, our Rachel, who is the house-maid; she made me a low curtsey, and I found did not know me. I smiled, and went to the house-keeper's parlour: there sat good Mrs. Jervis at work, making a shift: and, would you believe it? she did not know me at first; but rose up, pulled off her spectacles, and said, 'Do you want *me* forsooth?' I could not help laughing, and said, 'Hey-day! Mrs. Jervis, what, don't you know

me? She stood all in amaze, and looked at me from top to toe; 'Why, you surprise me,' said she: 'What, Pamela! thus metamorphosed! How came this about?

As it happened, in stepped my master; and my back being to him, he thought it was a stranger speaking to Mrs. Jervis, and withdrew again; and did not hear her ask if his honour had any commands for her. She turned me about and about and I showed her all my dress, to my under petticoat; she said, sitting down, 'Why, I am amazed! I must sit down. What can all this mean?' I told her I had no clothes suitable to my condition when I returned to my father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the state I was returning to.

'Well,' said she, 'I never knew the like of thee. But this sad preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear Pamela, how can I part with you?'

My master rung in the back-parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. Jervis went to attend him. He said to her, 'I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to Lincolnshire, and possibly to my sister Davers's and be absent some weeks. But, pray, what pretty neat damsel was with you?' She says she smiled, and asked if his honour did not know who it was. 'No,' said he; 'I never saw her before. Farmer Nichols, or farmer Brady, have neither of them such a tight prim lass for a daughter, have they?—Though I did not see her face, neither,' said he, 'If your honour won't be angry,' said she, 'I will introduce her into your *presence; for* I think she outdoes *our Pamela.*'

Now, I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards, (for it brought a great deal of trouble upon me as well as crosses, as you shall hear.) 'That can't be,' he was pleased to say; 'but if you can find an excuse for it, let her come in.'

At that she stepped to me, and told me I must go in with her to my master: 'But,' said she 'for goodness' sake, let him find you out, for he don't know you.'—'O fie, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'how could you serve me so? Besides, it looks too free both *in me*, and *to him.*'—'I tell you,' said she, 'you *shall* come in and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out,'

So I went in, foolish as I was: though I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my straw hat in my hand.

I dropt a low curtsey, but said never a word. I dare say he knew me as soon as he saw my face; but was as cunning as Lucifer. He came up to me, and took me by the hand, and said, 'Whose pretty maiden are you? I dare say you are Pamela's sister, you are so like her. So neat, so clean, so pretty! Why, child, you far surpass your sister Pamela!'

I was all confusion, and would have spoken, but he took me about the neck: 'Why,' said he, 'you are very pretty, child: I would not be so free with your *sister*, you may believe; but I must kiss *you.*'—'O sir,' said I, 'I am Pamela, indeed I am Pamela, *her own self!*'

He kissed me for all I could do: and said, 'Impossible! you are a lovelier girl by half than Pamela; and sure I may be innocently free with *you*, though I would not do her so much favour.'

This was a sad trick upon me indeed, and what I could not ex-

peet; and Mrs. Jervis looked like a fool as much as I, for her officiousness. At last I got away, and ran out of the parlour, most sadly vexed, as you may well think.

He talked a good deal to Mrs. Jervis, and at last ordered me to come in to him. 'Come in,' said he, 'you little villain!' for so he called me. Good Sirs, what a name was there! 'Who is it you put your tricks upon? I was resolved never to honour your unworthiness,' said he, 'with so much notice again; and so you must disguise yourself to attract me, and yet pretend, like a hypocrite as you are ——'

I was out of patience then: 'Hold, good Sir,' said I; don't impute disguise and hypocrisy to me, above all things: for I hate them both, mean as I am. I have put on no disguise,'—'What a plague,' said he, for that was his word, 'do you mean then by this dress?'—'Why, and please your honour,' said I, 'I mean one of the honestest things in the world. I have been in disguise, indeed, ever since my good lady your mother took me from my poor parents. I came to her ladyship so poor and mean, that these clothes I have on, are a princely suit to those I had then: and her goodness heaped upon me rich clothes, and other bounties: and as I am now returning to my poor parents again so soon, I cannot wear those good things without being hooted at: and so have bought what will be more suitable to my degree, and be a good holiday suit too, when I get home.'

He then took me in his arms, and presently pushed me from him. 'Mrs. Jervis,' said he, 'take the little witch from me; I can neither bear nor forbear her!'—Strange words these!—'But stay; you shan't go!—Yet begone!—No, come back again.'

I thought he was mad: for he knew not what he would have. I was going however, but he stept after me, and took hold of my arm, and brought me in again: I am sure he made my arm black and blue, for the marks are upon it still. 'Sir, sir,' said I, 'pray have mercy; I will, I will come in!'

He sat down, and looked at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as sillily as such a poor girl as I. At last he said, 'Well, Mrs. Jervis, as I was telling you, you may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if my sister Davers will have her; if, meantime, she humble herself, and ask this as a favour, and is sorry for her pertness, and the liberty she has taken with my character, in and out of the house.'—'Your honour told me so,' said Mrs. Jervis: 'but I never found her inclinable to think herself in a fault.'—'Pride and perverseness,' said he, 'with a vengeance! Yet this is your doating-piece! Well for once, I'll submit myself to tell you, hussy,' said he to me, 'you may stay a fortnight longer, till I see my sister Davers: do you hear what I say to you, statue? Can you neither speak nor be thankful?'—'Your honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak: but I will venture to say that I have only to beg, as a favour, that I may go to my father and mother.'—'Why, fool,' said he, 'won't you like to go to wait on my sister Davers?'—'Sir,' said I, 'I was once fond of that honour: but you were pleased to say, I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me.'—'D—d impertinence!' said he; 'Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis; do you hear how she retorts upon me? Was ever such matchless assurance!'

I then fell a weeping; for Mrs Jervis said, 'Fie, Pamela, fie! And I said, 'My lot is very hard indeed.

I am sure I would hurt nobody; and I have been, it seems, guilty, of indiscretions, which have cost me my place, and my master's favour, and so have been turned away; and when the time is come, that I should return to my poor parents, I am not suffered to go quietly. Good, your honour, and what have I done, that I should be used worse than if I had robbed you?'—'Robbed me!' said he, 'why so you have, hussy; you *have* robbed me.'—'Who, I, Sir?' said I; 'Have I robbed you? Why then you are a justice of peace, and may send me to gaol, if you please, and bring me to a trial for my life! If you can prove that I have robbed you, I am sure I ought to die.'

Now, I was quite ignorant of his meaning; though I did not like it, when it was afterwards explained, neither: 'And, well,' thought I, 'what will this come to at last, if poor Pamela is esteemed a thief!' Then I thought in an instant, how I should show my face to my honest poor parents, if I was but suspected.

'But, Sir,' said I, 'let me ask you but one question, and pray don't let me be called names for it; for I don't mean disrespectfully: why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your housekeeper, as the other maids have been? and if Jane or Rachel, or Hannah, were to offend, would your honour stoop to take notice of them? And why should you so demean yourself to take notice of me? Pray, Sir, if I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than others? Why should I not be turned away, and there's an end of it? For indeed I am not of consequence enough for my master to concern himself and be angry about such a creature as me.'

'*Do you hear*, Mrs. Jervis,' cried *me again*. '*how pertly* I am interrogated by this saucy slut? Why, sauce-box,' says he, 'did not my good mother desire me to take care of you? And have you not been always distinguished by me above a common servant? And does your ingratitude upbraid me for this?'

I said something mutteringly, and he vowed he would hear it. I begged excuse, but he insisted upon it. 'Why then,' said I, 'if your honour must know, I said, that my good lady did not desire your care to extend to the *summer-house* and her *dressing room*.'

Well, this was a little saucy, you'll say—And he flew into such a passion, that I was forced to run for it; and Mrs. Jervis said it was happy I got out of the way.

Why, what makes him provoke one so, then? I'm almost sorry for it; but I would be glad to get away at any rate. For I begin to be more fearful now.

Just now Mr. Jonathan sent me these lines——(Bless me! what shall I do?)

'DEAR MRS. PAMELA,

'Take care of yourself; for Rachel heard my master say to Mrs. Jervis, who, she believes, was pleading for you,—"Say no more, Mrs. Jervis, for, by G—, I will have her." Burn this instantly.'

O pray for your poor daughter. I am called to go to bed by Mrs. Jervis, for it is past eleven, and I am sure she shall hear of it; for all this is owing to her, though she did not mean any harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange fluster; and I suppose, too, she'll say I have been full pert.

O my dear father and mother, power and riches never want advocates! But poor gentlewoman, she cannot live without him: and he has been very good to her. So good-night. May be I shall send this in the morning; but may be not; so won't conclude, though I can't

say too often, that I am (though with great apprehension) *your most dutiful daughter.*

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

O LET me take up my complaint and say, 'Never was poor creature so unhappy, and so barbarously used as poor Pamela.' Indeed, my dear father and mother, my heart's just broke! I can neither write as I should, nor let it alone: to whom but you can I vent my griefs, and keep my poor heart from bursting! Wicked, wicked man!—I have no patience when I think of him!—But yet, don't be frighted, for I hope I am honest!—If my head and my hand will let me you shall hear all. Is there no constable or headborough, to take me out of his house? I am sure I can safely swear the peace against him: but, alas! he is greater than any constable: he is a justice; from such a justice deliver me!—But God Almighty, I hope, in time will right me; for he knows the innocence of my heart!

John went your way in the morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. Jervis, or Rachel, and one I hate to see or be seen by; and indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happened since last night, that good Mr. Jonathan's letter, and my master's harshness, put me in such a fluster; but I will not keep you in suspense.

I went to Mrs. Jervis's chamber; and, O dreadful! my wicked master had himself, base man as he is, in her closet, where she has a few books, a chest of drawers, and such like. I little suspected it; though I used, till this night, always to look into that closet, and another in the room, also under the bed, ever since the summer-house trick, but never found any thing; therefore I did not do it then, being resolved to be angry with Mrs. Jervis for what had happened in the day, so thought of nothing else.

I sat myself down on one side of the bed, and she on the other; we began to undress ourselves; but she on that side next the wicked closet that held the worst heart in the world. 'So,' said Mrs. Jervis 'you won't speak to me, Pamela! I find you are angry with me.'—'Why, Mrs. Jervis;' said I, 'I am a little; 'tis a folly to deny it. You see what I have suffered by your forcing me to my master: a woman of your years and experience must needs know, that it was not fit for me to pretend to be any body else for my own sake, nor with regard to my master.'

'But,' said she, 'who would have thought it would have turned out so?'—'Aye,' said I, little thinking who heard me, 'Lucifer always is ready to promote his own work and workmen. You see what use he makes of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me. And when he took upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: and you too,' said I, 'to cry, "Fie, fie, Pamela?" cut me to the heart.'

'Do you think, my dear,' said she, 'that I would encourage him? I never said so to you before; but since you forced it from me, I must tell you, that ever since you consulted me, I have used my utmost endeavours to divert him from his wicked purposes; and he has promised fair; but, to say all in a word, he doats upon you; and I begin to see it is not in his power to help it.'

I luckily said nothing of the note from Mr. Jonathan: I began to suspect all the world: but I said, to

try Mrs. Jervis, 'Well, then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady Davers now.'

'Why, I'll tell you freely, my dear Pamela,' said she, 'and I trust to your discretion to conceal what I say: my master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay—'

'Yes,' said I, 'Mrs. Jervis, let me interrupt you; I will tell you why I could not think of that: it was not the pride of my *heart;* but the pride of my *honesty;* for what must have been the case? Here my master has been very rude to me, once and twice: and you say he cannot help it, and is sorry for it: he has given me warning to leave my place, and uses me very harshly; perhaps to frighten me to his purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying, (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and all the house, and value him, if he would act as my master.) Well, then, as I know his designs, and that he owns he cannot help it, must I have asked to stay, knowing he would attempt me again? For all you could assure me of was, he would do nothing by *force;* so I, a poor weak girl, was to be left to my own strength? Was not this to *allow* him to tempt me, as one may say? and to encourage him to go on in his wicked devices? —How, then, Mrs. Jervis, could I ask or wish to stay?

'You say well, my dear child, says she; 'and you have a justness of thought above your years, and for all these considerations, and for what I have heard this day, after you ran away, (and I am glad you went as you did,) I cannot persuade you to stay; I should be glad (which is what I never thought I could have said) that you were well at your father's; for if Lady Davers will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as here?'—'There's my good Mrs. Jervis!' said I; 'God will bless you for your good counsel to a poor maiden, that is hard beset. But pray, what did he say, when I was gone?' 'Why,' says she, 'he was very angry with you.'—'But he would hear it!' said I: 'I think it was a little bold, but then he provoked me to it. And had not my honesty been in the case, I would not by any means have been so saucy. Besides, Mrs. Jervis, consider it was the truth; if he does not love to hear of the *summer-house* and the *dressing-room*, why should he not be ashamed to continue in the same mind?'—'But,' said she 'when you had muttered this to yourself, you might have told him any thing else.'—'Well,' said I, 'I cannot tell a wilful lie, and so there's an end of it. But I find you now give him up, and think there's danger in staying. Lord bless me! I wish I was well out of the house; so it was at the bottom of a wet ditch, on the wildest common in England.'

'Why,' says she, 'it signifies nothing to tell you all he said, but it was enough to make me fear you would not be as safe as I could wish: and, upon my word, Pamela, I don't wonder he loves you; for, without flattery, you are a charming girl! I never saw you look more lovely in my life than in that new dress of yours. And then it was such a surprise upon us all! I believe truly you owe some of your danger to the lovely *appearance* you made.'—'Then,' said I, 'I wish the clothes in the fire: I expected *no* effect from them; but if *any*, a quite contrary one.'

'Hush!' said I, 'Mrs. Jervis, did you not hear something stir in the closet?'—'No, silly girl,' said she; 'your fears are always awake.'—'But,' said I, 'I think I heard some-

thing rustle.'—'May be,' says she, 'the cat may be got there; but I hear nothing.'

I was hush; but she said, 'Pr'ythee, my good girl, make haste to bed. See if the door be fast.' I did, and was thinking to look into the closet; but, hearing no more noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the bed-side, and went on undressing myself. And Mrs. Jervis, being by this time undressed, stepped into bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I don't know what was the matter, but my heart sadly misgave me: indeed, Mr. Jonathan's note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. Jervis had said. I pulled off my stays, and my stockings, and all my clothes to an under-petticoat; then hearing a rustling again in the closet, 'Heaven protect us! But before I say my prayers I must look into this closet.' And so was going in it slip-shod, when, O dreadful! out rushed my master in a rich silk and silver morning-gown.

I screamed, ran to the bed, and Mrs. Jervis screamed too: he said, 'I'll do you no harm if you forbear this noise; but otherwise take what follows.'

Instantly he came to the bed, (for I had crept into it, to Mrs. Jervis, with my coat on, and my shoes) and taking me in his arms, said, 'Mrs. Jervis, rise, and just step up stairs, to keep the maids from coming down at this noise: I'll do no harm to this rebel.'

'O for Heaven's sake! for pity's sake! Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'if I am not betrayed, don't leave me; and, I beseech you raise all the house,' —'No,' said Mrs. Jervis, 'I will not stir, my dear lamb; I will not leave you. I wonder at you, Sir,' said she; and kindly threw herself upon my coat, clasping me round the waist. 'You shall not *hurt this* innocent,' said she; 'for I will lose my life in her defence. Are there not,' said she, 'enough wicked ones in the world, for your base purpose, but you must attempt such a lamb as this?'

He was desperate angry, and threatened to throw her out of the window; and turn her out of the house the next morning. 'You need not, Sir,' said she; 'for I will not, stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till to-morrow, and we will both go together.'—Says he, 'Let me but expostulate a word or two with you, Pamela.'—'Pray, Pamela,' said Mrs. Jervis, 'don't hear a word, except he leaves the bed, and goes to the other end of the room.' —'Aye, out of the room,' said I, 'expostulate to-morrow, if you must expostulate!'

I found his hand in my bosom, and when my fright let me know it, I was ready to die; I sighed, screamed, and fainted away. And still he had his arms about my neck: Mrs. Jervis was about my feet, and upon my coat. And all in a cold dewy sweat was I. 'Pamela! Pamela!' says Mrs. Jervis, as she tells me since, '—Oh!' and gave another shriek, 'my poor Pamela is dead for certain!' And so I was for a time; for I knew nothing more of the matter, one fit followed another, till about three hours after, I found myself in bed, and Mrs. Jervis sitting up on one side, with her wrapper about her, and Rachel on the other; but no master, for the wicked wretch was gone. I was so overjoyed that I hardly could believe myself; I said, which were my first words, 'Mrs. Jervis—Mrs. Rachel, can I be *sure* it is you? Tell me, can I?—Where have I been?'—'Hush, my dear,' said Mrs. Jervis; 'you have been in fit after fit. I never saw any body so frightful in my life!'

By this I judged Rachel knew

nothing of the matter; and it seems my wicked master had, upon Mrs. Jervis's second noise on my fainting away, slipped out; and as if he had come from his own chamber, disturbed by the screaming, went up to the maid's room, (who, hearing the noise, lay trembling, afraid to stir) bid them go down and see what was the matter with Mrs. Jervis, and me. He charged Mrs. Jervis, and promised to forgive her for what she had said and done, if she would conceal the matter. So the maids came down; and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except Rachel, who staid to sit up with me, and bear Mrs. Jervis company. I believe they all guess the matter to be bad enough; though they dare not say any thing.

When I think of my danger, and the freedoms he actually took, though I believe Mrs. Jervis saved me from worse, and she says she did, (though what can I think, who was in a fit and knew nothing of the matter?) I am almost distracted.

At first I was afraid of Mrs. Jervis, but I am fully satisfied she is very good, and I should have been lost but for her; she takes on grievously about it. What would have become of me, had she gone out of the room, to still the maids, as he bid her? He'd certainly have shut her out; then, mercy on me? what would have become of your poor Pamela?

I must leave off a little; for my eyes and my head are sadly bad. This was a dreadful trial! This was the worst of all! Oh! that I was out of the power of this dreadfully wicked man! Pray for *your distressed daughter*.

LETTER XXVI.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I DID not rise till ten o'clock, and *I had all the concerns* and wishes of the family, and multitudes of inquiries about me. My wicked master went out early to hunt! but left word that he would be in to breakfast. And so he was. He came up to our chamber about eleven, and had nothing to do to be sorry, for he was our *master*, and so put on a sharp anger at first. I had great emotions at his entering the room, and threw my apron over my head, and fell a crying, as if my heart would break.

'Mrs. Jervis,' said he, 'since I know *you*, and you *me* so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future.'—'Sir,' said she, 'I will take the liberty to say, what I think is best for both. I have so much grief, that you should attempt to do any injury to this poor girl, and especially in my chamber, that I should think myself accessary to the mischief if I was not to take notice of it.—Though my ruin may depend upon it, I desire not to stay; but pray let poor Pamela and me go together.'—'With all my heart,' said he, 'and the sooner the better.' She fell a crying. 'I find,' says he, 'this girl has made a party of the whole house in her favour against me.'—'Her innocence deserves it of us all,' said she very kindly: 'and I never could have thought that the son of my dear good lady departed, could have so forfeited his honour, as to endeavour to destroy a virtue he ought to protect.'—'No more of this, Mrs. Jervis!' said he; 'I will not bear it. As for Pamela, she has a lucky knack of falling into fits when she pleases. But the cursed yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended no harm to her as I told you both, if you'd have left your squallings: and I did no harm neither, but to myself; for I raised a hornet's nest about my ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to death my repu-

tation.'—'Sir,' said Mrs. Jervis, 'then I beg Mr. Longman may take my accounts, and I will go away as soon as I can. As for Pamela, she is at her liberty, I hope, to go away next Thursday, as she intends?'

I sat still; for I could not speak nor look up, and his presence discomposed me extremely; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy occasion of Mrs. Jervis's losing her place, and hope it may still be made up.

'Well,' said he, 'let Mr. Longman make up your accounts as soon as you will; and Mrs. Jewkes' (who is his housekeeper in Lincolnshire) 'shall come hither in your place, and wont be less obliging, I dare say, than *you* have been.' She said, 'I have never disobliged you till now; and let me tell you, Sir, if you know what belonged to your own reputation or honour ——' — 'No more, no more,' said he, 'of these antiquated topics. I have been a friend to you; I shall always esteem you, though you have not been so faithful to my secrets as I could have wished, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her more afraid of me than she had occasion.'—'Well, Sir,' said she, 'after what passed yesterday, and last night, I think I went rather too far in favour of your injunctions than otherwise; I should have deserved every body's censure, as the basest of creatures, had I been capable of contributing to your lawless attempts.'—'Still, Mrs. Jervis, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary faults! what harm have I done the girl? I won't bear it, I'll assure you. But yet, in respect to my mother, I am willing to part friendly with you: though you ought both to reflect on the freedom of your conversation, in relation to me; which I should have resented more than I do, *but that I* am conscious I had no business to demean myself so as to be in your closet, where I might have expected to hear much impertinence between you.'

'Well Sir,' said she, 'you have no objection, I hope, to Pamela's going away on Thursday next?'—'You are mighty solicitous,' said he, 'about Pamela: but no, not I; let her go as soon as she will: she is a naughty girl, and has brought all this upon herself; and upon me more trouble than she can have had from me; but I have overcome it all, and I will never concern myself about her.

'I have had a proposal made me,' added he, 'since I have been out this morning, that I shall go near to embrace; and so wish only that a discreet use may be made of what is past; and there's an end of every thing with me, as to Pamela, I'll assure you.'

I clasped my hands together through my apron, overjoyed at this, though I was soon to go away: for, naughty as he has been to me, I wish his prosperity with all my heart for my good old lady's sake.

'Well, Pamela,' said he, 'you need not now be afraid to speak to me; tell me what you lifted up your hands at?' I said not a word. Says he, 'If you like what I have said, give me your hand upon it.' I held my hand up through my apron; for I could not speak to him: and he took hold of it and pressed it, though less hard than he did my arm the day before. 'What does the little fool cover her face for?' said he: 'pull your apron away, and let me see how you look, after your freedom of speech of me last night. No wonder you're ashamed to see me. You know you were very free with my character.'

I could not stand this barbarous insult, as I took it to be, considering his behaviour to me; and then

spoke and said, 'Oh! the difference between the minds of thy creatures. good God! How shall some be cast down in their innocence, while others can triumph in their guilt!'

And so saying I went up stairs to my chamber, and wrote all this; for though he vexed me at his taunting, yet I was pleased to hear he was likely to be married, and that his wicked intentions were so happily overcome as to me; and this made me a little easier. I hope I have passed the worst; or else it is very hard. And yet I shan't think myself quite at ease, till I am with you: for methinks, after all, his repentance and amendment are mighty suddenly resolved upon, but the Divine Grace is not confined to space; and remorse may, and I hope has, smitten him to the heart at once, for his injuries to poor me! Yet I won't be too secure neither.

Having opportunity, I send now what I know will grieve you to the heart. But I hope I shall bring my next scribble myself; and so conclude, though half broken-hearted, *your ever dutiful daughter.*

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I AM glad I desired you not to meet me, and John says you won't; for he told you, he is sure I should get a passage well enough, either behind some of my fellow-servants on horseback, or by Farmer Nicholas's means; but as to the chariot he talked to you of, I can't expect that favour, to be sure; and I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer Brady, they say, has a chaise with one horse, and we hope to borrow that, or hire it rather than fail; though money runs a little lowish, after what I have laid *out; but* I dont care to say so here; *though I warrant* I might have what I would of Mrs. Jervis, or Jonathan, or Mr. Longman; then how shall I pay it, you'll sa and besides, I don't like to be holden.

But the chief reason I'm gl you don't set out to meet me, is uncertainty; for it seems I m stay another week still, and he certainly to go Thursday aft For poor Mrs. Jervis will go at same time, she says, and can't ready before.

Oh! that I was once well w you!—though he is very civil to at present, and not so cross as was; and yet he is as vexatio another way, as you shall he For yesterday he had a rich suit clothes brought home, which th call a birth-day suit; for he inter to go to London against next bir day, to see the court, and our fo will have it he is to be made a lo I wish they may make him an nest man, as he was always thoug but I have not found it so, alas me!

And so, as I was saying, he h these clothes come home, and tried them on. And before he pu ed them off, he sent for me, wh nobody else was in the park with him: 'Pamela,' said he, 'y are so neat and so nice in your o dress,' (Alack-a-day, I didn't kn I was!) 'that you must be a jud of ours. How are these cloth made? Do they fit me?'—'I am judge,' said I, 'and please your h nour; but I think they look very fin

His waistcoat stood on end w silver lace, and he looked ve grand. But what he did last h made me very serious, and I co make him no compliments. S he, 'why don't you wear your us clothes?—Though I think eve things looks well upon you:' (fo still continue in my new dress.) said, 'I have no clothes, Sir, ought to call my own, but thes

and it is no matter what such a one as I wears.' Said he, 'Why you look very serious Pamela. I see you can bear malice.'—'Yes, so I can, Sir,' said I, 'according to the occasion!'—'Why,' said he, 'your eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a fool to take my last freedom so much to heart? I am sure you and that fool Mrs. Jervis, frightened me by your hideous squalling, as much as I could frighten you.' 'That is all we had for it,' said I; 'and if you could be so afraid of your own servants knowing of your attempts upon a poor unworthy creature, that is under your protection while I stay, surely, your honour ought to be more afraid of God Almighty, in whose presence we all stand, in every action of our lives, and to whom the greatest, as well as the least, must be accountable, let them think what they will.'

He took my hand in a kind of good humoured mockery, and said, 'Well urged, my pretty preacher! When my Lincolnshire chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a gown and cassock, and thou'lt make a good figure in his place.'—'I wish,' said I, a little vexed at his jeer, 'your honour's conscience would be your preacher, and then you would need no other chaplain.'—'Well, well, Pamela,' said he, 'no more of this unfashionable jargon. I did not send for you so much for your opinion of my new suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay, since Mrs. Jervis desires it, till she goes.'—'I welcome!' said I; 'I shall rejoice when I am out of the house!'

'Well,' said he, 'you are an ungrateful baggage; but I am thinking it would be a pity, with these fair soft hands, and that lovely skin,' (as he called it, and took hold of my hand,) 'that you should return again to hard work, as you must, if you go to your father's; and so I would advise her to take a house in London and let lodgings to us members of Parliament, when we come to town; and such a pretty daughter as you may pass for, will always fill her house, and she'll get a great deal of money.'

I was sadly vexed at his barbarous joke; but being ready to cry before, the tears gushed out, and (endeavouring to get my hand from him, but in vain.) I said, 'I can expect no better; your behaviour, Sir, to me, has been just of a piece with these words: nay, I will say't, though you were to be ever so angry.'—'I angry, Pamela! No, no,' said he, 'I have overcome all that; and as you are to go away, I look upon you now as Mrs. Jervis's guest while you both stay, and not as my servant; and so you may say what you will. But I'll tell you, Pamela, why you need not take this matter in such high disdain! You have a pretty romantic turn for virtue, and all that. And I don't suppose but you'll hold it still, and nobody will be able to prevail upon you. But my girl,' (fleeringly he spoke it,) 'do but consider what a fine opportunity you will then have, for a tale every day to good mother Jervis, and what subjects for letter-writing to your father and mother, and what pretty preachments you may hold forth to the young gentlemen. Ad's my heart! I think it would be the best thing you and she could do.'

'You do well, Sir,' said I, to even your wit to such a poor girl as me; but permit me to say, that if you were not rich and great, and I poor and little, you would not insult me thus. Let me ask you, Sir, if you think this becomes your fine clothes, and a master's station?'—'Why so serious, my pretty Pamela!' said he: 'why so grave?' And would kiss me; but my heart was full, and I said, 'Let me alone; I

will tell you, if you were a king, and insulted me as you have done, that you have forgot to act like a gentleman; and I won't stay to be used thus: I will go to the next farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. Jervis, if she must go: I'd have you know, Sir, that I can stoop to the ordinariest work of your scullions, for all these nasty soft hands, sooner than hear such ungentlemanly imputations.'

'I sent for you,' said he, 'in good humour; but 'tis impossible to hold it with such impertinence: however, I'll keep my temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave looks: why, girl, you should forbear them, if it were but for your pride-sake; for the family will think you are grieving to leave the house.'—'Then, Sir,' said I, 'I'll try to convince them of the contrary, as well as your honour; for I will endeavour to be more cheerful while I stay, for that very reason.'

'Well,' replied he, 'I will set this down by itself, as the first time that ever what I had advised had any weight with you.' 'And I will add,' said I, 'as the first advice you have given me of late, that was fit to be followed.'—'I, wish,' said he, (I'm almost asham'd to write it, impudent gentleman as he is!) 'I wish I had thee as *quick another way*, as thou art in thy repartees.' And he laughed, and I snatched my hand from him, and I tripped away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, married, I'm sure 'tis time you were married, or at this rate no honest maiden ought to live with you.

Why, dear father and mother, to be sure he grows quite a rake! How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once people give way to vice!

How would my poor lady, had *she lived, have grieved* to see it! But may be he would have been better *then*! Though it seems he told Mrs Jervis he had an eye upon me in his mother's life-time: and he intended to let me know as much by-the-bye, he told her!—Here's shamelessness for you! Sure the world must be near at an end; for all the gentlemen here are as bad as he, as far as I can hear! and see the fruits of such bad examples! There is 'Squire Martin, in the Grove, has had three lyings-in, it seems, in his house, in three months past; one by himself, one by his coachman, and one by his woodman, yet he has turned none of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile example?—There is he, and two or three more such as he, within ten miles of us; who keep company, and hunt with our fine master, truly; and I suppose he's never the better for their examples. But, Heaven bless me, say I, and send me out of this wicked house.

But, dear father and mother, what sort of creatures must the women-kind be, do you think, to give way to such wickedness? Why, this it is that makes every one to be thought of alike, and, a-lack-a-day! what a world we live in! for it is grown more a wonder that the men are *resisted*, than that the women *comply*. This I suppose, makes me such a sauce-box, and bold-face, and a creature: and all because I won't be a sauce-box and bold-faced indeed.

But I am sorry for these things; one don't know what arts and stratagems men may devise to gain their vile ends; and so I will think as well as I can of these poor undone creatures, and pity them. For you see, by my sad story, and narrow escapes, what hardships poor maidens go through whose lot it is to go out to service, especially to houses where there is not the fear of God,

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ER XXVIII.

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I had a good mind to make you an offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little sorry for your hasty words, which, indeed, were not so respectful as I have deserved at your hands.' She seemed at a sad loss what to say, because Mr. Longman was there, and she could not speak of the occasion of those words, which was *me*.

'Indeed,' said Mr. Longman, 'I must needs say, before your face, that since I have known my master's family, I have never found such good management in it, nor so much love and harmony. I wish the Lincolnshire estate was as well served!' —'No more of that,' said my master: 'but Mrs. Jervis may stay, if she will: and here, Mrs. Jervis, pray accept of this, which, at the close of every year's accounts, I will present you with, besides your salary, as long as I find your care so useful and agreeable.' He gave her five guineas.—She made him a low courtesy, and thanking him, looked to me as if she would have spoken to me.

He took her meaning, I believe; for he said, 'Indeed, I love to encourage merit and obligingness, Longman: but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my hands, as to those who do;' and then he, looked full at me. 'Longman,' continued he, 'I said that the girl might come in with Mrs. Jervis, because they love to be always together. For Mrs. Jervis is very good to her, and loves her as well as if she was her daughter. But else—' Mr. Longman, interrupting him, said, '*Good* to Mrs. Pamela! Ay, Sir, and so she is to be sure! But every body must be good to her; for——'

He was going on, but my master said, 'No more, no more, Mr. Longman. I see old men are taken with pretty young girls, as well as other folks; and fair looks hide many a fault, where a person has the art

to behave obligingly.'—'Why, and please your honour,' said Mr. Longman; 'every body—' and was going on, I believe, to say something more in my praise; but he interrupted him, and said, 'Not a word more of this Pamela; I can't let her stay, I'll assure you, not only for her own freedom of speech, but her letter-writing of all the secrets of my family.' 'Ay,' said the good old man: 'I'm sorry for that too!—But Sir—'—'No more, I say,' said my master; 'for my reputation's so well known,' (mighty fine! thought I,) 'that I care not what anybody writes or says of *me*; but to tell you the truth, (not that it need go any further,) I think of changing my condition soon; and, you know, young ladies of birth and fortune will choose their own servants, and that's my chief reason why Pamela can't stay. As for the rest,' said he, 'the girl is a good sort of body, take her altogether; though I must say, a little pert, since my mother's death, in her answers, and gives me two words for one, which I can't bear; nor is there reason I should, you know, Longman.'—'No, to be sure, Sir,' said he; 'but tis strange she should be so mild and meek to every one of us in the house, and forget herself so where she should show most respect!'—'Very true, Mr. Longman,' said he; 'but so it is, I'll assure you; and it was from her pertness, that Mrs. Jervis and I had the words: and I should mind it the less but that the girl (there she stands, I say it to her face) has wit and sense above her years, and knows better.'

I was in great pain to say something, but yet I knew not what, before Mr. Longman; and Mrs. Jervis looked at me, and walked to the window to hide her concern for me. At last, I said, 'It is for *you*, Sir, to *say what you please*; and for *me only to say, God bless your honour!*'

Poor Mr. Longman faltered in his speech, and was ready to cry. Said my insulting master to me, 'Why, pr'ythee, Pamela, now show thyself as thou art, before Longman. Can'st not give him a specimen of that pertness which thou hast exercised upon me sometimes?' Did he not, my dear father and mother, deserve all the truth to be told? Yet I overcame myself so far as to say, 'Your honour may play upon a poor girl, that you know *can* answer you, but *dare* not,'

'Why, pr'ythee now, insinuator,' said he, 'say the worst you *can* before Longman and Mrs. Jervis. I challenge the utmost of thy impertinence; and, as you are going away, and have the love of every body, I would be a little justified to my family, that you have no reason to complain of hardships from me, as I have of pert saucy answers from you, besides exposing me by your letters.'

'Surely, Sir,' said I, 'I am of no consequence equal to this, in your honour's family, that such a great gentleman as you should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. Jervis stays with your honour; and I know I have *not deserved* to stay; and, more than that, I don't *desire* to stay.'

'Ads-bobbers,' said Mr. Longman, and ran to me, 'don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. Pamela! We all love you dearly; and pray down on your kness, and ask his honour pardon, and we will all become pleaders in a body, and I, and Mrs. Jervis too, at the head of it, to beg his honour's pardon, and to continue you, at least, till his honour marries.'—'No, Mr. Longman,' said I, 'I cannot ask; nor will I stay, if I might. All I desire is, to return to my poor father and mother; though I love you all, I won't stay.'—'O well a-day, well a-day!' said the good old man, 'I did not expect

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I profess I know not what to make of it.'

My master himself, hardened wretch as he was, seemed a little moved, and took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and walked to the window. 'What sort of a day is it!' said he. And then getting a little more hard-heartedness, he said, 'Well, you may be gone from my presence, thou strange medley of inconsistence! but you shan't stay after your time in the house.'—'Nay, pray, Sir, pray, Sir,' said the good old man, 'relent a little. Ads-heartlikins, you young gentlemen are made of iron and steel, I think: I'm sure,' said he, 'my heart's turned into butter, and is running away at my eyes. I never felt the like before.' Said my master with an imperious tone, 'Get out of my presence, hussy; I can't bear you in my sight.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I am going as fast as I can.

But, indeed, my dear father and mother, my head was so giddy, and my limbs trembled so, that I was forced to go holding by the wainscot all the way with both my hands, and thought I should not have got to the door: but when I did, as I hoped this would be my last interview with this terrible hard-hearted master, I turned about, and made a low curtesy and said, 'God bless you, Sir!—God bless *you*, Mr. Longman!' and I went into the lobby leading to the great hall, and dropt into the first chair; for I could get no farther a good while.

I leave all these things to your reflection, my dear parents; but I can write no more. My poor heart's almost broken. Indeed it is.—O when shall I get away! Send me, good God, in safety, once more, to my poor father's peaceful cot! and there the worst that can happen will be joy in perfection to what I now bear. O pity your distressed *daughter*

LETTER XXIX.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I MUST write, though I shall come so soon: for now I have hardly any thing else to do. I have finished all that lay upon me, and only wait the good time of setting out. Mrs. Jervis said, I must be low in pocket for what I had laid out; and so would have presented me with two guineas of her five but I could not take them of her because, poor gentlewoman, she pays old debts for her children that were extravagant, and wants them herself. This was very good in her.

I am sorry I shall have but little to bring with me; but I know *you* won't, you are so good! and I will work the harder when I come home, if can get a little plain work or any thing to do. But all your neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want work, except may-be Dame Mumford help me to something from any good family she is acquainted with!

Here what a sad thing it is! I have been brought up wrong, as matters stand. For you know my good lady, now in Heaven, loved singing and dancing; and, as she would have it I had a voice, she made me learn both; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent song, and a good psalm too, and dance before her. And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine-work with my needle why all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my fingers' end, as they say; and she used to praise me, and was a good judge of such matters.

Well now, what is all this to the purpose, as things have turned out?

Why, no more nor less, than that I am like the grasshopper in the fable, which I have read of in my *lady's book, as follows*:*

'As the ants were airing their provisions one winter, a hungry grasshopper (suppose it was poor me) begged charity of them. They told him, he should have wrought in summer, if he would not want in winter. "Well," says the grasshopper, "but I was not idle, for I sung the whole season."—"Then," said they "you'll e'en do well to make a merry yea of it, and dance in winter to the tune you sung in summer."

I shall make a fine figure with my singing and dancing when I come home! I shall be unfit even for a *May-day* holiday; for these minuets, rigadoons, and French dances, that I have been practising, will make me but ill company for my milk-maid companions that are to be. I had better, as things are, have learned to wash, scour, brew, bake, and such like. But I hope, if I can't get work, and can meet with a place, to learn these soon, if any body will have the goodness to bear with me till am able: for, notwithstanding what my master says, I hope I have an humble and teachable mind; and, next to God's grace, that is all my comfort, for I shall think nothing too mean that is honest. It may be a little hard at first; but wo to my proud heart if I find it so on trial! I will make it bend to its condition, or break it.

I have read of a good bishop that was to be burnt for his religion: he tried how he could bear it, by putting his fingers into the lighted candle: so I, the other day, tried, when Rachel's back was turned, if I could not scour a pewter plate she had begun. I could do it by degrees; it only blistered my hand in two places.

All the matter is, if I could get plain work enough, I need not spoi.

* *See the Æsop's Fables* which have lately been selected and reformed from those of Sir R. L'Estrange, and the most eminent mythologists.

my fingers; but if I can't, I hope to make my hands as red as a blood-pudding, and as hard as a beechen trencher to accommodate them to my condition. I must break off; here's somebody coming.—'Tis only our Hannah, with a message from Mrs. Jervis,—But hold, here is somebody else.—It is only Rachel.

I am as much frighted as were the city mouse and country mouse, in the same book of fables, at every thing that stirs. I have a power of these things to entertain you with in winter evenings, when I come home. If I can but get work, with a little time for reading, I hope we shall be very happy, over our peat fires. What made me hint to you that I should bring but little with me, is this:

You must know, I did not intend to do, as I have this afternoon; that is, I took all my clothes and linen, and divided them into three parcels, as I had before told Mrs. Jervis I intended to do; and said, 'It is now Monday, Mrs. Jervis; I am to go away on Thursday morning by times: though I know you don't doubt my honesty, I beg you will look over my things, and let every one have what belongs to them; for you know I am resolved to take with me only what I can properly call my own.'

And she, (I did not know her till then; to be sure she meant well; but I did not thank her for it, when I did know it.)—'Let your things be brought down into the green-room, and I will do any thing you would have me.'

'With all my heart,' said I, 'green room, or any where; but I think you might step up, and see 'em as they lie.' However, I fetched 'em down, and laid them in three parcels, as before; when done, I went down to call her up to look at them.

Now, it seems she had prepared my master for this *scene, unknown* to me; and in this green-room was a closet, with a sash door and a curtain before it; for there she puts her sweetmeats and such things. She did it, it seems, to turn his heart, knowing what I intended, as I suppose, that he should make me take the things; for, if he had, I should have made money of them, to help us when we got together; for I could never have appeared in them.

Well, as I was saying, he had got, unknown to me, into this closet; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. Jervis; and she since owned to me, it was at his desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it: though I have reason to remember the last closet-work.

So I said, when she came up, 'Here, Mrs. Jervis, is the first parcel: I will spread it all abroad. These are the things my good lady gave me. In the first place,'—and so I went on describing the clothes and linen my lady had given me, mingling blessings as I proceeded, for her goodness to me: when I had turned over that parcel, I said, 'Well, so much for the first parcel, Mrs. Jervis: that was my lady's gifts.

'Now I come to the presents of my dear virtuous master: hey, you know, *closet* for that, Mrs. Jervis.' She laughed and said, 'I never saw such a comical girl in my life: but go on.' 'I will, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'as soon as I have opened the bundle;' for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

'Now here,' said I, 'are my ever-worthy master's presents;' and then I particularized all those in the second bundle. After which I turned to my own, and said—'Now comes poor Pamela's bundle: and a little one it is to the others. First, here is a calico night-gown, that I used to wear o' mornings. 'Twill be ra-

ther too good for me when I get home; but I must have something. Then, there is a quilted calimanco coat, a pair of stockings I bought of the pedlar, my straw hat with blue strings; and a remnant of Scotch cloth, which will make two shirts and two shifts, the same I have on, for my poor father and mother. And here are four other shifts, one the fellow to that I have on; another pretty good one, and the other two old fine ones, that will serve me to turn and wind with at home, for they are not worth leaving behind me; and here are two pair of shoes; I have taken the lace off, which I will burn, and may be will fetch me some little matter at a pinch, with an old silver buckle or two.

'What do you laugh for, Mrs. Jervis?' said I. 'Why, you are like an April day; you cry and laugh in a breath.'

'Well, let me see: here is a cotton handkerchief I bought of the pedlar; there should be another somewhere. O here it is; and here are my new-bought knit mittens; this is my new flannel coat, the fellow to that I have on: and in this parcel, pinned together, are several pieces of printed calico, remnants of silk, and such like, that, if good luck should happen, and I should get work, would serve for robings and facings, and such like uses, Here too are a pair of pockets; they are too fine for me; but I have no worse. Bless me, I did not think I had so many good things.

'Well, Mrs. Jervis,' said I 'you have seen all my store, and I will now sit down, and tell you a piece of my mind.'

'Be brief, then,' said she, 'my good girl;' for she was afraid, she said afterwards, that I should say too much.

'Why then the case is this: I *am to enter upon* a point of equity *and conscience*, Mrs. Jervis; and I must beg, if you love me, you'd let me have my own way. Those things there of my lady's, I can have no claim to, so as to take them away; for she gave them me, supposing I was to wear them in her service, and to do credit to her bountiful heart. But, since I am to be turned away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor father's; for I should bring all the little village upon my back; and so I resolve not to have *them*.

'Then, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'I have far less right to these of my worthy master's: for you see what was his intention in giving them to me. So they were to be the price of my shame; and if I *could* make use of them, I should think I should never prosper with them; and besides you know, Mrs. Jervis, if I would not do the good gentleman's work, why should I take his wages! So, in conscience, in honour, in every thing I have nothing to say to thee, thou *second wicked* bundle?

'But,' said I, 'come to my arms, my dear *third* parcel, the compassion of my poverty, and the witness of my honesty; and may I never deserve the least rag that is contained in thee, when I forfeit a title to that innocence, that I hope will ever be the pride of my life; and I am sure it will be my highest comfort at my death, when all the rich and pomps of the world will look worse than the vilest rags that can be worn by beggars!' And so I hugged my *third* bundle. 'But,' said I, 'Mrs. Jervis,' (and she wept to hear me,) 'one thing more I have to trouble you with, and that's all.

'There are four guineas, you know, that came out of my good lady's pocket, when she died, that, with some silver, my master gave me: now these four guineas I sent to my poor father and mother, and they have broken them; but would

make them up, if I would; and if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your mind; as to the three years before my lady's death, do you think, as I had no wages, I may be supposed to be quits?—By quits I cannot mean that my poor services should be equal to my lady's goodness; for that's impossible. But as all her learning and education of me, as matters have turned, will be of little service to me now: it had been better to have been brought up to hard labour, for that I must turn to at last, if I cant get a place, (and you know, in places too, one is subject to such temptations as are dreadful.) I say, by quits, as I return all the good things she gave me, whether I may not set my little services against my keeping; because my learning is not now in the question, and I am sure my dear good lady would have thought so, had she lived; but that is now out of the question. Well then, if so, I would ask, whether, in above this year that I have lived with my master, as I am resolved to leave all his gifts behind me, I may not have earned, besides my keeping, these four guineas, and these poor clothes here upon my back, and in my third bundle? Now tell me your mind freely, without fear or affection.'

'Alas! my dear girl,' said she, 'you make me unable to speak to you at all: it will be the highest favour that can be offered, to leave any of these things behind you; but you must take all your bundles, my master will never forgive you.'

'Well, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'I don't care; I have been too much used to be snubbed and hardly treated by my master, of late. I have done him no harm; I shall always pray and wish him happy. But I don't deserve these things; I can't wear them if I should take them; so they can be of no use to me; I trust I shall not want the poor pittance, that is all I desire, to keep life and soul together. Bread and water I can live upon with content. Water I shall get any where; and if I can't get bread, I will live, like a bird in winter, upon hips and haws, and at other times upon pignuts, potatoes, or turnips. So what occasion have I for these things?—But all I ask is about these four guineas, if you think I need not return them; that is all I want to know.'—'To be sure, my dear, you need not,' said she; 'you have well earned them by that waistcoat only.'—'No, I think not *so* in that only; but in the linen, and other things, do you think I have?'—'Yes, yes,' said she, and more.'—'And my keeping allowed for, I mean,' said I 'and these poor clothes on my back, besides? Remember that, Mrs. Jervis.'—'Yes my dear, no doubt you have.'—'Well then,' said I 'I am as happy as a princess. I am quite as rich as I wish to be: and once more, my dear third bundle, I will bring thee to my bosom. I beg you'll say nothing of this till I am gone, that my master may'nt be so angry, but that I may go in peace; for my heart, without other matters, will be ready to break to part with you all.'

'Now, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'as to one matter more, and that is my master's last usage of me, before Mr. Longman.' Said she—'Pr'ythee, dear Pamela, step to my chamber, and, fetch me a paper I left on my table,—I have something to show you in it.'—'I will,' said I, and stepped down; but that was only an excuse to take orders of my master, I found. He said he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me; but he could not stand it, and wished I might *not* know he was there. But I *tript* up again so nimbly, (for there

was no paper) that I just saw his back, as if coming out of that green-room, and going into the next to it, the first door that was open—I whipped in, shut the door, and bolted it.—'O Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'what have you done by me!—I see I can't confide in any body. I am beset on all hands. Wretched, wretched Pamela! where shalt thou expect a friend, if Mrs. Jervis joins to betray thee thus?' She made so many protestations, (telling me all, and that he owned I had made him wipe his eyes two or three times, and said she hoped it would have a good effect, and remembered me, that I had said nothing but what would rather move compassion than resentment,) that I forgave her. But O! that I was safe from this house; for never poor creature sure was so flustered as I have been so many months together! I wonder what next will befall *your dutiful daughter.*

Mrs. Jervis says, she is sure I shall have the chariot to carry me home to you. Though this will look too great for me, yet it will show as if I was not turned away quite in disgrace. The travelling chariot is come from Lincolnshire, and I fancy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

LETTER XXX.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I WRITE again, though, may be I shall bring it to you in my pocket: for I shall have no writing, or writing time, I hope, when I come to you. This is Wednesday morning, and I shall, I hope, set out to you to-morrow morning; but I have had more trials, and more vexations; but of another complexion, though all from the same quarter.

Yesterday, my master, after he came from hunting, sent for me. I went with great terror; for I expected he would storm and be in a passion with me, for my freedom of speech; so I resolved to begin first, with submission, to disarm his anger! and I fell upon my knees, as soon as I saw him, and said—'Good Sir, let me beseech you as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good lady, your mother, who recommended me to you with her last words, to forgive me all my faults; and only grant me this favour, the last I shall ask you, that you will let me depart your house with peace and quietness of mind, that I may take such a leave of my dear fellow-servants as befits me; and that my heart be not quite broken.'

He took me up in a kinder manner than ever I had known; and he said—'Shut the door, Pamela, and come to me in my closet: I want to have a little serious talk with you.'—'How can I, Sir,' said I; 'how can I!' and wrung my hands 'O pray, Sir, let me go out of your presence, I beseech you.'—'By the God that made me.' said he, 'I'll do you no harm. Shut the parlour door, and come to me in my library.'

He then went into his closet, which is his library, and full of rich pictures besides: a noble apartment, though called a closet, and next the private garden, into which it has a door that opens. I shut the parlour door, as he bid me, but stood at it irresolute.—'Place some confidence in me,' said he, 'surely you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly.' So I crept towards him with trembling feet, and my heart throbbing through my handkerchief, 'Come in,' said he, 'when I bid you.' I did so. 'Pray Sir,' said I, 'pity and spare me!'—'I will,' said he, 'as I hope to be saved.' He sat down upon a rich settee, and took hold of my hand, and said—'Don't doubt me, Pamela. From

this moment I will no more consider you as my servant; and I desire you'll not use me with ingratitude for the kindness I am going to express towards you.' This a little emboldened me; he said, holding both my hands between his—'You have too much good sense not to discover, that I, in spite of my heart, and all the pride of it, cannot but love you. Look up to me my sweet-faced girl! I *must* say I love you: and have put on a behaviour to you, that was much against my heart, in hopes to frighten you from your reservedness. You see I own it ingenuously: and don't play your sex upon me for it.' I was unable to speak; and he seeing me too much oppressed with confusion to go on in that strain, said—'Well, Pamela, let me know in what situation of life is your father: I know he is a poor man; but is he as low and as honest as he was when my mother took you?'

Then I could speak a little; and with a down look, (and I felt my face glow like fire) I said—'Yes, Sir, as *poor* and as *honest* too: and that is my pride.'—Says he, 'I will do something for him, if it be not your fault, and make all your family happy.'—'Ah, Sir!' said I, 'he is happier already than ever he can be, if his daughter's innocence is to be the price of your favour: and I beg you will not speak to me on the *only* side that can wound me.'—'I have no design of that sort,' said he. 'O Sir,' said I, 'tell me not so, tell me not so!'—'Tis easy,' said he, 'to be the making of your father, without injuring *you*.'—'Well, Sir,' said I, 'if this can be done, let me know how; and all I can do with innocence shall be the study and practice of my life.—But, what can such a poor creature as I do?'—'I would,' said he, 'have you stay a week or a fortnight only, and behave yourself with kindness to *me*; I stoop to beg it of you: you shall see all shall turn out beyond your expectations. I see,' said he, 'you are going to answer otherwise than I would have you; and I begin to be vexed I should thus meanly sue. Your behaviour before honest Longman, when I used you as I did, and you could so well have vindicated yourself, has quite charmed me. And though I am not pleased with all you said yesterday while I was in the closet, yet you have moved me more to admire you than before; I see more worthiness in you, than ever I saw in any lady in the world. All the servants from the highest to the lowest, doat upon you, instead of envying you; and look upon you in so superior a light, as speaks what you ought to be. I have seen more of your letters than you imagine; (this surprised me!) and am quite overcome with your charming manner of writing; so free, so easy, and many of your sentiments so much above your years; all which put together, makes me love you to extravagance. Now, Pamela, as I have stooped to acknowledge this, oblige me only to stay another week or fortnight, to give me time to bring about some certain affairs and you shall see how much you may find your account in it.'

I trembled to find my poor heart giving way. 'O good Sir,' said I, 'spare a poor girl that cannot look up to you, and speak. My heart is full; and why should you wish to undo me!'—'Only oblige me,' said he, 'to stay a fortnight longer, and John shall carry word to your father, that I will see him in the mean time, either here, or at the Swan, in his village.'—'O Sir,' said I, 'my heart will burst, but, on my bended knees, I beg you to let me go to-morrow, as I designed; and don't offer to tempt a poor creature, whose will would be yours, if my virtue would permit.'—'It shall permit it.'

said he; 'for I intend no injury to you, God is my witness!'—'Impossible!' said I; 'I cannot, Sir, believe you, after what has passed: how many ways are there to undo poor creatures! Good God, protect me, this *one* time, and send me but to my dear father's cot in safety!'—'Strange, damned fate!' says he, 'that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believed!'—'What *should* I believe, Sir?' said I, 'what *can* I believe? What have you said, but that I am to stay a fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me?'—'My pride of birth and fortune, (damn them both!' said he, 'since they cannot obtain credit with you, but only add to your suspicions) will not let me descend all at once: I therefore ask you but a fortnight's stay, that, after this declaration, I may pacify those proud demands upon me.' O how my heart throbbed! and I begun (for I did not know what I did) to say the Lord's Prayer. 'None of your beads to me, Pamela!' said he; 'thou art a perfect nun.' But I said aloud, with my eyes lifted up to Heaven, '*Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil*, O my good God!' He hugged me in his arms, and said, 'Well, my dear girl, then you stay this fortnight, and you shall see what I will do for you. I'll leave you a moment, and walk into the next room, to give you time to think of it, and to show you I have no design upon you.' Well, this I thought, did not look amiss.

He went out, and I was tortured with twenty different doubts in a minute; sometimes I thought, that to stay a week or fortnight longer in this house to obey him, while Mrs. Jervis was with me, could do no great harm: 'But then,' thought I, 'how do I know what I may *be able* to do? I have withstood his *anger; but may I not relent at his kindness? How shall I stand that?*—Well, I hope, by the same protecting grace in which I will always confide.—But then, what has he promised? Why, he will make my poor father and mother's life comfortable. O!' said I to myself, 'that is a rich thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my ruin. What can he do for *me*, poor girl as I am!—What can his greatness stoop to? He talks,' thought I, 'of his pride of heart, and pride of condition: O these are in his *head*, and in his heart too, or he would not confess them to me at *such* an instant. Well, then,' thought I, 'this can be only to seduce me. He has promised nothing. But I am to *see* what he will do, if I stay a fortnight. And this fortnight is no such great matter: and I shall see in a few days how he carries it.' But then when I again reflected upon the distance between him and me, and his now open declaration of love, as he called it; and that after this he would talk with me on this subject *more plainly* than ever, and I should be *less* armed, may be, to withstand him; and then I bethought myself, 'Why, if he meant no dishonour, he should not speak before Mrs. Jervis;' and the odious, frightful closet came into my head, and my narrow escape upon it; and how easy it might be for him to send Mrs. Jervis, and the maids out of the way; that all the mischief he designed me might be brought about in less than that time; I resolved to go away, and trust all to Providence, and nothing to myself, and how ought I to be thankful for this resolution! as you shall hear.

But just as I have writ to this place, John sends me word, that he is going this minute your way; and so I will send you as far as I have written, and hope by to-morrow night to ask your blessings at

our own poor, but happy abode, and tell you the rest by word of mouth: and so I rest, till then, and for ever *your dutiful daughter*

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I WILL continue my writing still, because, may be, I shall like to read it, when I am with you, to see what dangers I have been enabled to escape; although I bring it along with me.

I told you my resolution, my happy resolution, as I have reason to think it; and just then he came in again, with great kindness in his looks, and said, 'I make no doubt, Pamela, you will stay this fortnight to oblige me.' I knew not how to frame my words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm. 'But,' said I, 'forgive, Sir, your poor distressed servant. I know I cannot possibly deserve any favour at your hands consistent with virtue; and I beg you will let me go to my poor father.'—'Why,' said he, 'thou art the greatest fool that I ever knew. I tell you I will see your father; I'll send for him hither to-morrow, in my travelling chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for *him* and *you*.'—'What, Sir, can that be? Your honour's noble estate may easily make *him* happy, and not unuseful, perhaps, to *you*, in some respect or other. But what price am I to pay for all this?'—'You shall be happy as you can wish,' said he, 'I do assure you: here, I will give you this purse, in which are fifty guineas, which I will allow your father yearly, and find an employ suitable to his liking, to deserve *that* and *more:* Pamela, he shall never want, depend upon it. I would have given you still more for him, but that *perhaps you'd suspect I intended it as a design upon* you,'—'O Sir,' said I, 'take back your guineas; I will not touch one, nor will my father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done *for* them, and particularly what is to become of *me*.'—'Why then Pamela,' said he, 'suppose I find a man of probity, and genteel calling, for your husband, that shall make you a gentlewoman as long as you live!' 'I want no husband, Sir,' said I; for now I began to see him in all his black colours; yet, being so much in his power, I thought I would a little dissemble. 'But,' said he, 'you are so pretty, that, go where you will, you can never be free from the designs of some or other of our sex; and I shall think I don't answer the care of my dying mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a husband to protect your virtue, and your innocence; and a worthy one I have thought of for you.'

'O black, perfidious creature!' thought I, 'what an implement art thou in the hands of Lucifer to ruin this innocent heart!'—Yet still I dissembled; for I feared much both him and the place I was in. 'But whom, pray, Sir, have you thought of?'—'Why said he, young Mr. Williams, my chaplain, in Lincolnshire, who will make you happy.'—'Does he know, Sir,' said I 'any thing of your honour's intentions?'—'No, my girl,' said he, and kissed me, (much against my will; for his very breath was now poison to me:) 'but his dependence upon my favour, and your beauty and merit, will make him rejoice at my kindness to him.'—'Well, Sir,' said I, 'then it is time enough to consider of this matter; and it cannot hinder me from going to my father's; for what will staying a fortnight longer signify to this? your honour's care and goodness may extend to me *there*, as well as here; and Mr. Williams, and all the work

shall know that I am not ashamed of my father's poverty.'

He would kiss me again; and I said, 'If I am to think of Mr. Williams, or any body, I beg *you* will not be so free with me; that is not pretty, I'm sure.'—'Well,' said he, 'but you stay this next fortnight, and in that time I'll have both Williams and your father here; for I will have the match concluded in my house: and when I have brought it on, you shall settle it as you please together. Meantime take and send these fifty pieces to your father, as an earnest of my favour, and I'll make you all happy.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I beg at least two hours to consider of this.'—'I shall,' said he, 'be gone out in one hour; and I would have you write to your father what I propose; and John shall carry it on purpose; and he shall take the purse with him for the good old man, if you approve of it.—'Sir,' said I, 'I will then let you know, in one hour, my resolution.'—'Do so,' said he; and gave me another kiss and let me go.

O how I rejoiced I had got out of his clutches!—So I write you this, that you may see how matters stand; for I am resolved to come away, if possible. Base, wicked, treacherous, gentleman as he is!

Here was a trap laid for your poor Pamela! I tremble to think of it!' O what a scene of wickedness was here laid down for all my wretched life! Black-hearted wretch! how I hate him!—For at first, as you'll see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other things; and this of Mr. Williams, I suppose, came into his head after he walked out of his closet, to give himself time to think how to delude me better: but the covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I went to my chamber, and the first thing I did was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him again, if I could help it; and I put it under his parlour door, after I had copied it, as follows:

'HONOURED SIR,

Your last proposal to me convinces me that I ought not to stay but to go to my father, if it were but to ask his advice about Mr. Williams, And I am so set upon it, that I am not to be persuaded. So, honoured Sir, with a thousand thanks for all favours, I will set out to-morrow early; and the honour you designed me, as Mrs. Jervis tells me, of your chariot, there will be no occasion for; because I can hire, I believe, Farmer Brady's chaise. So, begging you will not take it amiss, I shall ever be *your dutiful servant.*

'As to the purse, Sir, my poor father, to be sure, won't forgive me, if I take it, till he can know how to deserve it; which is impossible.'

So he has just now sent Mrs. Jervis to tell me, that since I am resolved to go, go I may, and the travelling chariot shall be ready; but it shall be worse for me; for that he will never trouble himself about me as long as he lives.—Well, so I get out of the house, I care not; only I should have been glad I could, with innocence, have made you, my dear parents, happy.

I cannot imagine the reason of it, but John, who I thought was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have any thing else to carry. So I break off, to send you this with the former.

I am now preparing for my journey, and about taking leave of my good fellow servants: and if I have not time to write, I must tell you the rest, when I am so happy as to be with you.

One word more, I slip in a paper

of verses, on my going—Sad poor stuff: but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, may be. I showed them to Mrs. Jervis and she liked them, and took a copy; and made me sing them to her, and in the green-room too; but I looked into the closet first. I will only add, that I am *your dutiful daughter.*

Let me just say, that he has this moment sent me five guineas, by Mrs. Jervis, as a present for my pocket; so I shall be very rich; for as *she* brought them, I thought I might take them. He says he won't see me; and I may go when I will in the morning; and Lincolnshire Robin shall drive me: but he is so angry, he orders that nobody shall go out at the door with me, not so much as into the coach-yard. Well! I can't help it, not I! But does not this expose himself, more than me?

But John waits, and I would have brought this and the other myself; but he says he has put it up among other things, and so can take both as well as one.

John is very good and very honest; I am under many obligations to him. I'd give him a guinea, now I am so rich, if I thought he'd take it. I hear nothing of my lady's clothes, and those my master gave me: for I told Mrs. Jervis I would not take them; but I fancy, by a word or two that was dropped, they will be sent after me. Dear Sirs! what a rich Pamela you'll have, if they should! But as I can't wear them, if they do, I don't desire them; and if I have them, will turn them into money, as I can have opportunity. Well, no more —I'm in a fearful hurry.

VERSES ON MY GOING AWAY.

My fellow-servants dear, attend
To these few lines, which I have *penn'd.*
I'm sure *they're from your honest friend;*
And wisher-well, poor Pamela.

I, from a state of low degree,
Was plac'd in this good family:
Too high a fate for humble me,
The helpless hopeless Pamela.

Yet though my happy lot was so,
Joyful, I homeward from it go,
No less content, when poor and low,
Than here you find your Pamela.

For what indeed is happiness,
But conscious innocence and peace?
And that's a treasure I possess;
Thank Heav'n that gave it Pamela.

My future lot I cannot know:
But this I'm sure, where'er I go,
Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,
I'll be the grateful Pamela.

No sad regrets my heart annoy,
I'll pray for all your peace and joy.
From master high, to scullion boy,
For all your loves to Pamela.

One thing or two I've more to say;
God's holy will, be sure, obey,
And for our master always pray,
As ever shall poor Pamela.

For, Oh! we *pity* should the great,
Instead of envying their estate;
Temptations always on 'em wait,
Exempt from which are such as we.

Their riches, gay deceitful snares,
Enlarge their fears, increase their cares;
Their servant's joy surpasses thei 's;
At least, so judges Pamela.

Your parents and relations love:
Let them your duty ever prove:
And you'll be blest by Heaven above,
As will, I hope, poor Pamela.

For if asham'd I e'er could be
Of my dear parents' low degree,
What lot had been too mean for me,
Unbless'd, unvirtuous Pamela.

Thrice happy may you ever be,
Each one in his and her degree;
And, Sirs, whene'er you think of me,
Pray for content to Pamela.

Pray for her wished content and peace;
And rest assur'd she'll never cease
To pray for all your joy's increase,
While life is lent to Pamela.

On God all future good depends;
Serve him. And so my sonnet ends,
With thank ye, thank ye, honest friends,
For all your loves to Pamela.

Here it is necessary the reader should know that the fair Pamela's trials were not yet over; but the worst were to come, at a time she thought them at an end, and that she was returning to her father: for when her master found her virtue was not to be subdued, and he had in vain tried to conquer his passion for her, being a gentleman of pleasure and intrigue, he had ordered his Lincolnshire coachman to bring his travelling chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Bedfordshire coachman, who with the rest of the servants, so greatly loved and honoured the fair damsel; and having given him instructions accordingly, and prohibited the other servants, on pretence of resenting Pamela's behaviour, from accompanying her any part of the road, he drove her five miles on the way to her father's; and then turning off, crossed the country, and carried her onwards towards his Lincolnshire estate.

It is also to be observed, that the messenger of her letters to her father, who so often pretended business that way, was an implement in his master's hands, and employed by him for that purpose; and always gave her letters first to him, and his master used to open and read them, and then send them on; by which means, as he hints to her (as she observes in one of her letters, page 51) he was no stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor virgin beset; and the whole will show the base arts of designing men, to gain their wicked ends; and how much it behoves the fair sex to stand upon their guard against artful contrivances, especially when riches and power conspire against innocence and a low estate.

A few words more will be necessary to make the sequel better understood. The intriguing gentleman thought fit, however, to keep back from her father her three last letters; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her clothes, his last effort to induce her to stay a fortnight, his pretended proposal of the chaplain, and her hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her verses; and to send himself a letter to her father, which was as follows:

'GOODMAN ANDREWS,

'You will wonder to receive a letter from me. But I think I am obliged to let you know, that I have discovered the strange correspondence carried on between you and your daughter, so injurious to my honour and reputation, and which I think, you should not have encouraged, till you knew there were sufficient grounds for those aspersions which she so plentifully casts upon me. Something possibly there might be in what she has written from time to time; but, believe me, with all her pretended simplicity and innocence, I never knew so much romantic invention as she is mistress of. In short, the girl's head is turned by romances, and such idle stuff, to which she has given herself up, ever since her kind lady's death. And she assumes airs, as if she was a mirror of perfection, and every body had a design upon her.

'Don't mistake me, however; I believe her very honest, and very virtuous; but I have found out, also, that she is carrying on a sort of correspondence, or love affair, with a young clergyman that I hope in time to provide for; but who, at present, is destitute of any subsistence but my favour: and what would be the consequence, can you think, of two young folks, who have nothing in the world to trust to of their own, to come together with a family multiplying upon them, before they have bread to eat?

'For my part, I have too much

kindness to them both, not to endeavour to prevent it, if I can; and for this reason I have sent her out of his way for a little while, till I can bring them both to better consideration; and I would not, therefore, have you be surprised you don't see your daughter so soon as you might possibly expect.

'Yet I do assure you, upon my honour, that she shall be safe and inviolate; and I hope you don't doubt me, notwithstanding any airs she may have given herself, upon my jocular pleasantry to her, and perhaps a little innocent romping with her, so usual with young folks of the two sexes, when they have been long acquainted, and grown up together; for pride is not my talent.

'As she is a mighty letter-writer, I hope she has had the duty to apprise you of her intrigue with the young clergyman; and I know not whether it meets with your countenance; but now she is absent for a little while, (for I know he would have followed her to your village, if she had gone home; and there perhaps they would have ruined one another by marrying,) I doubt not I shall bring him to see his interest; and that he engages not before he knows how to provide for a wife; and when that can be done, let them come together in God's name, for me.

'I expect not to be answered on this head, but by your good opinion, and the confidence you may repose in my honour; being *your hearty friend to serve you.*

'P. S. I find my man John has been the manager of the correspondence, in which such liberties have been taken with *me.* I shall soon, in a manner that becomes me, let the saucy fellow know how much I resent his part of the affair. It is a hard thing, that *a man of my character in the world should be* used thus freely by his own servants.'

It is easy to guess at the poor old man's concern upon reading this letter, from a gentleman of so much consideration. He knew not what course to take, and had no manner of doubt of his poor daughter's innocence, and that foul play was designed her. Yet he sometimes hoped the best, and was ready to believe the surmised correspondence between the clergyman and her, having not received the letters she wrote, which would have cleared up that affair.

But, after all, he resolved, as well to quiet his own as her mother's uneasiness, to undertake a journey to the squire's; and leaving his poor wife to excuse him to the farmer who employed him, he set out that very evening, late as it was; and travelling all night, found himself, soon after daylight, at the gate of the gentleman, before the family was up: and there he sat down to rest himself till he should see somebody stirring.

The grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their horses; and he asked, in so distressful a manner, what was become of Pamela, that they thought him crazy; and said, 'Why, what have you to do with Pamela, old fellow? Get out of the horses' way.'—'Where is your master?' said the poor man: 'pray, gentlemen, don't be angry: my heart's almost broken.'—'He never gives any thing at the door, I assure you,' says one of the grooms; 'so you lose your labour.'—'I am not a beggar *yet.*' said the poor old man. 'I want nothing of him, but my Pamela: O my child? my child?'

'I'll be hang d,' says one of them, 'if this is not Mrs. Pamela's father.'—'Indeed, indeed,' said he, wringing his hands, 'I am;' and weeping, 'Where is my child? where is my

Pamela?'—'Why, father,' said one of them, 'we beg your pardon; but she is gone home to you: how long have you been come from home?' —'But last night,'—said he; 'I have travelled all night.—Is the squire at home, or is he not?'— 'Yes, but he is not stirring though,' said the groom, 'as yet.'—'Thank God for that!' said he; 'thank God for that! Then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him anon.' They asked him to go in, and he stepped into the stable, and sat down on the stairs there, wiping his eyes, and sighing so sadly, that it grieved the servants to hear him.

The family was soon raised, with a report of Pamela's father coming to inquire after his daughter; and the maids would fain have had him go into the kitchen. But Mrs. Jervis, having been told of his coming, arose, and hastened down to her parlour; and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad story, and read the letter. She wept bitterly, but yet endeavoured before him to hide her concern; and said, 'Well, Goodman Andrews, I cannot help weeping at your grief; but I hope there is no occasion. Let nobody see this letter, whatever you do. I dare say your daughter is safe.'

'Well, but,' said he, 'I see, *you*, Madam, know nothing about her: —if all was right, so good a gentlewoman as you are, would not have been a stranger to this. To be sure, you thought she was with me!'

Said she, 'My master does not always inform his servants of his proceedings; but you need not doubt his honour. You have his hand for it: and you may see he can have no design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk *of going hence.*'—'O that is all I *have to hope for,' said he*; 'that is *all, indeed!—But,' said* he—and was going on, when the report his coming had reached the squi who came down in his mornir gown and slippers, into the parlo where he and Mrs. Jervis were ta ing.

'What's the matter, Goodm Andrews,' said he; 'what's the m ter?'—'O my child!' said the go old man; 'give me my child! I l seech you, Sir.'—'Why, I thougl says the squire, 'that I had sat fied you about her; sure you ha not the letter I sent you, writt with my own hand.'—'Yes, y but I have, Sir,' said he; 'a that brought me hither; and I ha walked all night.'—'Poor man', turned he, with great seemi compassion, 'I am sorry for truly! Why, your daughter h made a strange racket in my fa ly; and if I thought it would ha disturbed you so much, I wo have e'en let her gone home: what I did was to serve *her*, a *you* too. She is very safe, I do sure you, Goodman Andrews; a you may take my honour for i would not injure her for the wo Do you think I would, Mrs. Jervi —'No, I hope not, Sir,' said s —'*Hope not!*' said the poor ma 'so did I; but pray, Sir, give me child; that's all I desire; and take care no clergyman shall co near her.'

'Why, London is a great w off,' said the squire, 'and I ca send for her back presently.' 'What then,' said he, 'have y sent my poor Pamela to Londo —'I would not have it said so,' plied the squire; 'but I assure y upon my honour, she is quite s and satisfied, and will quickly form you of it by letter. She is i reputable family, no less than bishop's, and is to wait on his la till I get the matter over that I me tioned to you.'

'O how shall I know this?' repli

he.—'What?' said the squire, pretending anger, 'am I to be doubted?—Do you believe I can have any view upon your daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take such methods as *these* to effect it?—Why, surely, man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to!'—'O, Sir,' said he, 'I beg your pardon; but consider, my dear child is in the case: let me know but what bishop, and where; and I will travel to London on foot, to see my daughter, and then shall be satisfied.'

'Why, Goodman Andrews, I think thou hast read romances as well as thy daughter: thy head is turned with them. May I not have my word taken? Do you think I would offer any thing dishonourable to your daughter? Is there any thing looks like it? Pr'ythee, man, recollect a little who I am; and if I am not to be believed, what signifies talking?'—'Why, Sir,' said he, 'pray forgive me: but there is no harm to say, what bishop's, or whereabouts?'—'What, and so you'd go troubling his lordship with your impertinent fears and stories? Will you be satisfied, if you have a letter from her within a week, it may be less, if she be not negligent, to assure you all is well with her.'—'Why that,' said the poor man, 'will be some comfort.'—'Well, then,' said the gentleman, 'I can't answer for her negligence, if she don't write; and if she should send a letter to you, Mrs. Jervis, (for I desire not to see it; I have had trouble enough about her already,) be sure you send it by a man and horse the moment you receive it.'—'To be sure I will,' answered she. 'Thank your honour,' said the good man: 'and then I must wait with as much patience as I can for a week, which will be a year to me.'

'I tell you,' said the gentleman, '*it must be her own fault if she don't write: for 'tis what I insisted* upon for my own reputation: and I shan't stir from this house, I assure you till she is heard from, and, that to satisfaction.'—'God bless your honour,' said the poor man, 'as you say and mean truth.'—'*Amen, Amen*, Goodman Andrews,' said he: 'you see I am not afraid to say *Amen*.—So, Mrs. Jervis, make the good man as welcome as you can; and let me have no uproar about the matter.'

He then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of guineas to bear his charges home; telling him he should be welcome to stay there, till the letter came, if he would; and be a witness that he intended honourably.

The poor old man staid and dined with Mrs. Jervis, with some tolerable ease of mind, in hopes to hear from his beloved daughter in a few days: and then accepting the present, returned for his own house, and resolved to be as patient as possible.

Meantime Mrs. Jervis, and all the family, were in the utmost grief for the trick put upon poor Pamela; and she and the steward represented it to their master in as moving terms as they durst; but were forced to rest satisfied with his general assurances of intending her no harm; which, however, Mrs. Jervis little believed, from the pretence he had made in his letter, of the correspondence between Pamela and the young parson; which she knew to be all mere invention, though she durst not say so.

But the week after, they were made a little more easy by the following letter, brought by an unknown hand, and left for Mrs. Jervis; which, how procured, will be shown in the sequel:

'DEAR MRS. JERVIS,

'I HAVE *been vilely tricked*, and, instead of being driven by Robin to my dear father's I am carried off, to where I have no liberty

to tell. However, I am at present not used hardly, *in the main;* and I write to beg of you to let my dear father and mother (whose hearts must be well nigh broken) know that I am well, and that I am, and by the grace of God, ever will be, their honest as well as dutiful daughter, and *your obliged friend,*

'PAMELA ANDREWS.'

'I must neither send date nor place: but have most solemn assurances of honourable usage.—*This is the only time my low estate has been troublesome to me, since it has subjected me to the frights I have undergone. Love to your good self, and all my dear fellow-servants.—Adieu! Adieu! but pray for poor*

'PAMELA.'

This, though it quieted not entirely their apprehensions, was shown to the whole family, and to the gentleman himself, who pretended not to know how it came. Mrs. Jervis sent it away to the good old folks, who at first suspected it was forged, and not their daughter's hand; but, finding the contrary, they were a little easier to hear she was alive and honest: and having inquired of all their acquaintance what could be done, and no one being able to put them in a way how to proceed, on so extraordinary an occasion, against so rich and resolute a gentleman; and being afraid to make matters worse, (though they saw plainly that she was in no bishop's family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his story,) they applied themselves to prayers for their poor daughter, and for a happy issue to an affair that almost distracted them.

We shall now leave the honest old pair, praying for their dear Pamela, and return to the account she herself gives of all this; having written it journalwise, to amuse and employ her time in hopes some opportunity might offer to send it to her friends, and as was her constant view, that she might afterwards thankfully look back upon the dangers she had escaped, when they should be happily over-blown, as in time she hoped they would be; and that then she might examine, and either approve or repent of her conduct in them.

LETTER XXXII.

O MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,

LET me write and bewail my miserable hard fate, though I have no hope that what I write can be conveyed to you. I have now nothing to do but write, and weep, and pray! But yet, what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted as a victim to the will of a wicked violater of all the laws of God and man? —'But, gracious heaven, forgive my rashness and despondency! O let me not sin against thee; for thou best knowest what is fittest for thy poor handmaid! And as thou suffferest not thy poor creatures to be tempted above what they can bear, I will resign myself to thy good pleasure!' Still, I hope, desperate as my condition seems, that, as these trials are not of my own seeking, nor the effects of my presumption and vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and in God's own good time, be delivered from them.

Thus do I pray imperfectly, as I am forced by my distracting fears and apprehensions: O join with me, my dear parents! But, alas! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful situation of your poor daughter! The unhappy Pamela may be undone (which God forbid, and sooner deprive me of life!) before you can know her hard lot!

O the unparalleled wickedness, stratagems, and devices of those who call themselves gentlemen, yet

pervert the designs of Providence in giving them ample means to do good, to their own everlasting perdition, and the ruin of poor oppressed innocence!

Now I will tell you what has befallen me; but yet, how shall you receive it? Here is no honest John to carry my letters to you! And, besides, I am watched in all my steps, and no doubt shall be, till my hard fate may ripen his wicked projects for my ruin. I will every day, however, write my sad state; and some way, perhaps, may be opened to send the melancholy scribble to you. But, alas! when you know it, what will it do but aggravate your troubles? For, what can the abject poor do against the mighty rich, when they are determined to oppress?

Well, but I must proceed to write what I had hoped to tell you in few hours, when I believed I should receive your grateful blessings, on my return to you from so many hardships.

I will begin with my account from the last letter I wrote you, in which I inclosed my poor stuff of verses; and continue it as I have opportunity, though, as I said, I know not how it can reach you.

The long-hoped-for Thursday morning came, when I was to set out. I had taken my leave of my fellow-servants over night: a mournful leave it was to us all; for men as well as women servants wept much to part with me; and for *my part*, I was overwhelmed with tears, at the affecting instances of their esteem. They all would have made me little presents, as tokens of their love; but I would not take any thing from the lower servants. But Mr. Longman would have me accept of several yards of Holland, a silver-snuff-box, and a gold ring, which he desired me to keep for his sake; he wept over me, but said—'I'm sure so good a maiden God will bless; and though you return to your poor father again, and his low estate, yet Providence will find you out; remember I tell you so; and *one* day, though I mayn't live to see it, you will be rewarded.

I said—'O dear Mr. Longman, you make me too rich, and too mody; yet I must be a beggar before my time; for I shall want often to be scribbling,' (little thinking it would be my only employment so soon,) 'and I will beg you Sir, to favour me with some paper; and as soon as I get home, I will write you a letter, to thank you all for your kindness to me; and a letter for good Mrs. Jervis too.'

This was lucky; for I should have had none else, but at the pleasure of my rough-natured governess, as I may call her: but now I can write to ease my mind, though I can't send it to you; and write what I please, for she knows not how well I am provided; for good Mr. Longman gave me above forty sheets of paper, a dozen pens, and a little vial of ink, which last I wrapped in paper, and put in my pocket with some wax and wafers.

'O dear Sir,' said I, 'you have set me up; how shall I requite you?' He said—'By a kiss, my fair girl.' And I gave it very willingly, for he is a good old man.

Rachel and Hannah cried sadly, when I took my leave; Jane, who sometimes used to be a little crossish, and Cicely too, wept sadly, and said they would pray for me; but poor Jane, I doubt, will forget *that*, for she seldom says her prayers for herself: more's the pity! Arthur the gardener, Robin the coachman, and little Lincolnshire Robin too, who was to carry me, were very civil: both had tears in

their eyes; which I thought then very good-natured in Lincolnshire Robin, because he knew but little of me. But since, I find, he might well be concerned; for he had then his instructions, and knew how he was to be a means to entrap me.

Our other three footmen, Harry, Isaac, and Benjamin, and the grooms and helpers, were very much affected likewise; and the poor little scullion boy, Tommy, was oppressed with grief.

They had got altogether over night, expecting to be differently employed in the morning; they all begged to shake hands with me. I kissed the maidens, and prayed to God to bless them all; and thanked them for all their love and kindnesses to me: I was forced to leave them sooner than I would, because I could not stand it: indeed I could not. Harry (I could not have thought it, for he is a little wildish, they say) cried considerably. Poor honest John was not then come back from you. But as for the butler, Mr. Jonathan, he could not stay in company.

I thought to have told you a deal about this, but I have worse things to employ my thoughts.

Mrs. Jervis, good Mrs. Jervis, cried all night long, and I comforted her as well as I could; she made me promise, that if my master went to London, to attend Parliament, or to Lincolnshire, I would come and stay a week with her: and she would have given me money, but I would not take it.

Well, next morning came, and I wondered I saw nothing of honest John, for I waited to take leave of him, and thank him for all his civilities to me and you: but I suppose he was sent farther by my *master,* and could not return, so I *desired to be remembered* to him.

When Mrs. Jervis told me, with a sad heart, the chariot was ready with four horses to it, I was just upon sinking into the ground, though I wanted to be with you.

My master was above stairs, and never asked to see me. I was glad of it in the main; but he knew, false-heart as he is! that I was not to be out of his reach.—O preserve me, Heaven, from his power, and from his wickedness!

The servants were not suffered to go with me one step, as I writ to you before; for he stood at the window to see me go. And in the passage to the gate, out of his sight, there they stood all of them, in two rows; and could say nothing on both sides but 'God bless you!' and 'God bless you!' But Harry carried my own bundle, my third bundle, as I used to call it, to the coach, and some plum-cake, and diet-bread, made for me over night, some sweet meats, and six bottles of Canary wine, which Mrs. Jervis would make me take in a basket, to cheer our hearts when we got together, she said. I kissed all the maids again; but Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Longman were not there; I tripped down the steps to the chariot, Mrs. Jervis crying most sadly.

I looked up when I got to the chariot, and saw my master at the window, in his gown; I curtseyed three times to him very low, and prayed for him with my hands lifted up; for I could not speak; indeed, I was not able; and he bowed his head to me, which made me very glad he would take such notice of me; and in I stept. I was ready to burst with grief; and could only, till Robin began to drive, wave my white handkerchief to them, wet with my tears; at last, away we drove, Jehu-like, as they say, out of the court-yard. And I too soon found I had cause for greater and deeper grief.

'Well,' said I to myself, 'at this rate I shall soon be with my dear father and mother;' till I had got, as I supposed half way, I thought of the good friends I had left: and when on stopping to bait the horses, Robin told me I was near half-way, I thought it was high time to wipe my eyes, and think to whom I was going. So I began to ponder what a meeting I should have with you; how glad you'd be to see me come safe and innocent to you, after all my dangers; so I began to comfort myself, and to banish the other gloomy sight from my mind, though it returned now and then, for I should be ungrateful not to love them for their love.

I believe I set out about eight o'clock in the morning; I wondered, when it was about two, as I saw by a church-dial in a little village as we passed through, that I was still more and more out of my knowledge. 'Hey day!' thought I, 'to drive this strange pace, and be so long a going a little more than twenty miles, is very odd! But, to be sure,' thought I, 'Robin knows the way.'

At last he stopped and looked about him, as if he was at a loss for the road. I said—'Mr. Robert, sure you are out of the way!'—'I am afraid I am,' said he; 'but it can't be much; I'll ask the first person I see.'—'Pray do,' said I; and he gave his horses a mouthful of hay; and I gave him some cake, and two glasses of Canary wine. We stopped about half an hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I had so much to think of, of the dangers I now doubted not I had escaped, and of the loving friends I had left, as also of my best friends I was going to, and the many things I had to relate, that I the less thought of the way, till I was startled out of my meditations by the sun beginning to set, and still the man driving on, and his horses sweating and foaming; then I began to be alarmed all at once, and called to him; he said he had horrid ill luck; for that he had come several miles out of the way, but was now right, and should get in before it was quite dark.—My heart then began to misgive me a little, and I was very much fatigued; for I had no sleep for several nights before, to signify; at last I said: 'Pray, Mr. Robert, there is a town before us, what do you call it? If we are so much out of the way, we had better put up there, for the night comes on apace.' Lord protect me, thought I, I shall have new dangers, mayhap, to encounter with the *man*, who have escaped the *master*,—little thinking of the base contrivance of the latter. Says he—'I am just there: 'tis but a mile on one side of the town before us.'—'Nay,' said I, 'I may be mistaken; for it is a good while since I was this way: but I am sure the face of the country here is nothing like what I remember it.'

He pretended to be much out of humour with himself for mistaking the way and at last stopped at a farm-house, about two miles beyond the village we had passed; it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said—'We must make shift here; for I am quite out.'

Lord, thought I, be good to poor Pamela!—More trials still!—What will befall me next!

The farmer's wife, maid, and daughter, came out; the wife said—'What brings you this way at this time of night, Mr. Robert? And with a lady too?'—Then I began to be frightened out of my wits; and, laying middle and both ends together, I fell a crying, and said—'God give me patience! I am undone for certain!——Pray, mistress,' said I, 'do you know Squire B——, of Bedfordshire?'

The wicked coachman would have prevented her answering me: but the simple daughter said—'Know his worship! yes, surely; why he is my father's landlord.'—'Well,' said I, 'then I am undone, undone for ever!—O wicked wretch! what have I done to you,' said I to the coachman, 'to serve me thus?—Vile tool of a wicked master!'—'Faith' said the fellow, 'I am sorry this task was put upon me: but I could not help it. But make the best of it now; here are very civil, reputable folks; and you'll be safe here, I'll assure you.'—'Let me get out,' said I, 'and I'll walk back to the town we came through, late as it is: for I will not enter here.'

The farmer's wife said—'You'll be very well used here, I'll assure you, young gentlewoman, and have better conveniences than any where in the village.'—'It matters not conveniences,' said I, 'I am betrayed and undone! As you have a daughter of your *own* pity me. Let me know, if your landlord, as you call him, be here?'—'No, I'll assure you he is not,' said she.

And then came the farmer, a good-like sort of man, grave and well behaved; he spoke in such a way as made me a little pacified; and, seeing no help for it, I went in: the wife immediately conducted me up stairs to the best apartment, and told me that was mine, as long as I staid; and nobody should come near me, but when I called. I threw myself on the bed in the room, tired and frightened to death almost; and gave way to the most excessive fit of grief I ever had.

The daughter came up, and said, Mr. Robert had given her a letter to give me; and there it was. I raised myself, and saw it was the hand and seal of the wicked wretch, my *master, directed to me.* This was *a little better than* to have him here; though if he had, he must have been brought through the air: for I thought I was.

The good woman (for I began to see things about a little reputable, and no guile appearing in them, but rather a face of grief for my grief) offered me a glass of some cordial water, which I accepted, for I was ready to sink. I then sat up in a chair a little, though very faint. They brought me two candles, lighted a brushwood fire, and said, if I called, I should be waited on instantly; so left me to ruminate on my sad condition, and to read my letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I had a little come to myself, I found it to contain these words:

'DEAR PAMELA,

'The passion I have for you, and your obstinacy, have constrained me to act by you in a manner that, I know, will occasion you great trouble and fatigue, both of mind and body. Yet forgive me, my dear girl; for, although I have taken these steps, I will, by all that's good and holy, use you honourably. Suffer not your fears to transport you to a behaviour that will be disreputable to us both; for the place where you'll receive this, is a farm that belongs to me; and the people civil, honest, and obliging.

'You will by this time be far on your way to the place I have allotted for your abode for a few weeks, till I have managed some affairs, that will make me show myself to you in a much different light, than you may possibly apprehend from this rash action; and to convince you that I mean no harm, I assure you, that the house you are going to shall be so much at your command, that even I myself will not approach it without leave from you. So make

yourself easy; be discreet and prudent; and a happier turn shall reward these your troubles, than you may at present apprehend.

'Meantime I pity the fatigue you will have, if this come to your hand in the place I have directed: and will write to your father to satisfy him, that nothing but what is honourable shall be offered to you, by *your passionate admirer* (*so I must style myself*,)

'———.'

'Don't think hardly of poor Robin: you have so possessed all my servants in your favour, that I find they had rather serve you than me; and this reluctantly the poor fellow undertook the task; I was forced to submit to assure him of my honourable intentions to you, which I am very resolved to make good, if you compel me not to a contrary conduct.'

I but too well apprehended, that the letter was only to pacify me for the present; but as my danger was not so immediate as I had reason to dread, and he had promised to forbear coming to me, and to write to you, my dear parents, to quiet your concern, I was a little more easy than before: I made a shift to eat a little bit of boiled chicken, and drink a glass of my sack, and made them do so too.

But after I had so done, I was in a little flustered: for in came the coachman with the look of a messenger, I thought, and *madam'd* me up strangely; telling me, he should beg me to get ready to pursue my journey by five in the morning, or else he should be late. I was quite grieved at this; for I began not to dislike my company considering how things stood; and was in hopes to get a party among them, and so to put himself into any worthy protection in the neighbourhood, rather than go forward.

When he withdrew, I began to tamper with the farmer and his wife. But, alas! they had had a letter delivered to them at the same time I had: so securely had Lucifer put it into his head to do his work: they only shook their heads, and seemed to pity me; so I was forced to give over that hope.

However the good farmer showed me his letter; which I copied as follows: for it discovers the deep arts of this wicked master; and how resolved he seems to be on my ruin, by the pains he took to deprive me of all hopes of freeing myself from his power.

'FARMER NORTON,

'I SEND to your house, *for one night only*, a young gentlewoman, much against her will, who has deeply embarked in a love affair, which will be her ruin, as well as the person's to whom she wants to betroth herself. I have, *to oblige her father*, ordered her to be carried to one of my houses, where she will be well used, to try if, by absence, and expostulation with both, they can be brought to know their own interest: I am sure you will use her kindly for my sake; for excepting this matter, *which she will not own*, she does not want prudence and discretion. I will acknowledge any trouble you shall be at in this matter, the first opportunity, and am

'*Your friend and servant.*'

He had said, too cunningly for me, that I would not *own* this pretended love affair: so that he had provided them not to believe me, say what I would; and as they were his tenants, who all love him, (for he has some amiable qualities, so he had need!) I saw all my plot

cut out, and was forced to say the less.

I wept bitterly, for I found he was too hard for me, as well in his contrivances as riches; so I had recourse again to my only refuge, comforting myself, that God never fails to take the innocent heart into his protection, and is alone able to baffle and confound the devices of the mighty. The farmer was so prepossessed with the contents of his letter, that he began to praise his care and concern for me, and to advise me against entertaining addresses without my friends' advice and consent, and made me the subject of a lesson for his daughter's improvement. So I was glad to stop this discourse, as I was not likely to be believed. I sent to tell my driver that I was so fatigued, I could not set out so soon the next morning. But he insisted upon it, and said it would make my day's journey the lighter; and I found he was a more faithful servant to his master, notwithstanding what he wrote of his reluctance, than I could have wished: so I saw, still more and more, that all was deep dissimulation, and contrivance worse and worse.

I might have shown them his letter to me, as a full confutation of his to them; but I saw no probability of engaging them in my behalf: and so thought it signified little, as I was to go away so soon, to enter more particularly into the matter with them; besides, I saw they were not inclinable to let me stay longer, for fear of disobliging him: so I went to bed, but had very little rest: they would make their servant maid bear me company in the chariot five miles early in the morning, and she was to walk back.

I had contrived in my thoughts, *when I was on my* way in the chariot, on Friday morning when we came into some to bait, as he must do for the sake, I would, at the inn, myself to the mistress of the tell her the case, and refuse farther, having nobody bu wicked coachman to contend

Well, I was very full project, and in great hopes to cate myself this way. But ful wretch had provided fo this last refuge of mine; fo we came to put up at a lar on the way, to partake of a and I was fully resolved to e my project, who should be inn, but the wicked Mrs. J expecting me! and her sister was the mistress of it; and provided a little entertainm me. And this I found, desired, as soon as I wen speak with the mistress house. She came to me, said—'I am a poor unhappy body, that want your advi assistance; you seem to be sort of a gentlewoman, tha assist an oppressed innoce son.'—'Yes, madam,' said hope you guess right: and the happiness to know so of the matter before you Pray call my sister Jew Jewkes! Jewkes! thought I heard of that name, I don't

Then the wicked creature ed, whom I had never se once before; I was terrified my wits. No stratagem, tho not *one!* for a poor innoce but every thing to turn out me; that is hard indeed. began to pull in my horns, say; for I saw I was now we than at the farmer's.

The naughty woman cam me with an air of confiden kissed me! 'See, sister,' sa 'here's a charming crea

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ee what sort of woman
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she would be staring
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e offered to kiss me.
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and those sort of crea-
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r the tears *every now-*
we rid, trickle down
my cheeks, 'I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young gentleman in five counties in love with me!'

So I find I have got into the hands of a wicked procuress; and if I was not safe with good Mrs. Jervis, and where every body loved me, what a dreadful prospect have I now before me, in the hands of a woman that seems to delight in filthiness! What shall I do! what shall I do!—Surely I shall never be equal to all these things.

About eight at night we entered the court-yard of this handsome large, old, and lonely mansion, that looks made for solitude and mischief, as I thought by its appearance, with all its brown nodding horrors of lofty elms and pines about it. Here, said I to myself, I fear is to be the scene of my ruin, unless God protect me, who is all-sufficient!

I was very sick at entering it, partly from fatigue, and partly from dejection of spirits: Mrs. Jewkes got me some mulled wine, and seemed mighty officious to welcome me hither. While she was absent ordering the wine, wicked Robin came in to me, and said, 'I beg a thousand pardons for my part in this affair, since I see your grief and distress; and I do assure you, I am sorry it fell to my task.'

'Mighty well, Mr. Robert!' said I; 'I never saw an execution but once; and then the hangman asked the poor creature's pardon, wiped his mouth as you do, pleaded his duty, and then calmly tucked up the criminal. But I am no criminal, as you all know; if I could have thought it my duty to obey a wicked master in his unlawful commands, I had saved you all the merit of this vile service.'

'I am sorry,' said he, 'you take *it so*; but every body don't think alike.'—'Well,' said I, 'you have

done *your* part, Mr. Robert, towards my ruin very faithfully; and will have cause to be sorry, may be, at the long run, when you shall see the mischief that comes of it. Your eyes were open; you knew I was to be carried to my father's, and that I was barbarously tricked and betrayed. I can only, once more, thank you for your part of it. God forgive you!'

He went away a little sad. 'What have you said to Robin, Madam?' said Mrs. Jewkes, who came in as he went out; 'the poor fellow is ready to cry.'—'I need not be afraid of *your* following his example, Mrs. Jewkes, said I; 'I have been telling him he has done *his* part to my ruin: and he now can't help it! So his repentance does *me* no good: I wish it may *him*.'

'I'll assure you, Madam,' said she, 'I should be as ready to cry as he, if I should do you any harm.' —'It is not in *his* power to help it now,' said I; 'but *your* part is to come: you may choose whether you'll contribute to my ruin or not.' —'Why, look ye, Madam,' said she: 'I have a great notion of doing my duty to my master, you may depend upon it, if I can do *that*, and serve *you*, I will: but you must think, if *your* desire and *his* will clash, I shall do as he bids me, let it be what it will.'

'Pray, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'don't *Madam* me so: I am but a silly poor girl, set up by the gambol of Fortune, for a Maygame; and now am to be something, and now nothing, just as Fortune thinks fit to sport with me. Let you and me talk upon a footing together: for I am a servant inferior to you, and so much the more, as I am turned out of place.'

'Ay, ay,' says she; 'I understand something of the matter: *you have so great* power over my *master, that* you may be soon mistress of us all; and so I wi oblige you if I could. I must will call you Madam; for I am structed to show you all resp I'll assure you.'

'Who instructed you to do said I. 'Who! my master, to sure,' said she. 'Why,' said 'how can that be? You have seen him lately.'—'That's tr said she; 'but I have been exp ing you here some time.' (O deep laid wickedness, though 'And, besides, I have a letter of structions by Robin; but, may I should not have said so much 'If you would show them to said I, 'I should be able to judge far I could or could not, ex favour with you, consistent your duty to our master.'—'I your pardon, fair mistress, for t said she; 'I am sufficiently structed; and you may dep upon it, I will observe my ord and so far as they will let me far will I oblige you; and the an end of it.'

'Well,' said I, 'you will no hope, do an unlawful or wic thing, for any master in the wo —'Look ye,' said she, 'he is master; and if he bids me do thing I *can* do, I think I *ought* t it: and let him, who has powe command me, look to the *lawful* of it.'—'Why,' said I, 'suppose should bid you cut my th would you do it?'—'There's danger of that,' said she; 'bu be sure I would not; for the should be hanged, for that woul murder.'—'Well,' said I, 'and pose he should resolve to ensna poor young creature, and ruin would you assist him in that? to rob a person of her virtu worse than cutting her throat.'

'Why now,' says she, ' strangely you talk!—Are not two sexes made for one anoth And is it not natural for a gentle

pretty woman? And sup-
can obtain his desires, is
ad as cutting her throat?'
the wretch fell a laughing,
d most impertinently, and
me that I had nothing to
from her virtue or con-
and this gave me great
tion; for I was in hopes
ing upon her by degrees.
ended our discourse here,
id her show me where I
—'Why,' said she, 'lie
ou list, Madam; I can tell
nust lie with you for the
—'*For the present!*' said I,
re then wrung my heart!
it in your *instructions*, that
t lie with me?'—'Yes, in-
id she. 'I am sorry for it,'
'Why,' said she, 'I am
ne, and cleanly too, I'll as-
.'—'Yes,' said I, 'I don't
at; but I love to lie by
—'How so?' said she;
t Mrs. Jervis your bed-fel-
other house?'
,' said I, quite sick of her
condition; 'you must do as
nstructed, I think. I can't
self, and am a most mise-
ature.' She repeated her
le nonsense.—'Mighty
indeed, to be well beloved
of the finest gentlemen in
!'

W COME DOWN IN MY WRI-
TO THIS PRESENT SATUR-
AND A DEAL I HAVE WRIT-

icked bed-fellow has very
l orders; for she locks me
self in and ties the two keys
re is a double door to the
about her wrist when she
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open two or three times;
r to frighten me, I cannot
ut it makes *me fearful:* though not so much as I should be, if I had not other and much greater fears.

I slept but little last night. I got up and pretended to sit by the window which leads into the spacious garden; but was writing all the time, from break of day, to her getting up, and after, when she was absent. At breakfast she presented the two maids to me, the cook and housemaid, poor awkward souls, that I can see no hopes from them, as they seem devoted to her and ignorance. Yet I am resolved, if possible, to find some way to escape, before this wicked master comes.

There are, besides, of servants, the coachman Robert, a groom, helper, and footman: all but Robert (who is accessary to my ruin) strange creatures, that promise nothing; and all equally devoted to this woman. The gardener looks like a good honest man; but he is kept at a distance, and seems reserved.

I wondered I saw not Mr. Williams, the clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give her some jealousy; but when I had beheld the rest, he was the only one I had hopes of; for I thought his cloth would set him above assisting in my ruin. But in the afternoon he came; for it seems he has a little Latin school in the neighbouring village, which he attends; and this brings him a little matter additional to my master's favour, till something better falls, of which he has hopes.

He is a sensible, sober young gentleman; and when I saw him, I confirmed myself in my hopes of him; for he seemed to take great notice of my distress and grief (for I could not hide it,) though he appeared fearful of Mrs. Jewkes, who watched all our motions and words.

He has an apartment in the

house; but is mostly at a lodging in the town, for conveniency of his little school, only on Saturday afternoons and Sundays; he preaches sometimes for the minister of the village, which is about three miles off.

I hope to go to church with him to-morrow; sure it is not in her instructions to deny me! He can't have thought of *every* thing! And something may strike out for me there.

I have asked her, for a feint, (because she shan't think I am so well provided) to indulge me with pen and ink, though I have been using my own so freely, during her absence; for I begged to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will let me have it; but then I must promise not to send any writing out of the house, without her seeing it. I said it was only to divert my grief, when by myself; for I loved writing as well as reading: but I had nobody to send to, she knew well enough.—'No, not at *present*, may be,' said she; 'but I am told you are a great writer, and it is in my instructions to see all you write: so, look you here,' said she; 'I will let you have a pen, ink, and two sheets of paper; for this employment will keep you out of worse thoughts: but I must see them always when I ask, written or not written.'—'That's very hard,' said I; 'but may I not have to myself the closet in the room where we lie, with the key to lock up my things?'—'I believe I may consent to that,' said she; 'and I will set it in order for you, and leave the key in the door. And there is a spinnet too,' said she; 'if it be in tune, you may play to divert you now and then; for I know my old lady learnt you; and below is my master's library; *you may* take out what books you *will*.'

And indeed these and my writing will be all my amusement: for I have no work given me to do; and the spinnet, if in tune, will not find my mind, I am sure, in tune to play upon it. But I went directly and picked out some books from the library, with which I filled a shelf in the closet she gave me possession of; and from these I hope to receive improvement, as well as amusement. But no sooner was her back turned, than I set about hiding a pen of my own here, and another there, and a little of my ink in a broken china cup, and a little in another cup; and a sheet of paper here and there among my linen; with a little wax and a few papers in several places, lest should be searched; and something, I thought, might happen to open a way for my deliverance, by these or some other means. O the pride, thought I, I shall have, if I can secure my innocence, and escape the artful wiles of this wicked master! If he comes hither, I am undone to be sure! for this naughty woman will assist him, rather than fail, in the worst of his attempts; and he'll have no occasion to send her out of the way, as he would have done Mrs. Jervis once. So I must set all my little wits at work.

It is a grief to me to write, and not to be able to send to you what I write; but now it is all the diversion I have, and if God will favour my escape with my innocence, as I trust he graciously will, for all these black prospects, with what pleasure shall I read them afterwards!

I was going to say, 'Pray for your dutiful daughter,' as I used; but, alas! you cannot know my distress, though I am sure I have your prayers: and I will write on, as, things happen, that if a way should open, my scribble may be ready to be sent: for what I do must be at a jerk, to be sure.

ıt such an obliging
ıman as John'

OME TO SUNDAY.

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y, barbarous Mrs.
Jewkes,' said I, 'only to look a little up the elm-walk, since you would not let me go to church.'

'Nan,' said she, to show me how much they were all in her power, 'pull off Madam's shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others.'—'Indeed she shan't.' said I. 'Nay,' said Nan, 'but I must if my mistress bids me: so pray, Madam, don't hinder me.' And so, indeed, (would you believe it?) she took my shoes off, and left me barefoot; and, for my share, I have been so frighted at this, that I have not power even to relieve my mind by my tears. I am quite stupified!—Here I was forced to leave off.

Now I will give you a picture of this wretch. She is a broad, squat, pursy, *fat thing*, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so called; about forty years old. She has a huge hand, and an arm as thick as my waist, I believe. Her nose is flat and crooked, and her brows grow down over her eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling eye, to be sure she has; and her face flat and broad; and as to colour, looks as if it had been pickled a month in saltpetre: I dare say she drinks. She has a hoarse man-like voice, and is as thick as she's long: and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her foot in an instant, if I was to vex her. So that with a heart more ugly than her face, she frightens me sadly; and I am undone, to be sure, if God does not protect me; for she is very, very wicked—indeed she is.

This is poor helpless spite in me:—but the picture is too near the truth notwithstanding. She sends me a message just now, that I shall have my shoes again, if I will accept of her company to walk with me in the garden—To *waddle* with *me rather*, thought I.

Well, 'tis not my business to quarrel with her downright. I shall be watched the narrower if I do: and so I will go with the hated wretch. O for my dear Mrs. Jervis! or rather to be safe with my dear father and mother.

Oh! I am out of my wits for joy! Just as I have got my shoes on, I am told John, honest John, is come on horseback! a blessing on his faithful heart! What joy is this! But I'll tell you more by and by. I must not let her know I am so glad to see this dear blessed John, to be sure! Alas! but he looks sad, as I see him out of the window! What can be the matter? I hope my dear parents are well, and Mrs. Jervis and Mr. Longman, and every body, my naughty master not excepted—for I wish him to live, and repent of all his wickedness to poor me.

O dear heart! what a world do we live in!—I am now come to take up my pen again but I am in a sad taking truly! Another puzzling trial, to be sure.

Here was John, as I said; and the poor man came to me, with Mrs. Jewkes, who whispered that I would say nothing about the shoes for my *own* sake, as she said. The poor man saw my distress, by my red eyes, and my haggard looks, I suppose; for I have had a sad time of it, you must needs think; and though he would have hid it if he could, yet his own eyes ran over: 'Oh, Mrs. Pamela!' said he; 'Oh, Mrs. Pamela!'—'Well honest fellow-servant,' said I, 'I cannot help it at present: I am obliged to your honesty and kindness, to be sure,' and then he wept more. Said I, (for my heart was ready to break to see his grief; for it is a touching thing to see a man cry)—'Tell me the worst! Is my master coming?' —'*No, no,*' said he, and sobbed. '*Well,*' *said I,* '*is there* any news *of my poor father and mother*? How do they do?'—'I hope well,' said he; 'I know nothing to the contrary.' 'There's no mishap I hope, to Mrs. Jervis or to Mr. Longman, or my fellow servants!'—'No—' said the poor man; with a long N—o, as if his heart would burst. 'Well thank God, then!' said I.

'The man's a fool,' said Mrs. Jewkes, 'I think; what ado is here! why sure thou'rt in love, John. Dost thou not see young Madam is well! What ails thee, man?'—'Nothing at all,' said he: 'but I am such a fool as to cry for joy to see good Mrs. Pamela: but I have a letter for you.'

I took it, and saw it was from my master, so I put it in my pocket. 'Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'you need not, I hope, see this.'—'No, no,' said she, 'I see whose it is, well enough; or else, may be, I must have insisted on reading it.' —'and here is one for you, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he; 'but yours,' said he to me, 'requires an answer, which I must carry back early in the morning or to-night if I can.'—'You have no more, John,' said Mrs. Jewkes, 'for Mrs. Pamela have you?' —'No,' said he, 'I have not but every body's kind love and service.' —'Ay to us both to be sure,' said she. 'John,' said I 'I will read the letter, and pray take care of yourself; for you are a good man, God bless you! and I rejoice to see you, and hear from you all.' But I longed to say more; only that nasty Mrs. Jewkes.—

So I went up and locked myself in my closet, and opened the letter; and this is a copy of it.

'MY DEAREST PAMELA,

'I send purposely to you on an affair that concerns you very much, and me somewhat, but chiefly for your sake. I am conscious that I have proceeded by you in such a manner as may justly alarm your

fears, and give concern to your honest friends: all my pleasure is that I *can* and *will* make you amends for the disturbance I have given you, as I promised I sent to your father the day after your departure, that he might not be too much concerned for you, and assured him of my honour to you; and made an excuse, such an one as ought to have satisfied him, for your not coming to him. But this was not sufficient, it seems; for he, poor man! came to me next morning, and set my family almost in an uproar about you.

'O, my dear girl! what trouble has not your obstinacy given me, and yourself too! I had no way to pacify him but to promise that he should see a letter written from you to Mrs. Jervis, to satisfy him you are well.

'Now all my care in this case is for your aged parents, lest they should be touched with too fatal a grief for you, whose duty and affection for them I know to be so strong and laudable: for this reason I beg you will write a few lines to them, and let me prescribe the form; which I have done, putting myself as near as I can in your place, and expressing your sense with a warmth that I doubt will have too much possessed you.

'After what is done, and which cannot now be helped, but which I assure you, shall turn out honourably, I expect not to be refused; because I cannot possibly have any view in it, but to satisfy your friends, which is more *your* concern than *mine;* and so I beg you will not alter one tittle of the underwrit. If you do it will be impossible for me to send it, or that it should answer the good end I propose by it.

'I have promised, that I will not approach you without your leave; if I find you easy, and not attempting to dispute or avoid your present lot, I will keep to my word, although 'tis a difficulty upon me. Nor shall your restraint last long: for I will assure you, that I am resolved very soon to convince you of my good intentions, and with what ardour I am *yours*, &c.'

The letter he prescribed for me was this:

'DEAR MRS. JERVIS,

'I have, instead of being driven, by Robin, to my dear father's, been carried off, to where I have no liberty to tell. However, at present, I am not used hardly; and I write to beg you to let my dear father and mother, whose hearts must be well nigh broken, know that I am well; and that I am, and by the grace of God, ever will be, their honest, as well as dutiful daughter, and *your obliged friend.*

'I must neither send date nor place; but have most solemn assurances of honourable usage.'

I knew not what to do on this most strange request and occasion. But my heart bled so much for you, my dear father, who had taken the pains to go yourself, and inquire after your poor daughter, as well as for my dear mother, that I resolved to write and pretty much in the above form,* that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, some how or other know the true state of the matter. And I wrote thus to my strange wicked master himself:

'SIR,

'If you knew but the anguish of my mind, and how much I suffer by your dreadful usage of me, you would surely pity me, and consent to my deliverance. What have I done, that I should be the *only* mark of

* See p. 59; her alterations are in a different character.

your cruelty? I can have no hope no desire of living left me, because I cannot have the least dependence upon your solemn assurances, after what has passed. It is impossible they should be consistent with the dishonourable methods you take.

'Nothing but your promise of not seeing me here in deplorable bondage, can give me the least ray of hope.

'Don't, I beseech you, drive the poor distressed Pamela upon a rock, that may be the destruction both of her soul and body! You don't know, Sir, how dreadfully I *dare*, weak as I am of mind and intellect, when my virtue is in danger. And, O! hasten my deliverance, that a poor unworthy creature, below the notice of such a gentleman as you, may not be made the sport of a high condition, for no reason in the world, but because she is not able to defend herself, nor has a friend that can right her.

'I have, Sir, in part to show my obedience to you, but, I own, more to give ease to the minds of my poor distressed parents, whose poverty, one would think should screen them from violences of this sort, as well as their poor daughter, followed nearly the form you prescribed for me, in the letter to Mrs. Jervis: the alterations I have made (for I could not help a few,) are of such a nature, as though they show my concern a little, yet must answer the end you are pleased to say you propose by this letter.

'For God's sake, good Sir, pity my lowly condition, and my present great misery; and *let* me join with all the rest of your servants to bless that goodness, which you have extended to every one, but the poor afflicted, heart-broken

'PAMELA.'

I thought when I had written this letter, and that which he had prescribed, it would look like placing a confidence in Mrs. Jewkes, to show them to her; and I showed her at the same time, my master's letter to me; for I believed the value he expressed for me, would give me credit with one who professed in every thing to serve him, right or wrong; though I had so little reason to pride myself in it. I was not mistaken; for it has influenced her a little; she is, at present, very obliging, and runs over in my praises: but is the less to be minded, because she praises as much the author of my miseries, and his *honourable* intentions, as she calls them; for I see, that she is capable of thinking, as I fear *he* does, that every thing which makes for his wicked will is honourable, though to the ruin of the innocent. Pray God I may find it otherwise! Though, I hope, whatever the wicked gentleman may intend, that I shall be at last rid of her impertinent bold way of talk, when she thinks, from his letter, that he means honourably.

I AM NOW COME TO MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY OF MY BONDAGE AND MISERY.

I was in hope to have an opportunity to see John, and have a little private talk with him, before he went away; but it could not be. The poor man's excessive sorrow made Mrs. Jewkes take it into her head to think he loved me; so she brought up a message to me from him this morning, that he was going. I desired he might come up to *my* closet, as I called it; but she came with him. The honest man, as I thought him, was as full of concern as before, at taking leave. I gave him two letters, the one for Mrs. Jervis, inclosed in another for my master: but Mrs. Jewkes would see me seal them up, lest I should

inclose any thing else. I was surprised, at the man's going away to see him drop a bit of paper, just at the head of the stairs, which I took up without being observed by Mrs. Jewkes: but I was a thousand times more surprised, when I returned to my closet, and opening it, read as follows:

'GOOD MRS. PAMELA,

'I am grieved to tell you how much you have been deceived and betrayed, and that by such a vile dog as I. Little did I think it would come to this. But I must say, if ever there was a rogue in the world, it is me.—I have all along showed your letters to my master: he employed me for that purpose; he saw every one, before I carried them to your father and mother; and then sealed them up, and sent me with them. I had some business that way, but not half so often as I pretended: and as soon as I heard how it was I was ready to hang myself. You may well think I could not stand in your presence. O vile, vile wretch, to bring you to this! If you are undone, I am the rogue that caused it. All the justice I can do you, is to tell you, you are in vile hands; and I am afraid will be undone, in spite of all your sweet innocence; I believe I shall never live, after I know it. If you can forgive me, you are exceeding good: but I shall never forgive myself, that's certain. Howsoever it will do you no good to make this known; and perhaps I may live to do you service. If I can, I will. I am sure I ought.—Master kept your last two or three letters, and did not send them at all. I am the most abandoned wretch of wretches,

J. ARNOLD.

'You see your undoing has been long hatching. Pray take care of yourself. Mrs. Jewkes is a devil: but in master's t'other house you have not one false heart but myself. Out upon me for a villain!'

My dear father and mother, when you come to this place, I make no doubt your hair will stand on end as mine does!—O the deceitfulness of the heart of men!—This John, that I took to be the honestest of men, that you took for the same; that was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our *honest* hearts; this *very* fellow was all the while a vile hypocrite, and a perfidious wretch, and helping to carry on my ruin.

But he says so much of himself, that I will only sit down with this sad reflection, That power and riches never want tools to promote their vilest ends; there is nothing so hard to be known as the heart of man:—I can but pity the poor wretch, since he seems to have great remorse; I believe it best to keep his wickedness secret. If it lies in my way, I will encourage his penitence; for I may possibly make some discoveries by it.

One thing I should mention in this place; he brought down, in a portmanteau, all the clothes and things my lady and master had given me, and moreover two velvet hoods, and a velvet scarf, that used to be worn by my lady; but I have no comfort in them, or any thing else.

Mrs. Jewkes had the portmanteau brought into my closet, and she showed me what was in it; but then locked it up, and said, she would let me have what I would out of it, when I asked; but if I had the key, it might make me want to go abroad, may be; and so the confident woman put it in her pocket.

I gave myself over to sad reflections upon this strange and surprising discovery of John's and

wept much for him, and for myself too; for now I see, as he says, my ruin has been long hatching, that I can make no doubt what my master's *honourable* professions will end in.—What a heap of hard names does the poor fellow call himself!

But what must they deserve who set him to work! O what has this wicked master to answer for, to be so corrupt himself, and to corrupt others, who would have been innocent; and to carry on a plot, to ruin a poor creature, who never did him harm, nor wished him any; and who can still pray for his happiness, and his repentance?

I can't but wonder what these *gentlemen*, as they are called, can think of themselves for these vile doings! John had *some* inducement; for he hoped to please his master, who rewarded him; and the same may be said, bad as she is, for the odious Mrs. Jewkes. But what inducement has my *master*, for taking so much pains to do the devil's work!—If he loves me, as 'tis falsely called, must he therefore lay traps for me, to ruin me, and make me as bad as himself? I cannot imagine what good the undoing of such a poor creature as I can procure him.—To be sure I am a very worthless body. People say I am handsome; but if I was so, should not a gentleman prefer an honest servant to a guilty harlot? And must he be *more* earnest to seduce me, because I dread to be seduced, and would rather lose my life than my honesty.

Well, these are strange things! I cannot account for them; but surely nobody will say that these fine gentleman have any tempter but their own wicked wills!—This naughty master could run away from me, when he apprehended his servants might discover his *vile attempts in that sad closet affair; but is it not strange*, that he should not be afraid of the All-seeing Eye, from which even that base, plotting heart of his, in its most secret motions, could not be hid!—But what avail these sorrowful reflections? He is and will be wicked, and designs me a victim to his lawless attempts, if the God in whom I trust, and to whom I hourly pray, prevent it not.

TUESDAY AND WENESDAY.

I HAVE been hindered from writing on Tuesday, by this wicked woman's watching me so close: I will therefore put both these days together. I have taken an airing in the chariot, and walked several times in the garden; but have always her at my heels.

Mr. Williams came, and took a walk with us, and while Mrs. Jewkes' back was turned, (encouraged by the hint he had before given me) I said, 'Sir, I see two tiles upon that parsley-bed; might not one cover them with mould, with a note between them, on occasion?'—'A good hint,' said he; 'let that sunflower by the back-door of the garden, be the place: I have a key to the door; for it is my nearest way to the town.'

O what inventions will necessity put us upon! I hugged myself at the thought; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing a discourse we were in, 'No, not extraordinary pleasant.'—'What's that? what's that?' said Mrs. Jewkes.—'Only,' said he, 'the town, I'm saying, is not very pleasant.'—'No, indeed,' said she, 'tis not; 'tis a poor town to my thinking.'—'Are there any gentry in it?' said I. So we chattered on about the town, to deceive her. But my deceit intended no hurt to any body.

We then talked of the garden how large and pleasant it was, and sat down on the tufted slope of a

[illegible] pond, to see the fishes play upon the surface of the water: she said, I should angle if I would.

'I wish,' said I, 'you'd be so kind as to fetch me a rod and baits.' —'Pretty mistress!' said she, 'I know better than that, I'll assure you, at this time.'—'I mean no harm,' said I, 'indeed.'—'Let me tell you,' said she, 'I know none who have their thoughts more about them than you. A body ought to look to it where you are. But we'll angle a little to morrow.' Mr. Williams, who is much afraid of her, turned the discourse to a general subject. I sauntered in, and left them to talk by themselves; he went away to town, and she was soon after me.

I had got to my pen and ink, and I said, 'I want some paper, Mrs. Jewkes.' (putting what I was about in my bosom:) 'you know I have written two letters, and sent them by John.' (O how his name, poor guilty fellow, grieves me!) 'Well,' said she, 'you have some left; one sheet did for those two letters.'—'Yes,' said I; 'but I used half another for a cover, you know; and see how I have scribbled the other half: so I showed her a parcel of broken scraps of verses, which I had tried to recollect, and had written purposely that she might see, and think me usually employed to such idle purposes. 'Aye,' said she, 'so you have: well, I'll give you two sheets more; but let me see how you dispose of them, either written or blank.'—'Well,' thought I, 'I hope yet, Argus, to be too hard for thee.' Now Argus, the poets say, had a hundred eyes, and was set to watch with them all, as she does.

She brought me the paper and said, 'Now, Madam, let me see you write something.'—'I will' said I, and took the *pen and wrote, 'I wish Mrs. Jewkes would be so good to* me, as I would be to her, if I had it in my power.'—'That's pretty now,' said she, 'well, I hope I am; but what then?'—'Why then (*wrote I*) she would do me the favour to let me know what I have done to be made her prisoner; and what she thinks is to become of me.'—'Well, and what then?' said she. 'Why then of consequence (*scribbled I*) she would let me see her instructions, that I may know how far to blame or acquit her.'

Thus I fooled on to show her my fondness for scribbling (for I had no expectation of any good from her,) that she might suppose I employed myself, as I said, to no better purpose at other times; for she will have it that I am upon some plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself. She would have made me write on a little farther. 'No, said I; 'you have not answered me.'—'Why,' said she, 'what can you doubt, when my master himself assures you of his honour?'—'Aye,' said I, 'but lay your hand to your heart, Mrs. Jewkes, and tell me if you yourself believe him.'—'Yes, said she, to be sure I do.'—'But,' said I, 'what do *you* call honour?'—'Why,' said she 'what does *he* call honour, think you?'—'Ruin! shame! disgrace!' said I, 'I fear.' —'Pho! pho!' said she, 'if you have any doubt about it, he can best explain his own meaning: I'll send him word to come and satisfy you, if you will.'—'Horrid creature!' said I, all in a fright, 'canst thou not stab me to the heart! I'd rather thou wouldst than say such another word! But I hope there's no thought of his coming.'

She had the wickedness to say, 'No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of—but if I was he, I would not be long away.'—'What means the woman!' said I.—'Mean!' said she, (turning it off,) 'why I mean I would come, if I

was he, and put an end to all your fears—by making you as happy as you wish.'—'Tis out of his power,' said I, 'to make *me* happy, great and rich as he is: but by leaving me innocent, and giving me liberty to go to my dear father and mother.'

She went away soon after, and I ended my letter in hopes to have an opportunity to lay it in the appointed place. So I went to her, and said, 'I suppose, as it is not quite dark, I may take another turn in the garden.'—'Tis too late,' said she; 'but if you will go, don't stay:—and Nan, see and attend Madam,' as she called me.

So I went towards the pond, the maid following me, and dropped purposely my hussey; when I came near the tiles, I said, 'Mrs. Ann, I have dropped my hussey; be so kind as to look for it: I had it by the pond-side.' She went back to look, and I slipped the note between the tiles, and covered them quick as I could with the light mould, quite unperceived; the maid finding the hussey, I took it, sauntered in again, and met Mrs. Jewkes coming to see after me. What I wrote was this:

'REVEREND SIR,

'THE want of an opportunity to speak my mind to you, I am sure, will excuse this boldness in a poor creature that is betrayed hither, I have reason to think, for the worst of purposes. You know something of my story, my native poverty, which I am not ashamed of, my late lady's goodness, and my master's designs upon me. 'Tis true he promises honour, and all that; but the honour of the wicked is disgrace and shame to the virtuous: and he may think he keeps his promises, according to the notions he holds, and yet, according to mine and every good body's, basely ruin me.

'I am so wretched and ill-treated by this Mrs. Jewkes, and she is so ill-principled a woman, that as I may soon want the opportunity which the happy hint of this day affords to my hopes, I throw myself at once upon your goodness, without the least reserve; for I cannot be worse than I am, should that fail me; which I dare say, to your power, it will not: for I see it, Sir, in your looks, I hope it from your cloth, and I doubt it not from your inclination, in a case circumstanced as my unhappy one is. For, Sir, in helping me out of my present distress, you perform all the acts of religion in one; and the highest mercy and charity, both to the body and soul of a poor wretch, that, believe me, Sir, has at present, not so much as in thought, swerved from her innocence.

'Is there not some way to be found out for my escape, without danger to yourself? Is there no gentleman or lady of virtue in this neighbourhood, to whom I may fly, only till I can find a way to get to my poor father and mother? Cannot Lady Davers be made acquainted with my sad story, by your conveying a letter to her? My poor parents are so low in the world, they can do nothing but break their hearts for me; and that, I fear, will be the end of it.

'My master promises, if I will be easy, as he calls it, in my present lot, he will not come down without my consent. Alas! Sir, this is nothing: for what's the promise of a person who thinks himself at liberty to act as he has done by me? If he comes, it must be to ruin me, and come to be sure he will, when he thinks he has silenced the clamours of my friends, and lulled me, as no doubt he hopes, into a fatal security.

'Now, Sir, is all the time I have to work and struggle for the preser-

vation of my honesty. If I stay till he comes I am undone. You have a key to the back garden-door; I have great hopes from that. Study, good Sir, and contrive for me. I will faithfully keep your secrets—Yet I should be loth to have you suffer for me!

'I say no more, but commit this to the happy tiles, in the bosom of that earth, where I hope my deliverance will take root, and bring forth such fruit, as may turn to my inexpressible joy, and your eternal reward, both here and hereafter: as shall ever pray,

'*Your oppressed humble servant.*'

THURSDAY.

This completes a terrible week since my setting out, as I hoped, to see you, my dear father and mother. O how different were my hopes then from what they are now! Yet who knows what these happy tiles may produce! But I must tell you, first how I have been beaten by Mrs. Jewkes! 'Tis very true!—and thus it came about:

My impatience was great to walk in the garden, to see if any thing had offered, answerable to my hopes. But this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her; and said, she was not at leisure. We had a great many words about it; I told her, it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the garden for a little air; but must be dogged and watched worse than a thief.

She still pleaded her instructions, and said she was not to trust me out of her sight. 'You had better,' said she, 'be easy and contented, I'll assure you: for I have worse orders than you have yet found. I remember,' added she, 'your asking Mr. Williams if there were any gentry in the neighbourhood? *This makes me suspect you want to get* away to them, to tell your sad dismal story, as you call it.'

My heart was at my mouth; for I feared by that hint, she had seen my letter under the tiles: O how uneasy I was! At last she said—'Well, since you take on so, you may take a turn, and I will be with you in a minute.'

When I was out of sight of her window, I went towards the hopeful place: but was soon forced to slacken my pace by her odious voice: 'Hey-dey, why so nimble, and whither so fast?' said she, 'what! are you upon a wager?' I stopped for her till her pursy sides were waddled up to me; she held by my arm, half out of breath; so I was forced to pass by the dear place without daring to look at it

The gardener was at work a little farther, and I began to talk about his art; but she said, 'Softly, my instructions are, not to let you be so familiar with the servants.'—'Why,' said I, 'are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a robbery upon my master?'—'May be I am,' said the odious wretch: 'for to rob him of yourself, would be the worst that could happen to him in his opinion.'

'And pray,' said I, walking on, 'how came I to be his property? What right has he in me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods?'—'Why, was ever the like heard!' says she. 'This is downright rebellion, I protest!—Well, well, lambkin,' (which the foolish woman often calls me,) 'if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you long questionable.' 'Why, what would you do,' said I, 'if you were he?'—'Not stand shill-I shall-I, as he does, but put you and himself both out of your pain.'—'Why, Jezebel,' said I, (I could not help it) 'would you ruin me by force?' Upon this she gave me a deadly slap upon the shoul-

der: 'Take that,' said she; 'whom do you call Jezebel?'

I was so surprised, (for you never beat me, my dear father and mother, in your lives) that I was like one thunder struck; and looked round, as if I wanted somebody to help me: but, alas! I had nobody; and said, rubbing my shoulder, 'Is this also in your instructions?—Alas! for me! am I to be beaten too?' And so fell a crying, and threw myself upon the grass-walk we were upon. Said she, in a great pet, 'I won't be called such names I'll assure you. Marry, come up! I see you have a spirit: you must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking things as you, I warrant ye? Come, come, we'll go in a'doors, and I'll lock you up; you shall have no shoes, nor any thing else, if this be the case.'

I did not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me; I blamed myself for my free speech; for now I had given her some pretence for severity, and had, by my pertness, ruined the only project I had left. The gardener saw this scene: but she called to him, 'Well Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you are upon.' And away he walked to another quarter, out of sight.

Well, thought I, I must put on the dissembler a little, I see. She took my hand roughly, 'Come, get up,' said she, 'and come in a'doors. —I'll Jezebel you, I will!'—'Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes,' said I. 'None of your dears and your coaxing!' said she, 'why not Jezebel again?' She was in a passion I saw, and I was out of my wits. I have often heard women blamed for their tongues; I wish mine had been shorter. 'But I cant go in,' said I, 'indeed I can't!'—'Why,' said she, '*cant you*? I'll warrant I can take *such a thin body as you* under my *arm, and carry you in, if* you won't walk. You don't know my strength,' —'Yes, but I do,' said I, 'too well; and will you not use me worse, when I come in?' So I rose; and she muttered to herself all the way, she to be a Jezebel with me, that had used me so well! and such like.

When I came near the house I said, sitting down upon the bench— 'Well, I will *not* go in, till you say, you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes. If you will forgive my calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me.' She sat down by me, and seemed in a great pucker, and said, 'Well, come, I will forgive you this time;' and so kissed me as a mark of reconciliation. 'But pray,' said I, 'tell me where I am to walk or go. and give me what liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favour me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more.'

'Aye,' said she, this is something like; I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it is no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat, as it were, and not to let you stir without me.— But people that will do their duties must have some trouble; and what I do is to serve as good a master as lives.'—'Yes,' said I, 'to every body but me!'—'He loves you too well, to be sure,' returned she, 'and that's the reason; so you *ought* to bear it.'—'I say *love!*' replied I. 'Come,' said she, 'don't let the servant see you have been crying, nor tell her any tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I am sure. I'll send her to you, and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will: may be it will get you a stomach to your dinner, for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are beauty to the bone, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so

much pining and whining for nothing at all.' Well, thought I, say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad tongue and company: and I hope to find some opportunity now, to come to my sunflower. But I walked the other way to take that in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forced my discourse to the maid; but it was all upon general things; for I find she is asked after every thing I say and do. When I came near the place, as I had been devising, I said. 'Pray step to the gardener, and ask him to gather a sallad for me to dinner.' She called out, 'Jacob!' Said I, 'He can't hear you so far off; and pray tell him, I should like a cucumber too, if he has one.' When she had stepped about a bow-shot from me, I popt down, and whipt my fingers under the upper tile, and pulled out a letter without direction, and thrust it into my bosom, trembling for joy. She was with me before I could well secure it; and I was in such a taking that I feared I should discover myself. 'You seem frighted, madam,' said she. 'Why,' said I, with a lucky thought, (alas! your poor daughter will make an intriguer by-and-by; but I hope an innocent one!) 'I stopped to smell at the sunflower, and a great nasty worm ran into the ground that startled me; for I can't abide worms.' Said she, 'Sunflowers don't smell.'—'So I find,' replied I. And then we walked in. Mrs. Jewkes said, 'Well, you have made haste now. You shall go another time.'

I went up to my closet, locked myself in, and opening my letter, found in it these words:—

'I am infinitely concerned for your distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole *dependence is upon Mr. B. and I have* a near view of being provided for by his favour to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my hopes in him, (trusting to God for the rest) than not assist you, if possible. I never looked upon Mr. B. in the light he now appears in. I am entirely of opinion, you should, if possible, get out of his hands, and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

'We have here the widow Lady Jones, mistress of a good fortune, and a woman of virtue, I believe We have also old Sir Simon Darnford, and his lady who is a good woman; and they have two daughers, virtuous young ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady Jones, or Lady Darnford, if they'll permit you to take refuge with them. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in this matter; but will, as I said, risque all things to serve you; for I never saw sweetness and innocence like yours; your hard case has attached me entirely to you; for I well know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in this case, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in one.

'As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please, to her; but it must not be from our post-house, I give you caution; for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B. and his place too; and I believe, by something that dropt from him over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded; all which confirms me in your opinion, that no honour is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

'Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your praise, but, I think, greatly short of what you deserve, both as to person and mind: my eyes convince me of

the one, your letter of the other. For fear of losing the present lucky opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge any farther than to assure you that I am to the best of my power, *your faithful friend and servant,*

'ARTHUR WILLIAMS.'

'I will come once every morning, and once every evening, after school time, to look for your letters.—I'll come in, and return without going into the house, if I see the coast clear: otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I'll come in.'

I instantly, in answer to this pleasing letter, wrote as follows:

'REVEREND SIR,

'O HOW suited to your function and your character is your kind letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be sorry to have you suffer on my account; but I hope it will be made up to you an hundredfold, by that God whom you so faithfully serve. I should be too happy could I ever have it in my power to contribute in the least to it.—But, alas! to serve me, must be for God's sake only; for I am poor and lowly in fortune; though in mind, I hope too high to do a mean or unworthy deed to gain a kingdom.

'Any way you think best I shall be pleased with: for I know not the persons, nor in what manner to apply to them. I am glad of the hint you gave me of the man at the post-house. I was thinking of opening a way for myself by letter, when I could have opportunity; but I see more and more that I am surrounded with dangers: and that there is no dependence to be placed on my master's honour.

'I should think, Sir, if either of those ladies would give leave, I might get out by favour of your key. As it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be, suppose, Sir, you could get one made by it, and put it, the next opportunity, under the sunflower I am sure no time should be lost: it is rather wonderful she is not thoughtful about this key, for she forgets not the minutest thing But, Sir, if I had this key I could, if these ladies would not shelter me, run away any where: and if I was once out of the house, they could have no pretence to force me in again; for I have done no harm, and hope to make my story good to any compassionate body: by this way *you* need not to be known. Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

'One thing more, good Sir Have you no correspondence with my master's Bedfordshire family? By that means, may be, I could be informed of his intentions of coming hither, and when. I inclose you a letter of a deceitful wretch (for I can trust you with any thing,) poor John Arnold. Its contents will tell why I inclose it. Perhaps, by this means, something may be discovered; for he seems willing to atone for his treachery to me by the intimation of future service. I leave the hint to you to improve upon, and am, Reverend Sir, *your for ever obliged and thankful servant.*

'I hope, Sir, by your favour, I could send a little packet now-and-then to my poor father and mother. I have about five or six guineas: shall I put half in your hands, to defray the charge of a man and horse, or any other incidents?'

I had but just time to transcribe this before I was called to dinner; I put that for Mr. Williams in my bosom, to get an opportunity to lay it in the dear place.

Of all the flowers in the garden, the sun-flower, sure, is the loveliest

—It is a propitious one to me! How nobly my plot succeeds! But I begin to be afraid my writings may be discovered; for they grow large: I stitch them hitherto in my under-coat, next my linen. If this brute should search me! but I must try to please her and then she won't.

I am but just come off from a walk in the garden, and have deposited my letter; we took a turn in the garden to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promised me. She baited the hook, I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp. 'Play it, play it,' said she. I did, and brought it to the bank. A sad thought just then came into my head; and I threw it in again. What pleasure it seemed to have, to flounce, when at liberty! 'Why throw it in?' said she. 'O Mrs. Jewkes!' said I, 'I was thinking this poor carp was the unhappy Pamela. I was comparing you and myself to my naughty master. As we hooked and deceived the poor carp, so was I betrayed by false baits; and when you said, "Play it, play it," it went to my heart to think I should sport with the destruction of the poor fish I had betrayed; I could not but fling it in again: and did you not see the joy with which the happy carp flounced from us? O,' said I, 'may some good merciful body procure me my liberty in the same manner; for I think my danger equal!'

'Lord bless thee!' said she, 'what a thought is there!' 'I can angle no more,' added I. 'I'll try *my* fortune,' said she, and took the rod. 'Do,' answered I; 'and I will plant as fast I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans, and will go and stick them in one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming; and I will call them my garden.'

So you see, *dear father and mother*, that this furnishes me with a good excuse to look after my garden another time; and if the mould should look a little fresh, it won't be so much suspected. She mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here-and-there my beans, for about the length of five cells, of each side of the sunflower, and easily deposited the letter. And not a little proud am I of this contrivance. Surely something will do at last!

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

I HAVE just now told a trick of mine; now I'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's. She comes up to me. Says she, 'I have a bill I cannot change till to-morrow; and a tradesman wants his money most sadly; I don't love to turn poor tradesmen away without their money: have you any about you?'—'I have a little,' replied I, 'how much will do?'—'Oh!' said she, 'I want eight pounds.'—'Alack!' said I, 'I have but between five and six.' 'Lend me that,' said she, 'till to-morrow.' I did so; and she went down stairs; and when she came up, she laughed, and said, 'well, I have paid the tradesman.'—'I hope, said I, 'you'll give it me again to-morrow.' At this she, laughing, said, 'Why, what occasion have you for money? To tell you the truth, lambkin, I didn't want it. I only feared you might make a bad use of it; and *now* I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money, nor fine things.' Never did any body look more silly than I.—O how I fretted to be so foolishly outwitted! and the more as I had hinted to Mr. Williams, that I would put some in his hands to defray the charges of my sending to you. I cried for

vexation.—And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I *can* get away.—Was ever such a fool as me!—I must be priding myself in my contrivances, indeed. Said I, 'Was this in your instructions, *wolfkin?*' (for she called me *lambkin.*) '*Jezebel*, you mean, child!' said she. 'Well, now I forgive you heartily; let's buss and be friends.'—'Out upon you!' said I; 'I cannot bear you.' But I durst not call her names again; for I dread her huge paw most sadly. The more I think of this the more I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the man from the post-house brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which was one inclosed to me: she brought it me up.—Said she, 'Well, my good master don't forget us. He has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to me.' So she read, that he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. 'Aye, to be sure,' said I, 'I can't but choose!' That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me: that I was very dear to him, and she could not use me too well: and the like. 'There's a master for you!' said she: 'sure you will love and pray for him.' I desired her to read the rest. 'No, no,' said she, 'but I won't.' Said I, 'Are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me?'—'No,' said she, 'nor about Jezebel neither.'—'Well,' returned I, 'I cry truce: for I have no mind to be beat again.'—'I thought,' said she, 'we had forgiven one another.'

My letter is as follows:

'MY DEAR PAMELA,

'I BEGIN to repent already, that I have bound myself by promise not to see you till you give me leave! for I think the time very *tedious.* Can you place so much *confidence in me as to invite* me *down? assure yourself* that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I would press this, as I am uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me that you take your restraint very heavily, and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; I have too great an interest in your health not to wish to shorten the time of this trial, which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John, too, has intimated to me your concern, with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance; a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness for you. Not that I fear any thing, but that your disregard to me, which yet my proud heart will hardly permit me to own, may throw you upon some rashness that might encourage a daring hope: but how poorly do I descend, to be anxious about such a menial as he! I will only say one thing, that if you will give me leave to attend you at the hall, (consider *who* it is that requests this from you as a *favour*) I solemnly declare that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence and consideration for me. If I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so dearly love, I will put it entirely in your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter. Dearest Pamela, answer favourably this earnest request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose honour to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more as you place a confidence in it. I am, and assuredly ever will be, *your faithful and affectionate, &c.*

'You will be glad, I know, to hear your father and mother are well, and easy upon your last letter.

That gave me a pleasure that I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer.'

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding, by this time, from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes' company, and walking by the place, I said, 'Do you think Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday?' She laughed, and said, 'You are a poor gardener, but I love to see you divert yourself.' She passing on I found my good friend had provided for me; and, slipping it in my bosom (for her back was towards me)—'Here,' said I, (having a bean in my hand) 'is one of them; but it has not stirred.'—'No, to be sure,' said she, and turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, &c. When I came in, I went to my closet, and read as follows:

'I am sorry to tell you that I have had a repulse from lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says, but don't care to make herself enemies. I applied to lady Darnford, and told her, in the most pathetic manner, your sad story, and showed her your more pathetic letter. I found her well disposed; but she would advise with Sir Simon, who is not a man of an extraordinary character for virtue; but he said to his lady, in my presence, "Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbour has a mind to his mother's waiting-maid! And if he takes care she want's for nothing. I don't see any great injury will be done her. He hurts no *family* by this." (So, my dear father and mother, it seems that poor people's honesty is to go for nothing.) "And *I think, Mr. Williams*, you of all men, should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron." He spoke this in so determined a manner, that the lady said no more, and I had only to beg that no notice should be taken of the matter, as from *me*.

'I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish; but I am concerned to say, that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections by my zeal. And when I represented the duties of our function, and the like, and protested my disinterestedness, he coldly said, I was very good; but was a young man, and knew little of the world. And though it was a thing to be lamented, yet when he and I should set about to reform mankind in this respect, we should have enough upon our hands; for he said, it was too common and fashionable a case to be withstood by a private clergyman or two: and then uttered some reflections upon the conduct of the present fathers of the church, in regard to the first personages of the realm, as a justification of his coldness on this score.

'I represented the different circumstances of your affair; that other women lived evilly by their own consent; but to serve you, was to save an innocence that had but few examples; I then showed him your letter.

'He said it was prettily written: he was sorry for you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged: "But what," said he, "would you have *me* do, Mr. Williams?"—"Why, suppose, Sir,' said I "you give her shelter in your house with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends?"—"What, and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B's power and fortune! No, not I, I'll assure you!—And I would have you consider what you

are about. Besides, she owns," continued he, "that he promises to do honourably by her; and her shyness will procure her good terms enough; for he is no covetous nor wicked gentleman, except in this case; and 'tis what all young gentlemen will do."

'I am greatly concerned for him, I assure you; but am not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

'I don't hear as yet that Mr. B. is coming. I am glad of your hint as to that unhappy fellow, John Arnold. Something, perhaps, will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your packets, if you seal them up, and lay them in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman I find, mistrusts me much.

'I just hear, that the gentleman is dying whose living Mr. B. has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desires; but I hope he'll one day thank me for it. As to money, don't think of it at present. Be assured you may command all in my power without reserve.

'I believe, when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you: I can borrow a horse for you, to wait within half a mile of the back door, over the pasture; and will contrive by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don't be discomforted, I beseech you, I am Mrs. Pamela, *your faithful friend, &c.*'

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman's kind letter; and but for the hope he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind endeavours; to lament the little concern the gentry had for my deplorable case: the wickedness of the world, first to give way to such iniquitous fashions, and then plead the frequency of them, against the attempt to amend them; and how unaffected people were with the distresses of others. I recalled my former hint as to writing to lady Davers, which I feared would only serve to apprize her brother that she knew his wicked scheme, and make him come down the sooner, and render him more determined on my ruin; besides, it might make Mr. Williams guessed at as a means of conveying my letter: and being very fearful, that if that good lady *would* interest herself in my behalf (which was a doubt, because she both loved and feared her brother,) it would have no effect upon him; and that therefore I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key and the horse. I intimated my master's letter, begging to be permitted to come down: was fearful it might be sudden; and that I was of opinion no time was to be lost; for we might let slip all our opportunities; telling him the money trick of this vile woman, &c.

I had not time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. But when I had it in my bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her I would have her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little. 'Aye,' says she, 'now this is something like: and we'll take a turn in the garden, or where you please.' I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden.

I began to talk to her of the letter; but was far from acquainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped she used me kindly, and the like. And I said, 'Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this.'—'Why then,' said she, 'I will give it you freely e'en send to him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare say you'll fare the better for it.'—'How the better?' said I. 'I dare say, you think yourself he intends my ruin.'—'I hate,' said she, 'that foolish word. Your *ruin!*—Why ne'er a lady in the land may live happier than you, if you will, or be more honourably used.'

'Well, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'I shall not at this time dispute with you about the words *ruin* and *honourable*; for I find we have quite different notions of both: but I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make proposals to me as a kept mistress, or rather a kept slave?'—'Why,' lambkin said she, 'what dost thou think thyself?'—'I fear,' said I, 'he does.'—'Well,' said she, 'but if he does, (for I know nothing of the matter, I assure you,) you may have your own terms—I see that; for you may do any thing with him.'

I could not bear this to be spoken, though it was all I feared of a long time, and began to exclaim most vehemently. 'Nay,' said she, 'he may marry you, as far as I know.'—'No, no,' said I, 'that cannot be. He neither desire nor expect it. His station don't permit me to have but a thought: the whole series of his conduct convinces me of the contrary: you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my ruin?'

'This what I would do,' said she, 'in your place; and if it was to be as you *think*, I should rather *be out of my pain than live in continual* frights and apprehensions, as you do.'—'No,' replied I, 'an *hour* of innocence is worth an *age* of guilt; and were my life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself if I were not to lengthen out to the longest minute my happy time of honesty. Who knows what Providence may do for me?'

'Why, may be,' said she, 'as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your prayers and tears; and for that reason I should think you'd better let him come down.'—'Well', said I, 'I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or may be he will make a pretence to come down.—How can it go?'—'I'll take care of that,' said she, 'it is in my instructions.'—'Aye' thought I, 'so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the posthouse.'

The gardener coming by, I said, 'Mr. Jacob, I have planted a few beans, and I call the place my garden. It is just by the door out yonder: I'll show it you; pray don't dig them up.' So I went on with him, and when we had turned the alley, out of her sight, and were near the place, I said, 'Pray step to Mrs. Jewkes, and ask her if she has any more beans for me to plant. He smiled at my foolishness; and I popped the letter under the mould, and stepped back, as if waiting for his return: which, being near, was immediate, and she followed him. 'What should I do with beans?' said she, and sadly scared me, for she whispered me, 'I am afraid of some fetch. You send me on such simple errands.'—'What fetch?' said I: 'it is hard I can neither stir nor speak, but I must be suspected.'—'Why,' said she, 'my master writes, that I must have all my eyes about me; for though you are as innocent as a dove, yet you're as cunning as a serpent.

But I'll forgive you, if you cheat *me*.'

Then I thought of my money, and could have called her names, had I dared. I said, 'Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, now you talk of forgiving me, if I cheat you, be so kind as to pay me my money: for though I have no occasion for it, yet I know you was but in jest, and intended to give it me again.'—'You shall have it in a proper time,' said she; 'but, indeed, I was in earnest to get it out of your hands, for fear you should make an ill use of it.'—So we cavilled upon this subject as we walked in, and I went up to write my letter to my master. As I intended to show it her, I resolved to write accordingly as to her part of it: for I made little account of his offer of Mrs. Jervis to me, instead of this wicked woman, (though the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my escape from hence,) nor indeed any thing he said. For to be honourable in the just sense of the word, he need not have caused me to be run away with, and confined as I am. I wrote as follows:—

'HONOURED SIR,

'WHEN I consider how easily you might make me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor mother and father; when I reflect upon your former proposal to me, in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner; do you think, Sir, (pardon your poor servant's freedom; my fears make me bold; do you think, I say,) that your general assurances of honour to me can have the effect they ought to have? *O good Sir! I too much apprehend that your notions of honour and mine are very different from one another: I have no other hope but in your continued absence.* If you have any proposals to make me that are consistent with your honourable professions, in my *humble* sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me. But what proposals can one in your high station have to make to one in my low degree! I know what belongs to your exalted station too well, to imagine that any thing can be expected but sad temptations, and utter distress, if you come down: you know not, Sir when I am made desperate what the wretched Pamela *dares do!*

'Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any that otherwise would never enter my thoughts. Forgive me, Sir, my plainness; I should be loth to behave to my master unbecomingly: but I must say, Sir, my innocence is so dear to me, that my observations must be dispensed with. If you mean honourably, why, Sir, should you not let me know it plainly? Why is it necessary to imprison me to convince me of it? Why must I be close watched, attended, and hindered from stirring out, from speaking to any body, or from going so much as to church to pray for you, who have been, till of late, so generous a benefactor to me? Why, Sir, I humbly ask, why all this, if you mean honourably? It is not for me to expostulate so freely with you, Sir, so greatly my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will: but as to *seeing you*, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose, whatever you intend by me, let my assent be that of a free person, and not of a sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a compliance with measures, which your conduct seems to

imply. My restraint is hard upon me; I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or—But I will not dare to say more, than that I am *your greatly oppressed, unhappy servant.*

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up, and Mrs. Jewkes, coming just as I had done, sat down by me, and said, when she saw me direct it, 'I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master's coming down.'—'If it will oblige you,' said I, 'I will read it to you.' 'That's good,' said she; 'then I'll love you dearly.' Said I, 'Then you must not offer to alter one word.'—'I won't,' replied she. So I read it to her; she praised me much for my wording it, but said she though I pushed the matter very close; and it would better *hear talking* of than *writing* about. She wanted an explanation or two as about the proposal to a *certain person*; but I said she must take it as she heard it. 'Well, well,' said she, 'I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more.' I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

SUNDAY.

For my part, I knew it in vain to expect leave to go to church now; so I did not ask: I was the more indifferent, because if I might have had permission, the sight of the censouring gentry, who had designed my sufferings, would have given me great regret and sorrow: and it was impossible I should have edified under any doctrine preached by Mr. Peters: so I applied myself to my private devotions.

Mr. Williams came yesterday, and this day as *usual, and took my letter; but, having no good opportunity,* we avoided one another's conversation, and kept at a distance; but, I was concerned I had not the key; for I would not have lost a moment in that case.

When I was at my devotion, Mrs. Jewkes came up, and wanted me to sing her a psalm, as she had often, on common days, importuned me for a song upon the spinnet: but I declined it, because my spirits were so low I could hardly speak, nor cared to be spoken to: but when she was gone, I remembering the 137th psalm to be a little touching, turned to it, and took the liberty to alter it, somewhat nearer to my case. I hope I did not sin in it; but thus I turned it.

When sad I sat in B—n Hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of every absent friend,
The tears for grief burst out.
My joys and hopes all overthrown,
My heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
Much more to hear a joke;
Then she to whom prisoner was,
Said to me tauntingly—
'Now cheer your heart, and sing a song
And tune your mind to joy.'—
'Alas!' said I, 'how can I frame
My heavy heart to sing,
Or tune my mind while thus enthrall'd
By such a wicked thing
But yet from my innocence
E'en in thought should slide,
Then let my fingers quite forget
The sweet spinnet to guide.
And let my tongue within my mouth
Be locked for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
My full deliv'rance past.'
And thou, Almighty, recompense
The evils I endure
From those that seek my sad disgrace,
So vainly to procure.
Remember Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
When, with a mighty sound,
She cries, 'down with her chastity,
Down to the very ground.
E'en so shal thou O wicked one,
At length to shame be brought
And happy shall all those be call'd
That my deliv'rance wrought.
Yes, blessed shall the man be call'd
That shames thee of thy evil,
And save me from thy vile attempts,
And thee too, from the d—'

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

I WRITE now with a little more liking, though less opportunity, because Mr. Williams has got a large parcel of my papers safe in his hands to send them to you, as he has opportunity; so that I am not quite uselessly employed; I am, besides, delivered from the fear of their being found, if I should be searched. I have been permitted to take an airing, five or six miles, with Mrs. Jewkes: but though I know not the reason, she watches me more closely than ever; so that we have discontinued, by consent, for these three days, the sunflower-correspondence.

The poor cook-maid has had a bad mischance; for she has been hurt much by a bull in the pasture, by the side of the garden, not far from the back door. This pasture I am to cross, which is about half a mile, and then is a common, and near that a private horse-road where I hope to find an opportunity for escaping as soon as Mr. Williams can get me a horse, and has made all ready for me: he has got me the key, which he put under the mould, just by the door.

He just now has signified that the gentleman is dead, whose living he has had hope of, he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. Jewkes of it. She wished him joy. See what the world is! one man's death is another man's joy. Thus we thrust out one another! My hard case makes me serious. He found means to slide a letter into my hands, and is gone away; he looked at me with such respect and solemness at parting, that Mrs. Jewkes said, 'Why, Madam, I believe our *young parson is half* in love with *you.*'—'*Ah! Mrs. Jewkes,*' said I, '*he knows better.*' Said she, (I believe to sound me,) 'Why, I can't see you can either of you, do better; and I have lately been so touched for you, seeing how heavily you apprehended dishonour from my master, that I think it is a pity you should not have Mr. Williams.'

I knew this must be a fetch of her's, because instead of being troubled for me, as she pretended, she watched me closer, and him too: so I said, 'There is not the man living that I desire to marry. If I can but keep myself honest, it is all my desire: and to be a comfort and assistance to my poor parents: if this should be my happy lot, it is the very top of my ambition.'—'Well, but,' said she, 'I have been thinking very seriously that Mr. Williams would make you a good husband; and as he will owe all his fortune to my master he will be very glad to be obliged to him for a wife of his choosing; especially,' said she, 'such a pretty one, and one so ingenious, and genteelly educated.'

This gave me a doubt whether she knew of my master's intimation of that sort formerly: I asked her if she had reason to surmise that *that* was in view? 'No,' she said; 'it was only her own thought;' but it was very likely that my master had either that in view, or something better for me. But if I approved of it, she would propose such a thing to her master directly: and gave a detestable hint, that I might take resolutions upon it, of bringing such an affair to effect. I told her, I abhorred her vile insinuation; and as to Mr. Williams, I thought him a civil good sort of man; but as on one side he was above me, so, on the other I said, of all things, I did not love a parson Finding she could make nothing of me, she quitted the subject.

I will open this letter, by and-by, and give you the contents of it; for

she is up and down so much that I am afraid of her surprising me.

Well, I see Providence has not abandoned me: I shall be under no necessity to make advances to Mr. Williams, if I was (as I am sure I am not) disposed to it. This is his letter:—

'I know not how to express myself, lest I should appear to you to have a selfish view in the service I would do you. But I really know but one effectual and honourable way to disengage yourself from the dangerous situation you are in. It is that of marriage with some person that you can make happy in your approbation. As for my own part, it would be, as things stand, my apparent ruin! and worse still, I should involve you in misery too. But yet, so great is my veneration for you, so entire my reliance on Providence, even so just an occasion, that I should think myself but too happy if I might be accepted. I would, in this case, forego all my expectations, and be your conductor to some safe distance. But why do I say, *in this case?* That I shall do whether you think fit to reward me so eminently or not: and I will, the moment I hear of Mr. B—'s setting out (and I think I have settled a very good method of intelligence of all his motions,) get a horse ready, and myself to conduct you. I refer myself wholly to your goodness and direction, and am, with the greatest respect, *your most humble faithful servant.*

'Don't think this a sudden resolution. I always admired your easy character: and the moment I saw you, wished to serve so much excellence.'

What shall I say *my dear father and mother, to this unexpected declaration?* I want, more than ever, your blessing and direction. But, after all, I have no mind to marry: I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a man who begs from door to door, and has no home, rather than endanger my honesty. Yet I cannot, methinks, hear of being a wife. After a thousand different thoughts, I wrote as follows:—

'REVEREND SIR,

'I AM greatly confused at the contents of your last. Your are much too generous; I can't bear you should risk all your future prospects for so unworthy a creature. I cannot think of your offer without equal concern and gratitude; for nothing but to avoid my utter ruin can make me think of changing my condition: and so, Sir, you ought not to accept of such an involuntary compliance, as mine would be, was I, upon the last necessity, to yield to your very generous proposal. I will rely wholly upon your goodness to me in assisting my escape; but shall not, on your account principally, *think* of the honour you propose for me, at present; and never shall, but at the pleasure of my parents, who, poor as they are, in such a weighty point are as much entitled to my obedience and duty as if they were ever so rich. I beg you therefore, Sir, not to think of any thing from me but everlasting gratitude, which will always bind me to be *your most obliged servant.*'

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, THE 14TH, 15TH, AND 16TH, OF MY BONDAGE.

MRS. Jewkes has received a letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. Williams too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not

one in answer to mine from my master. I suppose I put the matter too home to him; and he is angry. I am not the more pleased with her civility; for she is horrid cunning, and is not a whit less watchful. I laid a trap to get her instructions, which she carries in the bosom of her stays, but it has not yet succeeded.

My last letter is come safe to Mr. Williams by the old conveyance, so that he is not suspected. He has intimated, that though I have not come so readily as he hoped into his scheme, yet his diligence shall not be slackened, and he will leave it to Providence and myself to dispose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has signified to me, that he shall soon send a special messenger with the packet to you; I have added to it what has occurred since.

SUNDAY.

I AM just now quite astonished! —I hope all is right—But I have a strange turn to acquaint you with. Mr. Williams and Mrs. Jewkes came to me both together; he in extacies, she with a strange fluttering sort of air. 'Well,' said she, 'Mrs. Pamela, I give you joy! I give you joy! Let nobody speak but me!' then she sat down, as out of breath, puffing and blowing. 'Why, every thing turns as I said it would!' said she: 'why there is to be a match between you and Mr. Williams. Well, I always thought it. Never was so good a master!—Go to, go to, naughty, mistrustful Mrs. Pamela, nay, Mrs. Williams,' said the forward creature, 'I may as well call you so: you ought on your knees to beg his pardon a *thousand times for mistrusting him.*' *She was going on*; but I said, *Don't torture me thus*, I beseech you, Mrs. Jewkes. Let me know all!—Ah? Mr. Williams,' said I, 'take care, take care!'—'Mistrustful again!' said she; 'do, Mr. Williams, show her your letter: and I will show her mine: they were brought by the same hand.'

I trembled at the thoughts of what this might mean; and said, 'You have so surprised me, that I cannot stand, hear, or read!—Why did you come up in such a manner to attack such weak spirits?' Said he to Mrs. Jewkes, 'Shall we leave our letters with Mrs. Pamela, and let her recover from her surprise?'—'Aye,' said she, 'with all my heart; here is nothing but flaming honour and good will!' And so saying, they left me their letters and withdrew.

My heart was quite sick with the surprise; so that I could not directly read them, notwithstanding my impatience; but after awhile, recovering, I found the contents thus strange and unexpected:

'MR. WILLIAMS,

'THE death of Mr. Fownes has now given me the opportunity I have long wanted, to make you happy, and that in a double respect; for I shall soon put you in possession of his living, and, if you have the art of making yourself well received, of one of the loveliest wives in England. She has not been used (as she has reason to think) according to her merit; but when she finds herself under the protection of a man of virtue and probity, and a happy competency to support life in the manner to which she has been of late years accustomed, I am persuaded she will forgive those seeming hardships which have paved the way to so happy a lot, as I hope it will be to you both. I have only to account for the odd conduct I have

been guilty of, which I shall do when I see you: but as I shall soon set out for London, I believe it will not be yet this month. Meantime, if you can prevail with Pamela, you need not suspend your mutual happiness: only let me have notice of it first, and that she approves of it: which ought to be, in so material a point, entirely at her option; as I assure you, on the other hand, I would have it at your's, that nothing may be wanting to complete your happiness. I am *your humble servant.*'

Was ever the like heard?—Lie still, my throbbing heart, divided as thou art, between thy hopes and thy fears!—But this is the letter Mrs. Jewkes left with me.

'MRS. JEWKES,

'You have been very careful and diligent in the task, which for reasons I shall hereafter explain, I had imposed upon you. Your trouble is now almost at an end; for I have written my intentions to Mr. Williams so particularly, that I need say the less here, because he will have scruple, I believe, to let you know the contents of my letter. I have only one thing to mention, that if you find what I have hinted to him in the least measure disagreeable to either, you assure them both, that they are at entire liberty to pursue their own inclinations. I hope you continue your civilities to the mistrustful, but very Pamela, who will now begin to think better of hers and *your friend*,' &c.

I had hardly time to transcribe these letters, though, writing so much. I write pretty fast, before they both came up again in high spirits: and Mr. Williams said, 'I am glad, Madam, I was *beforehand* with my declarations to you: this generous letter has made me the happiest man on *earth*; *and Mrs.* Jewkes, if I can procure this fair one's consent, I shall think myself —' I interrupted the good man, and said, 'Ah! Mr. Williams, take care, take care; don't let—' There I stopt, and Mrs. Jewkes said, 'Still mistrustful! I never saw the like in my life! But I see,' said she, 'I was not wrong, while my old orders lasted, to be wary of you both—I should have had a hard task to prevent you, I find; for as the saying is, *Nought can strain consent of twain.*'

I doubted not her taking hold of his joyful indiscretion. I took her letter, and said, 'Here, Mrs. Jewkes, is yours; I thank you for it; but I have been so long in a maze, that I can say nothing to this for the present. Time will bring all to light.—Sir,' said I, 'here is yours; may every thing turn to your happiness! I give you joy of my master's goodness in the living.' —'It will be *dying*,' said he, 'not a *living*, without you.'—'Forbear, Sir,' said I: 'while I have a father and mother, I am not my own mistress, poor as they are: and I'll see myself quite at liberty before I shall think myself fit to make a choice.'

Mrs. Jewkes lifted up her eyes and hands, and said, 'Such art, such caution, such cunning, for thy years!' '—Well!—Why,' said I, (that he might be on his guard, though I hope there cannot be deceit in this: it would be strange villany if there should!) 'I have been so used to be made a fool of by fortune, that I hardly can tell how to govern myself; and am almost an infidel as to mankind. But I hope I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. Jewkes, you shall regulate my opinions as you please, I will consult you in every thing—that I think proper,' said I to myself; for though I may forgive her, I can never love her.

She left Mr. Williams and me a few minutes together; I said, 'Consider, Sir, what you have done'

—'Tis impossible,' said he, 'there can be deceit.'—'I hope so,' said I; 'but what necessity was there for you to talk of your *former* declaration? Let *this* be as it will, *that* could do no good, especially before this woman. Forgive me, Sir; they talk of women's promptness of speech; but I see an honest heart is not always to be trusted with itself in bad company.'

He was going to reply, but though her task is said to be ALMOST (I took notice of that word) at an end, she came up to us again, and said, 'Well, I had a good mind to show you the way to church tomorrow.' I was glad of this, because, though in my present doubtful situation I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encouraged her proposal, to be able to judge of her being in earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. Williams again indiscreetly helped her to an excuse, by saying, that it was now best to defer it one Sunday, and till matters were riper for my appearance: she readily took hold of it, and confirmed his opinion.

After all, I hope the best; but if this should turn out to be a plot, I fear nothing but a miracle can save me. But sure the heart of man is not capable of such deceit. Besides, Mr. Williams has it under his own hand, he dare not but be in earnest; and then again, though, to be sure, he has been very wrong to me, yet his education, and parents' example, have neither of them taught him such very black contrivances. So I will hope for the best!

Mr. Williams, Mrs. Jewkes, and I, have been all three walking together in the garden; she pulled out her key, and we walked a little in the pasture to look at the bull, an ugly, grim, surly creature, that hurt the poor cook-maid, who is got pretty well again. Mr. Williams pointed at the sunflower, but I was forced to be very reserved to him; for the poor gentleman has no guard, no caution at all.

We have just supped together, all three; and I cannot yet think but all must be right. Only I am resolved not to marry, if I can help it; and I will give no encouragement, I am resolved, at least, till I am with you.

Mr. Williams said, before Mrs. Jewkes, he would send a messenger with a letter to my father and mother. I think the man has no discretion: but I desire you will send no answer till I have the pleasure and happiness, which now I hope for soon, of seeing you. He will, in sending my packet, send a most tedious parcel of stuff, of my *oppressions*, *distresses*, and *fears*; so I will send this with it (for Mrs. Jewkes gives me leave to send a letter to my father, which looks well:) I am glad I can conclude, after all my sufferings, with my *hopes*, to be soon with you, which I know will give you comfort; and so I rest, begging the continuance of your prayers and blessings, *your ever dutiful daughter*.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I HAVE so much time upon my hands, that I must write to employ myself. The *Sunday evening*, where I left off, Mrs. Jewkes asked me, if I chose to lie by myself? I said, 'Yes, with *all* my heart, if she pleased.'—'Well,' said she, 'after to-night, you shall.' I asked her for more paper, and she gave me a bottle of ink, eight sheets of paper, which she said was all her store, (for now she would get me to write for her to our master, if she had occasion,) and six pens, with a piece of sealing-wax. This looks mighty well. She pressed me, when she

bed, very much to give
ement to Mr. Williams,
many things in his behalf;
ned my shyness to him.
er I was resolved to give
ragement, till I had talk-
father and mother. She
fancied I thought of
y else, or I could never
nsensible. I assured her
uld do very safely, that
is not a man on earth I
to have; and as to Mr.
, he might do better by
I had proposed so much
s in living with my poor
nd mother, that I could
k of any scheme of life
isure till I had tried that.
her for my money; and she
as above in her strong box,
I should have it to-morrow.
things look well.

Williams would go home
t, though late, because he
spatch a messenger to you
tter he had proposed from
and my packet. But pray
ourage him as I said; for
ch too precipitate in this
though he is a very good
I I am much obliged to him.

MONDAY MORNING.

A-DAY! we have had bad
om poor Mr. Williams.
ad a sad mischance; fall-
ig rogues on his way home
t; but by good chance, has
y papers. This is the ac-
gives of it to Mrs. Jewkes.

MRS. JEWKES,

HAVE had a sad misfortune
from you. When I had
ar the town as the dam,
going to cross the wooden
two fellows got hold of
I swore they would kill
did not give them what I
hey rummaged my *pockets*, and took from me my snuff-box, my seal-ring, half a guinea, some silver, and half-pence; also my handkerchief, and two or three letters I had in my pockets. By good fortune, the letter Mrs. Pamela gave me, was in my bosom, so that escaped; but they bruised my head and face and cursing me for having no more money, tipped me into the dam, crying, "Lie there, parson, till to-morrow!" My shins and knees were bruised in the fall against one of the stumps; and I had like to have been suffocated in water and mud. I shan't be able to stir out this day or two: for I am a frightful spectacle! My hat and wig I was forced to leave behind me, and go home a mile and a half without: but they were found next morning and brought me, with my snuff-box, which the rogues must have dropped. My cassock is sadly torn, as is my band. I was much frighted; for a robbery in these parts has not been known many years. Diligent search is making after the rogues. My humble respects to good Mrs. Pamela; if *she* pities my misfortunes I shall be the sooner well, and fit to wait on her. This did not hinder me writing a letter, though with great pain, as I do this,' [*To be sure this good man can keep no secret!*] 'and sending it away by a man and horse, this morning. I am, good Mrs. Jewkes, *your most obliged humble servant.*

'God be praised, it is no worse! and I find I have got no cold, though miserably wet from top toe. My fright, I believe, prevented me from catching cold; for I was not myself for some hours, and know not how I got home. I will write a letter of thanks this night if I am able to my kind patron, for his inestimable goodness to me. I wish I

was enabled to say all I hope with regard to the *better part* of his bounty to me, incomparable Mrs. Pamela.'

The wicked brute fell a laughing when she had read this letter, till her fat sides shook: said she, 'I can't but think how the poor parson looked, after parting with his pretty mistress in such high spirits, when he found himself at the bottom of the dam! and what a figure he must have cut in his tattered band and cassock and without a hat and wig, when he got home. I warrant,' added she, 'he was in a sweet pickle!' I said I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a misfortune; but she replied, as he was safe, she laughed; otherwise she should have been sorry: she was glad to see me concerned for him—It looked *promising*, she said.

I heeded not her reflection; but as I have been used to causes for mistrusts, I cannot help saying, that I don't like this thing: and their taking his letters most alarms me. How happy it was they missed my packet! I know not what to think of it:—But why should I let every accident break my peace? Yet it *will* do so, while I stay here.

Mrs. Jewkes is mightily at me to go with her in the chariot to visit Mr. Williams. She is so officious to bring on the affair between us, that, being a cunning, artful woman, I know not what to make of it; I have refused her absolutely; urging, that except I intended to encourage his suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

I have strange temptations to get away in her absence, for all these fine appearances. 'Tis sad *to have* nobody to advise with:—*I know not what to do.* But, alas *for me! I have no money to buy* any-body's civilities, or to pay for necessaries or lodging. But I'll go into the garden, and resolve afterwards.—

I have been in the garden and to the back door, and there I stood, my heart up at my mouth. I could not see I was watched; so this looks well. But if any thing should go bad afterwards, I should never forgive myself for not taking this opportunity. Well, I will go down again and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the back-door in the pasture.

To be sure there is witchcraft in this house; and I believe Lucifer is bribed, as well as all about me, and is got into the shape of that nasty grim bull, to watch me! For I have been down again, and ventured to open the door, and went out about a bow shot into the pasture but there stood that horrid bull, staring me full in the face, with fiery saucer eyes, as I thought. So I got in again, for fear he should come at me. Nobody saw me, however. Do you think there are such things as witches and spirits? If there be I believe in my heart Mrs. Jewkes has got this bull of her side. But what could I do without money or a friend? O this wicked woman to trick me so! Every thing, man, woman, and beast, is in a plot against your poor Pamela, I think!—Then I knew not one step of the way, nor how far to any house or cottage and whether I could gain protection, if I got to a house; and now the robbers are abroad too, I may run into as great danger as I want to escape; nay, much greater, if these promising appearances hold: and sure my master cannot be so black as that they should not!—What can I do?—I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken: it will be worse for me; this wicked

woman will beat me, take my shoes away, and lock me up.

But after all, if my master should mean *well*, he can't be angry at my fears, if I should escape; and nobody can blame me: I can more easily be induced, with you, when all my apprehensions are over, to consider his proposal of Mr. Williams, than I could here; he pretends, as you have read in his letter, he will leave me to my choice; why then, should I be afraid? I will go down again, I think! But yet my heart misgives me, because the difficulties in escaping; and being so poor and so friendless!—O good God! the preserver of the innocent! direct me what to do!

I have just now a sort of strange persuasion upon me that I ought to try to get away, and leave the issue to Providence. So, once more —I'll see, at least if this bull be still there.

Alack-a-day! what a fate is this I have not the courage to go, neither can I think to stay. But I must resolve. The gardener was in sight last time; so made me come up again. But I'll contrive to send him out of the way, if I can:—For if I never should have such another opportunity, I could not forgive myself. Once more I'll venture. God direct my footsteps, and make smooth my path, and my way to safety!

Well, here I am, come back again! frighted, like a fool, out of all my purposes. O how terrible every thing appears to me! I had got twice as far as I was before, out of the back door: I looked and saw the bull, as I thought, between me and the door: and another bull coming towards me the other way. Well, thought, I, here is a double witchcraft to be sure! Here is the spirit of my master in one bull, and Mrs. Jewkes's in the other: now I am gone to be sure! O help! cried I, like a fool, and ran back to the door, as swift as if I flew.—When I got the door in my hand, I ventured to look back, to see if these supposed bulls were coming; when I saw they were only two cows grazing in distant places, that my fears had made all this rout about. But as every thing is so frightful to me, I find I am not fit to think of my escape; for I shall be equally frighted at the first strange man that I meet with: I am persuaded that fear brings one into more dangers, than the caution which goes along with it delivers one from.

I then locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, and was in a sad quandary; but I was soon determined; for the maid Nan came in sight, and asked if any thing was the matter, that I was so often up and down stairs! God forgive me! but I had a sad lie at my tongue's end: said I, 'Though Mrs. Jewkes is sometimes a little hard upon me, yet I know not where I am without her, I go up, and I come down to walk about in the garden; and not having her, know scarcely what to do with myself.'—'Aye,' said the idiot, 'she is main good company, Madam; no wonder you miss her.'

So here I am again, and likely to be; for I have no courage to help myself any where else. O why are poor foolish maidens tried with such dangers, when they have such weak minds to grapple with them! I will, since it is so, hope the best: but yet I cannot but observe how grievously every thing makes against me: for here are the robbers; though I fell not into their hands, yet they gave me as much terror, and had as great an effect upon my fears, as if I had: and here is the bull; it was as effectually frighted me, as if it was

been hurt by it instead of the cook-maid; and so these join together to make a very dastard of me. But my folly was worst of all, because that deprived me of my money; for had I *that*, I believe I should have ventured both the bull and the robbers.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

So, Mrs. Jewkes has returned from her visit: 'Well,' said she, 'I would have you set your heart at rest: for Mr. Williams will do very well again. He is not half so bad as he fancied. O these scholars,' said she, 'they have not the hearts of mice! He has only a few scratches on his face, which,' said she, 'I suppose he got by grappling among the gravel at the bottom of the dam, to try to find a hole in the ground, to hide himself from the robbers. His shin and his knee hardly ail any thing. He says in his letter, he was a frightful spectacle: he might be so when he first came in doors; but he looks well enough now: and, only for a few groans now-and-then, when he thinks of his danger, I see nothing the matter with him. So, Mrs. Pamela,' said she, 'I would have you be very easy about it.'—'I am glad of it,' said I, 'for all your jokes, Mrs. Jewkes.'

'Well,' said she, 'he talks of nothing but you; and when I told him I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the man was out of his wits with his gratitude to me: and has laid open all his heart to me, told me all that has passed, and what was contriving between you.' This alarmed me prodigiously, as I saw by two or three instances, that his honest heart could keep nothing believing every one as undesigning *as himself*. I said, but with a *heavy heart*, '*Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, Mrs. Jewkes, this might have done* with me had he any thing he could have told you of. But you know well enough that had we been disposed, we had no opportunity for it, from your watchful care and circumspection.'—'No, said she, that's very true, Mrs. Pamela; not so much as for that declararion that he owned before me he had found opportunity to make for all my watchfulness. Come, come,' said she, 'no more of these shams with me! You have an excellent head-piece for your years: but may be I am as cunning as you. However,' said she, 'all is well now; because my *watchments* are now over, by my master's directions. How have you employed yourself in my absence?'

I was so troubled at what might have passed between Mr. Williams and her, that I could not hide it; and she said, 'Well, Mrs. Pamela, since all my matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concerned at his discoveries; and make me your confident, as *he* has done, and I shall think you have some regard for me, and reliance upon me; and perhaps you might not repent it.'

She was so earnest, that I mistrusted she did this to pump me; I knew how to account for her kindness to Mr. Williams in her visit to him; which was only to get out of him what she could. 'Why, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'is all this fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there is now an end to your *watchments* as you call them?'—'Nothing,' said she, 'but womanish curiosity, I'll assure you; for one is naturally led to find out matters where there is such privacy intended.'—'Well,' said I, 'pray let me know what he has said; and then I'll give you an answer to your curiosity.'—'I don't care,' said she, 'whether you do or

not; for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you any thing you han't a mind I should know, my little cunning dear.'—'Well,' said I, 'let him have said what he would, I care not: for I am sure he can say no harm of me; and so let us change the talk.'

I was the easier, because for all, for pumps, she gave no hints of the key and the door, &c. which, had he communicated to her, she would not have forborne giving me a touch of. So we gave up one another, as despairing to gain our ends. But I am sure he must have said more than he should. And I am the more apprehensive all is not right, because she has been actually, these two hours, shut up a writing; though she pretended she had given me up all her stores of paper, &c., and that I should write for her. I began to wish I had ventured every thing, and gone off, when I might. O when will this state of doubt and uneasiness end!

She has just been with me, and says she shall send a messenger to Bedfordshire; and he shall carry a letter of thanks for me, if I will write it, for my master's favour to me. 'Indeed,' said I, 'I have no thanks to give, till I am with my father and mother: and besides, I sent a letter, as you know, but have had no answer to it.' She said, she thought my first letter to Mr. Williams was sufficient, and the least I could do was to thank him. 'No need of it,' said I, 'for I don't intend to have Mr. Williams: what then is that matter to me?'—'Well,' said she, 'I see thou art quite unfathomable!'

I don't like this. O my foolish fears of bulls and robbers! For now all my uneasiness begins to settle upon me. O what has this ambitious man said! it, no doubt, is the subject of her long letter.

I will close this *day's writing* with just saying, that she is very silent and reserved to what she was, and says nothing but 'No,' or 'Yes,' to what I ask. Something must be hatching, I doubt!—I rather think so, because I find she does not keep her word with me, about lying by myself, and my money; to both which points she returned suspicious answers, saying as to the one, 'Why, you are very earnest for your money; I sha'n't run away with it:' and to the other, 'Good lack! you need not be so willing, as I know of to part with me for a bedfellow till you are sure of one you *like better*.' This cut me to the heart! And, at the same time, stopped my mouth.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.

Mr. Williams has been here, but we have had no opportunity to talk together: he seemed confounded at Mrs. Jewkes's change of temper and reservedness after her kind visit, and their freedom with one another, and much more at what I am going to tell you. He asked if I would take a turn in the garden with Mrs. Jewkes and him. 'No,' said she, 'I can't go.' Said he, 'May not Mrs. Pamela take a walk?'—'No,' said she, 'I desire she won't.'—'Why, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he, 'I am afraid I have disobliged you.'—'Not at all,' replied she: 'but I suppose you will soon be at liberty to walk together as much as you please: I have sent a messenger for my last instructions about *this* and *more* weighty matters; when they come, I shall leave you to do as you both will: but, till then, it is no matter how little you are together.' This alarmed us both: and he seemed quite struck of a heap; and put on, as I thought, a self-accusing countenance. So I went behind her back, and held my two hands together, flat, with a bit of paper Mad

between them, and looked at him: he seemed to take me as I intended; intimating the renewing of the correspondence by the tiles. I left them both together, and retired to my closet, to write a letter for the tiles; but having no time for a copy, I will give the substance only.

I expostulated with him on his too great openness and easiness to fall into Mrs. Jewkes's snares; told him my apprehensions of foul play; and gave briefly the reasons which moved me: begged to know what he had said, and intimated that I thought there was the highest reason to resume our project of the escape by the back door. I put this in the usual place in the evening, and now wait with impatience for an answer.

THURSDAY.

I HAVE the following answer:

'DEAR MADAM,

'I AM utterly confounded, and must plead guilty to all your just reproaches. I wish I were master of but half your caution and discretion! I hope, after all, this is only a touch of this ill woman's temper, to show her power and importance: for I think Mr. B. neither can, nor dare deceive me in so black a manner. I would expose him all the world over, if he did. But it is not, *cannot* be in him. I have received a letter from John Arnold, in which he tells me, that his master is preparing for his London journey; and believes, afterwards, he will come into these parts; but he says, Lady Davers is at their house, and is to accompany her brother to London, or meet him there. He professes great zeal and affection to your service: and I find he refers to a letter he sent me before, but which is not come to my hand. *I think* there can be no *treachery*; for it is a particular friend at Gainsborough that I have ordered him to direct to: and this is come safe to my hands by this means; for well I know, I durst trust nothing to Brett, at the post-house here. This gives me a little pain; but I hope all will end well, and we shall soon hear, if it be necessary to pursue our former intentions. If it be, I will lose no time to provide a horse for you, and another for myself; for I can never do either God or myself a better service, though I were to forego all my expectations for it here. I am *your most faithful humble servant.*

'I was too free with Mrs. Jewkes: I was led to it by her dissimulation, and by her pretended concern to make me happy with you. I hinted that I would not have scrupled to have procured your deliverance by any means; and that I had proposed to you, as the only honourable one, marriage with me. But I assured her, though she would hardly believe me, that you discouraged my application, which is too true! But not a word of the back-door, key, &c.

Mrs. Jewkes continues still sullen and ill-natured, and I am almost afraid to speak to her. She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her company as I do.

I have just put under the tiles these lines, inspired by my fears, which are, indeed very strong; and I doubt not without reason.

'SIR,

'EVERY thing gives me additional disturbances. The missed letter of John Arnold's makes me suspect a plot. Yet I am loth to think myself of so much importance, as to suppose every one in a plot against me. Are you sure, however, the London journey is not to be a Lincolnshire one? May not

John, who has been once a traitor, be so again? Why *need* I be thus in doubt? If I could have this horse, I would turn the reins on his neck and trust to providence to guide him for my safeguard! For I would not endanger you, now just upon the edge of your preferment.—Yet, Sir, I fear your fatal openness will make you suspected as accessary, let us be ever so cautious.

'Were my *life* in question, instead of my *honesty*, I would not wish to involve you, or any body, in the least difficulty, for so worthless a poor creature. But, O Sir! my *soul* is of equal importance with the soul of a princess, though my quality is inferior to that of the meanest slave.

'Save then my innocence, good Heaven! and preserve my mind spotless: and happy shall I be to lay down my worthless life, and see an end to all my troubles and anxieties.

'Forgive my impatience: but my presaging mind bodes horrid mischiefs!—Every thing looks dark around me; and this woman's implacable sullenness and silence, without any apparent reason, from a conduct so very *contrary*, bid me fear the worst. Blame me, Sir, if you think me wrong; and let me have your advice what to do; which will oblige *your most afflicted servant*.'

FRIDAY.

I HAVE this half-angry answer; but what is more to me than all the letters in the world could be, your's, my dear father, inclosed.

'MADAM,

'I THINK you are too apprehensive by much; I am sorry for your uneasiness. You may depend upon me, and all I can do. But I make no doubt of the London journey, nor of John's contrition and fidelity. I have just received, from my Gainsborough friend, this letter, as I suppose, from your good father in a cover, directed for me, as I had desired. I hope it contains nothing to add to your uneasiness. Pray dearest madam, lay aside your fears, and wait a few days for the issue of Mrs. Jewkes's letter and mine of thanks to Mr. B. Things I hope, *must* be better than you expect.—Providence will not desert such piety and innocence; and be this your comfort and reliance: which is the best advice that can be given by *your most faithful humble servant*.'

The father's letter was as follows:

'MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

'OUR prayers are at length heard, and we are overwhelmed with joy. O what sufferings, what trials, hast thou gone through! Blessed be the Divine Goodness, which has enabled thee to withstand so many temptations! We have not yet had leisure to read through your long accounts of all your hardships. I say *long*, because I wonder how you could find time and opportunity for them; but otherwise they are the delight of our spare hours: we shall read them over and over, as long as we live, with thankfulness to God, who has given us so virtuous and so discreet a daughter.—How happy is our lot, in the midst of all our poverty! O let none ever think children a burden to them; when the poorest circumstances can produce so much riches in a Pamela! Persist, my dear daughter, in the same excellent course; and we shall not envy the highest estate, but defy them to produce such a daughter as ours.

'I said we had not read through all your's. We are too impatient, so turned to the end; where we find your virtue within view of its reward, and your master's heart

turned to see the folly of his ways, and the injury he had intended to our dear child; for he *would* have ruined you if he could. But, seeing your virtue, his heart is touched, and he has, no doubt, been awakened by your good example.

'We don't see that you can do any way so well, as to come into the present proposal, and make Mr. Williams, the worthy Mr. Williams! God bless him! happy. And though we are poor, and can add no merit, reputation, or fortune, to our dear child, but rather must be a disgrace to her, as the world will think: yet I hope I do not sin in my pride, to say, that there is no good man, of a common degree, but may think himself happy in you. But, as you say you had rather *not* marry at present, far be it from us to offer violence to your inclination! So much prudence as you have shown in all your conduct would make it very wrong in us to mistrust it in this, or to offer to direct you in your choice. But alas! my child, what can *we* do for you?—To partake our hard lot, and to involve yourself into as hard a life, would not help *us;* but *add* to our afflictions. It will be time enough to talk of these things, when we have the pleasure you now put us in hope of, of seeing you with us; which God grant. *Amen, Amen,* say *your most indulgent parents,* Amen!

'Our humble service and thanks to the worthy Mr. Williams. Again we say, God bless him for ever!

'O what a deal we have to say to you! God give us a happy meeting! We understand the squire is setting out for London. He is a fine gentleman, and has wit at will. I wish he was as good. But I hope he will now reform.'

O what inexpressible comfort, my dear father, has your letter *given me!*—You ask, *what* can you do for me!—What is it you *cannot do* for your child?—You can give her the advice she *has so much wanted* and *still* wants, and will *always* want; you can confirm her in the paths of virtue, into which you first initiated her; and you can pray for her with hearts so sincere and pure, that are not to be met with in palaces!—Oh! how I long to throw myself at your feet, and receive the blessings of such good parents! But, alas! how are my prospects again overclouded, to what they were when I closed my last parcel! More trials, more dangers, I fear, must your poor Pamela be engaged in: but, through the divine Goodness, and your prayers, I hope, at last, to get well out of all my difficulties; as they are not the effect of my vanity or presumption.

But I will proceed with my hopeless story. I saw Mr. Williams was a little nettled at my impatience; so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and wholly directed by him especially as my father, whose respects I mentioned, had assured me my master was setting out for London, which he must have known, or he would not have written me word of it.

SATURDAY, SUNDAY.

Mr. Williams has been here both these days, as usual; but is very indifferently received by Mrs. Jewkes; and, to avoid suspicion, I left them together, and went up to my closet most of the time he was here. They had a quarrel, and she seems quite out of humour with him; but I thought it best not to say any thing; and he said he would seldom trouble the house, till he had an answer to his letter from Mr. B. 'The less the better,' she replied. Poor man! he has got but little by his openness and making Mrs. Jewkes his confident.

I am more and more satisfied there is mischief brewing: I shall begin to hide my papers, and be circumspect. She seems impatient for an answer to her letter to my master.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, THE 25TH AND 26TH DAYS OF MY HEAVY RESTRAINT.

STILL more and more strange things to write! A messenger is returned and now all is out! O wretched, wretched Pamela! what at last will become of me!—Such strange turns and trials sure never poor creature of my years experienced. He brought two letters, one to Mrs. Jewkes, and one to me: but as the greatest wits may be sometimes mistaken, they being folded and sealed alike, that for *me* was directed to Mrs. Jewkes, and that for *her* was directed to me. But *both* are abominably bad! She brought me up that directed for me, and said, 'Here's a letter for you: long looked-for is come at last. I will ask the messenger a few questions, and then I will read mine.' So she went down, and I broke it open in my closet, and found it directed —'*To Mrs.* PAMELA ANDREWS.' But when I opened it, it began, 'Mrs. Jewkes.' I was quite confounded; 'But, thought I, 'this may be a lucky mistake; I may discover something.' So I read on these horrid contents.

'MRS. JEWKES,

'WHAT you write me has given me no small disturbance. This wretched *fool's plaything*, no doubt, is ready to leap at *any thing* that offers, rather than express the least sense of gratitude for all the benefits she has received from my family, and which I was determined more and more to heap upon her. I reserve her for my future resentment; I charge you double your diligence in watching her, to prevent her escape. I send this by an honest Swiss, who attended me in my travels, a man I can trust: and so let him be your assistant; for the artful *creature* is enough to corrupt a nation by her seeming innocence and simplicity; and she may have got a party, perhaps, among my servants with you, as she has here. Even John Arnold, whom I confided in, and favoured more than any, has proved an execrable villain, and shall meet his reward for it.

'As to that *college novice*, Williams, I need not bid you take care he sees not this *painted bauble*; for I have ordered Mr. Shorter my attorney, to throw him instantly into gaol, on an action of debt, for money he has had of me, which I had intended never to carry to account against him; for I know all his rascally practices besides what you write me of his perfidious intrigue with that girl, and his acknowledged contrivance for her escape, when he knew not that I designed her any mischief; and when, if he had been guided by a sense of piety, or compassion for injured innocence, as he pretends, he would have expostulated with me, as his function and my friendship for him, might have allowed him. But to enter into a vile intrigue with the *amiable gewgaw*, to favour her escape in so base a manner, (to say nothing of his disgraceful practices against me in Sir Simon Darnford's family, of which Sir Simon has informed me) is a conduct, that, instead of promoting the ungrateful wretch, as I intended, shall pull down upon him utter ruin. Monsieur Colbrand, my trusty Swiss, will obey you without reserve,

should my other servants refuse. As for her denying that she encouraged his declaration, I believe it not. 'Tis certain the *speaking picture*, with all that pretended innocence and bashfulness, would have run away with him. Yes, she would have run away with a fellow that she had been acquainted with but a few days: at a time when she had the strongest assurances of my honour to her.

'I think I now hate her perfectly, and, though I will do nothing to her *myself*, yet I can bear, for the sake of my revenge, *injured honour* and *slighted love*, to see any thing, even what *she most fears*, be *done to her*; and then she may be turned loose to her evil destiny, and echo to the woods and groves her piteous lamentations for the loss of her fantastical innocence, which the romantic idiot makes such a work about. I shall go to London with my sister Davers; and the moment I can disengage myself, which perhaps may be in three weeks from this time, I will be with you, and decide *her fate*, and put an end to your trouble. Meantime be doubly careful; for this innocent, as I have warned you, is full of contrivances. I am *your friend*.'

I had but just read this dreadful letter through, when Mrs. Jewkes came up, in a great fright, guessing at the mistake, and that I had her letter; she found me with it open in my hand, just sinking away.—'What business,' said she, 'had you to read my letter?' and snatched it from me. 'You see,' said she, looking upon it, 'it says Mrs. Jewkes, at top: you ought, in manners, to have read no further.'—'O add not,' said I, 'to my afflictions! I shall be soon out of all *your ways!* This is too much! I *never can support this*—' and threw myself upon the couch, in my closet, and wept most bitterly. She read it in the next room, and came in afterwards: 'Why this,' said she, 'is a sad letter indeed; I am sorry for it; but I feared you would carry your niceties too far?'—'Leave me, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'for a while; I cannot speak nor talk.'—'Poor heart!' said she; 'well, I'll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here take your own letter; I wish you well: but this is a sad mistake!' So she put down the letter which was intended for me: but I have no spirit to read it at present. 'O man! hard-hearted, cruel man, what mischiefs art thou not capable of, unrelenting persecutor as thou art! I sat ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the terms of this wicked letter and had no inclination to look into my own. The bad names, *fool's plaything*, *artful creature*, *painted bauble*, *gewgaw*, *speaking picture* are hard words for your poor Pamela; and I began to think whether I was not a very naughty body, and had not done vile things; but when I thought of his having discovered poor John, and of Sir Simon's base officiousness, in telling him of Mr. Williams, with what he had resolved against him, in revenge for his goodness to me, I was quite dispirited; and yet still more, about that fearful Colbrand, and what he could *see done to me*; for then I was ready to gasp for breath, and my heart quite failed me. Then how dreadful are the words, he will *decide my fate* in three weeks! 'Gracious heaven!' said I, 'strike me dead before that time with a thunderbolt, or provide some way for my escaping these threatened mischiefs!' God forgive me if I sinned.

At last I took up the letter directed for Mrs. Jewkes, but de-

signed for me; and I find *that* little better than the other. These are the hard terms it contains,

'WELL have you done, perverse, forward, artful, yet foolish Pamela, to convince me, before it is too late, how ill I had done to place my affections on so unworthy an object: I had vowed honour and love to your unworthiness, believing you a mirror of bashful modesty and unspotted innocence; and that no perfidious designs lurked in so fair a bosom. But now I have found you out, you specious hypocrite! and see, that though you could not repose the least confidence in one you had known for years, and who, under my good mother's misplaced favour for you, had grown up in a manner with you; when my passion, in spite of my pride, and the difference of our condition, made me stoop to a meanness that now I despise myself for; yet you could enter into an intrigue with a man you never knew till within these few days past, and resolved to run away with a stranger, whom your fair face and insinuating arts had bewitched to break through all the ties of honour and gratitude to me, even at a time when the happiness of his future life depended upon my favour.

'Henceforth, for Pamela's sake, whenever I see a lovely face, will I mistrust a deceitful heart: and whenever I hear of the greatest pretences to innocence, will I suspect some deep-laid mischief. You were determined to place no confidence in me, though I have so solemnly engaged my honour to you. What, though I had alarmed your fears by sending you one way when you hoped to go another; yet, had I not, to convince you of my resolution to do justly by you, engaged not to come near *you without your consent? Was not this a voluntary* demonstration of the generosity of my intention to you? Yet how have you requited me? The very first fellow that your charming face and insinuating address could influence, you have practised upon, corrupted too, I may say, (and even ruined, as the ungrateful wretch shall find) and thrown your *forward* self upon him. As, therefore, you would place no confidence in me, my honour owes you nothing: and in a little time you shall find how much you have erred, in treating as you have done a man who was once *your affectionate and kind friend.*

'Mrs. Jewkes has directions concerning you: if your lot is now harder than you might wish, you will bear it the easier, because your own rash folly has brought it upon you.'

Alas, for me! what a fate is mine, to be thus thought artful, forward, and ungrateful! when all I intended was to preserve my innocence; and all my poor little shifts, which his superior wit and cunning have rendered ineffectual, were forced upon me in my own necessary defence.

When Mrs. Jewkes came up to me again, she found me bathed in tears. She seemed, as I thought, to be moved by compassion. Finding myself now entirely in her power, and that it was not for me to provoke her, I said, 'It is now, I see, in vain for me to contend against my evil destiny, and the superior arts of my barbarous master. I will resign myself to the Divine Will, and prepare to expect the worst. But you see how poor Mr. Williams is drawn in and undone; I am sorry I am made the cause of *his* ruin:—Poor, poor man!—to be thus involved, for my sake!—But if you'll believe me,' said I, 'I gave no encouragement to what he proposed, as to marriage; nor would

he have proposed it, I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought was left to save me; his principal motive was virtue and compassion to one in distress. What other view could he have You know I am poor and friendless All I beg of you is to let the poor gentleman have notice of my master's resentment, and let him fly the country, and not be thrown into gaol. This will answer my master's end as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from assisting me, as if he was in a prison.'

'Ask me,' said she, 'to do any thing that is in my power, consistent with my duty and trust, I will do it. I am sorry for you both; but I shall keep no correspondence with him, nor let you.' I offered to talk of a duty superior to that she mentioned, which would oblige her to help distressed innocence, and not permit her to go the length enjoined by lawless tyranny; but she plainly bid me be silent on that head; for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her trust:—'All I have to advise you,' said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your contrivances and arts to get away; make me your friend, by giving me no reason to suspect you; for I glory in my fidelity to my master: you have both practised some strange sly arts, to make such a progress as he owned there was between you. I must be more circumspect than I have been.' This doubled my concern, for I now apprehended I should be much closer watched than before.

'Well,' said I, 'since I have by this strange accident, discovered my hard destiny, let me read over again that fearful letter of your's, that I may get it by heart, and with it feed my distress, and make calamity familiar to me.' —'Then,' said she, 'let me read your's again.' I gave her mine, and she lent me her's; I took a copy of it, with her leave; because I would prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinned it on the head of the couch: 'This,' said I, 'is the use I shall make of this wretched copy of your letter; and here you shall always find it wet with my tears.'

She said she would go down to order supper, and insisted upon my company I would have excused myself; but she put on a commanding air, that I durst not oppose. When I went down, she took me by the hand, and presented me to the most hideous monster I ever saw in my life. 'Here, Monsieur Colbrand,' said she, 'here is *your* pretty ward and *mine;* let us try to make her time with us easy.' He bowed, put on his foreign grimaces, and, in broken English, told me, 'I was happy in de affections of de vinest gentleman in de varld!' I was quite frightened, and ready to drop down; I will describe him to you, my dear father and mother, and you shall judge if I had not reason to be alarmed, as I was apprized of his hated employment, to watch me closer.

He is a giant of a man for stature; taller by a good deal than Harry Mawlidge, in your neighbourhood, and large-boned, scraggy, and has a hand!—I never saw such a one in my life. He has great staring eyes like the bull's that frightened me so; vast jaw bones sticking out; eye-brows hanging over his eyes; two great scars upon his forehead, and one on his left cheek; two large whiskers, and a monstrous wide mouth; blubber lips, long yellow teeth, and a hideous grin. He wears his own frightful long hair, tied up in a great black bag; a black crape neckcloth, about a long ugly neck; and his throat sticking out like a wen. As to the rest, he was dressed well

enough and had a sword on, with a nasty red knot to it; leather gaiters, buckled below his knees; and a foot near as long as my arm, I verily think.

He said he fright de lady, and offered to withdraw; but she bid him not. I told Mrs. Jewkes, that, as she knew I had been crying, she should not have called me to the gentleman, without letting me know he was there. I soon went up to my closet, for my heart ached all the time I was at table, not being able to look upon him without horror; and this brute of a woman, though she saw my distress, *before* this addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike more terror into me. And indeed it had its effect, for when I went to bed, I could think of nothing but this hideous person, and my master's more hideous actions; and thought them well paired. When I dropped asleep, I dreamed they were both coming to my bed-side with the worst designs: I jumped out of my bed in my sleep, and frighted Mrs. Jewkes, till, waking with the terror, I told her my dream. The wicked creature only laughed, and said, all I feared was but a dream, as well as that.

AND NOW I AM COME TO THE CLOSE OF WEDNESDAY THE 27TH DAY OF MY DISTRESS.

Poor Mr. Williams is actually arrested and carried away to Stamford: so there is an end of all my hopes from him. Poor gentleman! his over security and openness have ruined us both. I was but too well convinced that we ought not to have lost a moment's time: he was angry, and thought me too impatient. The detestable artifices of my master induced me to think, that he who had so cunningly, and so wickedly, contrived all his stratagems, so that it was impos avoid them, would stick at nothe to complete them. I fear I sh soon find it so.

But one stratagem I had just invented, though a very discouraging one to think of, because I have neither friends nor money, nor know one step of the way. But let bulls, bears, lions, tigers and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful men, stand in my way, I cannot be more in danger than I am; I depend nothing upon his three weeks: for how do I know, now he is in such a passion, and has already begun his vengeance on poor Mr. Williams, that he will not change his mind, and come down to Lincolnshire before he goes to London?

My stratagem is this: I will endeavour to get Mrs. Jewkes to go to bed without me, as she often does while I sit locked up in my closet; and as she sleeps very sound in her first sleep, of which she never fails to give notice, by snoring, if I can but then get out between the two bars of the window, (for you know I am very slender,) then I can drop upon the leads underneath, which are little more than my height, and which leads are over a little summer parlour, that jets out towards the garden; as I am light I can easily drop from them; for they are not high from the ground: then I shall be in the garden: and as I have the key of the back door, I will get out. But I have another piece of cunning still; good Heaven succeed to me my dangerous, though innocent devices!—I have read of a great captain, who, being in danger, leaped overboard into the sea; and his enemies, as he swam, shooting at him with bows and arrows, he unloosed his upper garment, and took another course; by this means, while they struck that with their darts and arrows, he escaped, and

be to triumph over them all. So will strip off my upper petticoat, throw it into the pond, with my neck handkerchief! When they miss me they will go to the pond first, thinking I have drowned myself: and when they see some of my clothes floating there, they will be all employed in dragging the pond, which is a very large one; and as I shall not, perhaps, be missed till the morning, this will give me opportunity to get a great way off; and I am sure I will run for it, when I am out. So I trust that Providence will direct my steps to some good place of safety, and make *some* worthy body my friend; for if I suffer ever so, I cannot be in more danger, nor in worse hands, than where I am; and with such avowed bad designs.

O my dear parents! don't be-frightened when you come to read this!—But all will be over before you can see it; and so God direct me for the best!—My writings, for fear I should not escape, I will bury in the garden; for no doubt I shall be searched, and used dreadfully, if I can't get off. So I will close here, for the present, to prepare for my plot.—Prosper thou, O gracious Protector of oppressed innocence! this last effort of thy poor handmaid, that I may escape the crafty devices and snares to rob me of my virtue! but by this one trial only, I see no way of escaping! Whatever becomes of me, bless my dear parents, and protect poor Mr. Williams from ruin! for he was happy before he knew me.

Just now I heard Mrs. Jewkes, who is in her cups, own to the horrid Colbrand, that the robbing of poor Mr. Williams was a contrivance of hers, and executed by the groom and a helper, in order to *seize* my letters, which they missed. *They are now both laughing at the dismal story, which they little think* I overheard.—O how my heart aches! what are not such wretches capable of! can you blame me for endeavouring to get out of such clutches!

PAST ELEVEN O CLOCK.

Mrs. Jewkes is come up, and gone to bed; and bids me not stay long in my closet, but come to bed. —O for a dead sleep for the treacherous brute! I never saw her so tipsy; that gives me hopes. I have tried again, and find I can get my head through the iron bars. I am now all prepared, as soon as I hear her fast; and now I'll seal up these, and my other papers, my last work:—and to thy Providence, O my gracious God, commit the rest! —Once more, God bless you both! and send us a happy meeting; if not here, in his heavenly kingdom. —Amen.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, THE 28TH, 29TH, 30TH AND 31ST DAYS OF MY DISTRESS.

And distress indeed; for here I am still; and every thing has been worse and worse! Oh! the poor unhappy Pamela!—Without any hope left, and ruined in all my contrivances. But, oh! my dear parents, rejoice with me, even in this low plunge of my distress; for your poor Pamela has escaped from an enemy worse than any she ever met with; an enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against; I mean the weakness and presumption of her own mind; which had well nigh, had not the Divine Grace interposed, sunk her into the lowest, last abyss of misery and perdition!

I will proceed, as I have opportunity, with my sad relation; for my pen is all I have to employ myself with: and I have been so weak

that, till yesterday evening, I have not been able to hold a pen.

I took with me but one shift, besides what I had on, two handkerchiefs, and two caps, which my pocket held, (for it was not for me to encumber myself) and all my stock of money, which was but five or six shillings, to set out for I knew not where: and got out of the window, not without some difficulty, sticking a little at my hips; but I was resolved to get out if possible. It was farther from the leads than I thought. I was afraid I had sprained my ancle; and when I had dropped, it was still farther off from the leads to the ground: but I did pretty well there; at least, I got no hurt to hinder me from pursuing my intentions. So being now on the ground, I hid my papers under a rose bush, and covered them with mould, and there they still lie, as I hope. Then I went away to the pond; the clock struck twelve just as I got out; it was a dark misty night, and very cold; but I felt it not then.

When I came to the pond-side, I flung in my upper-coat, as I had designed, my neck-handkerchief and a round-eared cap, with a knot; and then, with great speed, ran to the door, and took the key out of my pocket, my heart beating all the time against my bosom, as if it would have forced its way through it. I found that I was most miserably disappointed; for the wicked woman had taken off that lock, and put another on; so that my key would not open it. I tried in vain, and feeling about, I found a padlock, besides, on another part of the door. O then how my heart sunk! I dropt down with grief and confusion, unable to stir or support myself, for a while. But my fears awakening my resolution, and knowing that my attempt would be as terrible for me as any other danger I could then encounter, I *clambered up upon the* ledges of the door, and upon the lock, which was a great wooden one, and reached the top of the door with my hands; then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to hold on the top of the wall with my hands; but, alas for me! nothing but ill luck!—no escape for poor Pamela!—The wall being old, the bricks I held by gave way, just as I was taking a spring to get up; down came I, and received such a blow upon my head, with one of the bricks, that it quite stunned me; I broke my shins and ancle besides, and beat off the heel of one of my shoes.

In this dreadful way, flat upon the ground, lay poor I, for I believe five or six minutes; and then trying to get up, I sunk down again two or three times; and my left hip and shoulder were very stiff, and full of pain, with bruises; besides, my head bled, and ached grievously, with the blow I had with the brick. Yet these hurts I valued not; but crept a good way, upon my feet and hands in search of a ladder, I just recollected to have seen against the wall two days before, on which the gardener was nailing a nectarine branch, but no ladder could I find, and the wall was very high. 'What now,' thought I, 'must become of the miserable Pamela!' Then I began to wish myself most heartily again in my closet, and to repent of my attempt, which I now censured as rash, because it did not succeed.

God forgive me! but a sad thought came just then into my head!—I tremble to think of it! My apprehensions of the usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever! O my dear, dear parents, forgive your poor child; but being quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myself on my staggering feet; and away limped I!—What to do, but

to throw myself into the pond, and put a period to all my griefs in this world!—But oh! to find them infinitely aggravated, (had I not by the Divine Grace, been withheld) in a miserable *eternity!* As I have escaped this temptation, (blessed be God for it!) I will tell you my conflicts on this dreadful occasion, that the Divine Mercies may be magnified in my deliverance, that I am yet on this side the dreadful gulf, from which there could have been no return.

It was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so maimed, which made me the longer before I got to the water; this gave me time to consider, and abated the impetuosity of my passions, which possibly might otherwise have hurried me, in my first transport of grief, (on my seeing no way to escape, and the hard usage I had reason expect from my dreadful keepers) to throw myself in. But my weakness of body made me move so slowly, that it gave time for reflection, and for a ray of grace to dart upon my benighted mind. When I came to the pond side, I sat down on the sloping bank, and began to ponder my wretched condition; and thus I reasoned with myself:

'Pause here a little, Pamela, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful leap; and consider whether there be no way yet left, no hope, if not to escape from this wicked house, yet from the mischief threatened thee in it.' I then considered; and, after I had cast about in my mind every thing that could make me hope, and saw no probability; a wicked woman devoid of compassion! a horrid helper just arrived in this dreadful Colbrand! an angry and resenting master, who now hated me, and threatened the most afflicting evils! *and that I should, in* all probability, *be deprived of the* opportunity I now had before me, to free myself from their persecutions! 'What hast thou to do, distressed creature,' said I to myself, 'but throw thyself, upon a merciful God (who knows how innocently I suffer) to avoid the merciless wickedness of those who are determined on my ruin?' And then, thought I, (Oh! that thought was surely of the Devil's instigation; for it was very soothing and powerful with me)—'These wicked wretches, who now have no remorse, no pity on me, will then be moved to lament their misdoings; and when they see the dead corpse of the unhappy Pamela dragged out on these dewy banks, lying breathless at their feet, they will find that remorse to soften their obdurate hearts, which now has no place there!—My master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, say, "O this is the unhappy Pamela! that I have so causlessly persecuted and destroyed. Now do I see she preferred her honesty to her life," will he say, "and is no hypocrite nor deceiver: but was the innocent creature she pretended to be!" 'Then,' thought I, 'will he, perhaps, shed a few tears over the poor corpse of his persecuted servant; and, though he may give out it was love and disappointment, in order to hide his own guilt, for the unfortunate Mr. Williams; yet will he be inwardly grieved, and order me a decent funeral, and save me from the dreadful stake, and the highway interment; the young men and maidens all around my poor father's will pity poor Pamela! But, O! I hope I shall not be the subject of their ballads and elegies; but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father and mother, may quickly slide into oblivion.'

I was once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of thinking, to throw myself in; but my bruises

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made me slow, and I thought, 'What art thou about to do, wretched Pamela! How knowest thou, though the prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human means fail? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore afflictions, if he had not given me strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought: and who knows but that the presence I so very much dread of my angry and designing master, may be better for me than these persecuting emissaries of his, who, for his money, are true to their wicked trust, and are hardened by a long habit of wickedness against compunction of heart? God can touch his heart in an instant: and if this should *not* be done, I can *then* put an end to my life by some other means, if I am so resolved. How do I know but *these bruises* and *maims* that I have received, while I pursued the escape I had meditated, may not have furnished myself with the opportunity to precipitate myself, and of surrendering up myself, spotless, and unguilty, to that Merciful Being who gave it. Then,' thought I, 'who gave thee, presumptuous as thou art, a power over thy life? Who authorised thee to put an end to it, when the weakness of thy mind suggests not to thee a way to preserve it with honour? How knowest thou what purpose God may have to serve, by the trials with which thou art now exercised? Art thou to put a bound to the Divine Will, and to say, "Thus much will I bear, and no more?" And wilt thou *dare* to say, that if the trial be augmented, and continued, thou wilt sooner die than bear it?'

'This act of despondency,' thought I, 'is a sin, that, if I pursue, admits no repentance, and can therefore hope no forgiveness. And wilt thou, to *shorten thy transitory* griefs, *heavy* as they are, and *she* as thou fanciest thyself, plunge both body and soul into everlasting misery? Hitherto,' thought I, 'thou art the innocent, the suffering Pamela; and wilt thou, to avoid thy sufferings, be the guilty aggressor? And, because wicked men persecute thee, wilt thou fly in the face of the Almighty, and distrust his grace and goodness, who can *still* turn all these sufferings into benefits? And how do I know but that God, who sees all the lurking vileness of my heart, may have permitted these sufferings on that very score, and to make me rely solely on his grace and assistance, who perhaps have too much prided myself in a vain dependence on my own foolish contrivances?'

'Then, again,' thought I, 'Wilt thou suffer in *one* moment all the good lessons of thy poor honest parents, and the benefits of their example, (who have persisted in doing their duty with resignation to the Divine will, amidst the extreme degrees of disappointment, poverty and distress, and the persecutions of an ungrateful world and merciless creditors,) to be thrown away upon thee; and bring down, as in all probability this thy rashness will, their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, when they shall understand, that their beloved daughter, slighting the tenders of Divine Grace, despairing of the mercies of a protecting God, has blemished, in this *last act*, a *whole* life which they had hitherto approved and delighted in?'

'What, then presumptuous Pamela, doest thou *here?*' thought I: 'quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these curling waters, that seem, in their meaning murmurs, to reproach thy rashness! Tempt not God's goodness on the mossy banks, that have been witnesses of thy guilty purpose; and

to the thou hast power left thee, avoid the tempting evil, lest thy grand enemy, now repulsed by Divine Grace, and due reflection, return to the assault with a force that thy weakness may not be able to resist! and let one rash moment destroy all the convictions which now have awed thy rebellious mind into duty and resignation to the Divine Will!'

And so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my hurts, so cold with the moist dews of the night, and the wet grass on which I had sat, as also with the damps arising from so large a piece of water, that with great pain I got from this pond, which now I think of with terror; and bending my limping steps toward the house, took refuge in the corner of an out-house, where wood and coals are laid up for family use, till I should be found by my cruel keepers, and consigned to a more wretched confinement and worse usage, than I had hitherto experienced! And there behind a pile of fire-wood, crept I and lay down, as you may imagine, with a mind just broken, and a heart sensible to nothing but the extremest wo and dejection.

This, my dear father and mother, is the issue of your poor Pamela's fruitless enterprise; and who knows, if I had got out of the back door, whether I had been at all in a better case, moneyless, friendless, as I am, and in a strange place! But blame not your poor daughter too much: nay, if ever you see this miserable scribble, all bathed and blotted with my tears let your pity get the better of your reprehension. But I know it will. And I must leave off for the present. For, oh! my strength and my will are at this time very far unequal to one another. But yet I will add, that though I should have praised God for my deliverance, had I been freed from my wicked keepers, and my designing master, yet I have more abundant reason to praise him, that I have been delivered from a worse enemy, *myself*.

I will conclude my sad relation.

It seems Mrs. Jewkes awaked not till day-break; and not finding me in bed, she called me; and, no answer being returned, she relates, that she got out of bed, ran to my closet; and, missing me, searched under the bed, and in another closet, finding the chamber door, as she had left it, quite fast, and the key, as usual, about her wrist. For if I could have got out of the chamber door, there were two or three passages and doors to them all, double-locked and barred, to go through into the great garden: so that, to escape, there was no way but out of the window I had passed because the other windows are a great way from the ground.

Mrs. Jewkes was excessively frightened; she instantly raised the Swiss, and the two maids, who lay not far off; and finding every door fast, she said, 'I must be carried away, as Peter was out of prison, by some angel.' It is a wonder she had no worse thought.

She says, she wept and wrung her hands, and took on sadly, running about like a mad woman, little thinking I could have got out of the closet window, between the iron bars; and indeed I don't know whether I could do so again. But at last finding that casement open, they concluded it must be so; and ran out into the garden, and found my footsteps in the mould of the bed which I dropt down upon from the leads: immediately Mrs. Jewkes, Colbrand, and Nan, went towards the back door, to see if that was fast; while the cook was sent to the out-offices, to raise the men, and make them get horses ready, to take each a different way to pursue me.

Finding that door double-locked, and padlocked, the heel of my shoe, and the broken bricks, they concluded I was got away by some means over the wall; and then, they say, Mrs. Jewkes seemed like a distracted woman: till at last Nan had the thought to go towards the pond; and there seeing my coat, cap, and handkerchief, in the water, cast almost to the banks by the agitation of the waves, she thought it was me; and screaming out, ran to Mrs. Jewkes, and said, 'O Madam, Madam! here's a piteous thing!—Mrs. Pamela lies drowned in the pond.'—Thither they all ran; and, finding my clothes, doubted not I was at the bottom; they all, Swiss among the rest, beat their breasts, and made most dismal lamentations: Mrs. Jewkes sent Nan to the men, to bid them get the drag-net ready, and leave the horses, and come to try to find the poor innocent! as she, it seems, *then* called me, beating her breast, and lamenting my hard fate, but most what would become of them, and what account they should give to my master.

While every one was thus differently employed, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, Nan came into the wood-house; and there lay poor I; so weak, so low and dejected, and so stiff with my bruises, that I could not stir, or get up on my feet. I said, with a low voice, (for I could hardly speak) 'Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann!'—The creature was sadly frighted, and was taking up a billet to knock me on the head, believing I was some thief, but I cried out, 'Mrs. Ann, help me, for pity's sake! for I cannot get up!'—'Bless me,' said she, 'what! you, Madam! Why, our hearts are almost broken, and we are going to drag the pond for you, believing you had drowned yourself. Now,' said she, '**you'll make *us all alive again!***'

And, without helping me, she ran away to the pond, and brought all the servants to the wood-house. The wicked woman, as she entered said, 'Where is she? Plague of her spells and witchcrafts! She shall dearly repent of this trick, if my name be Jewkes;' and coming to me, took hold of my arm so roughly, and gave me such a pull, as made me squeal out, (my shoulder being bruised on that side,) and drew me on my face. 'O, cruel creature,' said I, 'if you knew what I have suffered, it would move you to pity me!'

Even Colbrand seemed to be concerned, and said, 'Fie, Madam, fie, you see she is almost dead! You must not be so rough with her.' The coachman, Robin, seemed to be sorry for me too, and said with sobs, 'What a scene is here! Don't you see she's all bloody in her head, and cannot stir!'—'Curse of her contrivances!' said the horrid creature, 'she has frightened *me* out of my wits, I'm sure. How the D—l came you here?'—'O!' said I, 'ask me no questions, but let the maids carry me up to my prison; and there let me die decently and in peace!' For indeed I thought I could not live two hours.

The still more inhuman tigress said, 'I suppose you want Mr. Williams to pray by you, don't you? Well, I'll send for my master this minute; let him come and watch you himself for me; for there's no such thing as holding you, I'm sure.'

So the maids took me up between them, and carried me to my chamber; and when the wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent—while every one wondered (at which I had neither strength nor inclination to tell them) how all this came to pass, which they imputed to sorcery or witchcraft.

I was so weak, when I got up stairs, that I fainted away with dejection, pain, and fatigue; and they undressed me, and got me to bed; and Mrs. Jewkes ordered Nan to bathe my shoulder, arm, and ankle, with some old rum, warmed; they cut my hair a little from the back part of my head, and washed it; for it was clotted with blood, from a pretty long, but not a deep gash; and put a family plaster upon it; for if this woman has any good quality, it is, it seems, in a readiness and skill to manage in cases where sudden misfortunes happen in a family.

After this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing sleep, and lay till twelve o'clock tolerably easy, considering I was very feverish, and aguishly inclined. She took a deal of care to fit me to undergo more trials, which I had hoped would have been happily ended: but Providence did not see fit.

She would make me rise about twelve; but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the bed was made, and went into it again: and was, as they said, delirious some part of the afternoon. Having a tolerable night on Thursday, I was a good deal better on Friday, and on Saturday got up and eat a little spoon-meat, and my feverishness seemed to be gone; and I was so mended by evening, that I begged her indulgence in my closet, to be left to myself; which she consented to, it being double-barred the day before, and I assuring her, that all my contrivances, as she called them, were at an end. But first she made me tell the whole story of my enterprise; which I did very faithfully, knowing now that nothing could stand me in any stead, or contribute to my safety or escape: and she seemed full of wonder at my resolution; but told me frankly, that I should have found it a hard matter to get quite off; for she was provided with a warrant from my master, (who is a justice of peace in this county, as well as in the other) to get me apprehended, if I *had* got away, on suspicion of wronging him, let me have been where I would.

O how deep laid are the mischiefs designed to fall on my devoted head! —Surely, surely, I cannot be worthy of all this contrivance!—This too well shows me the truth of what was hinted to me formerly at the other house, that my master swore he would *have* me! O preserve me, Heaven! from being *his* in his own wicked sense of the abjuration!

I must add, that now the woman sees me recover so fast, she uses me worse, and has abridged me of paper, all but one sheet, which I am to show her written or unwritten, on demand: and has reduced me to one pen: yet my hidden stores stand me in stead. But she is more and more snappish and cross; and tauntingly calls me Mrs. Williams, and any thing she thinks will vex me.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Mrs. Jewkes has thought fit to give me an airing for three or four hours this afternoon. I am a good deal better; and should be much more so, if I knew for what I was reserved. But health is a blessing hardly to be coveted in my circumstances, since that but exposes me to the calamity I am in continual apprehension of; whereas a weak and sickly state might possibly move compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed master; though I am sure I have done him no harm.

Just now we heard that he had like to have been drowned in crossing the stream, a few days ago, in pursuing his game. What is the matter, that, with all his ill usage of

me, I cannot hate him? To be sure, I am not like other people! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him; but yet, when I heard his danger, which was very great, I could not in my heart forbear rejoicing for his safety; though his death would have ended my afflictions. Ungenerous master! if you knew this, you surely would not be so much my persecutor! but for my good lady's sake I must wish him well; and oh what an angel would he be in my eyes yet, if he would cease his attempts and reform!

Well, I hear, by Mrs. Jewkes, that John Arnold is turned away, being detected in writing to Mr. Williams; and that Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan, the butler, have incurred his displeasure, for offering to speak in my behalf. Mrs. Jervis too is in danger; for all these three probably went together to beg in my favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. Jewkes has, with the news about my master, received a letter; but she says the contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already known.

Just now the horrid creature tells me, as a secret, that she has reason to think he has found out a way to satisfy my scruples: it is, by marrying me to this dreadful Colbrand, and buying me of him on the wedding-day, for a sum of money!—Was ever the like heard?—She says it will be my duty to obey my husband: and that Mr. Williams will be forced, as a punishment, to marry us; and that when my master has paid for me, and I am surrendered up, the Swiss is to go home again, with the money, to his former wife and children; for she says, it is the custom of those people to have a wife in every nation.

But this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! Yet, abominable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some plot now hatching!—With what strange perplexities is my poor mind agitated! Perchance, some sham-marriage may be designed on purpose to ruin me: but can a husband sell his wife against her own consent? And will such a bargain stand good in law?

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THE 32ND, 33RD, AND 34TH, DAYS OF MY IMPRISONMENT.

NOTHING offers these days but squabblings between Mrs Jewkes and me, she grows worse and worse to me. I vexed her yesterday, because she talked nastily; and told her she talked more like a vile London prostitute, than a gentleman's housekeeper; and she thinks she cannot use me bad enough for it. She curses and storms at me like a trooper, and can hardly keep her hands off me. You may believe she must talk sadly, to make me say such harsh words: indeed it cannot be repeated: as she is a disgrace to her sex. And then she ridicules me, and laughs at my notions of honesty; and tells me, impudent creature as she is! what a fine bed-fellow I shall make for my master (and such like,) 'with such whimsical notions about me!'—Do you think this is to be borne? And yet she talks worse than this, if possible! Quite filthily! O what vile hands am I put into!

THURSDAY.

I HAVE now every reason to apprehend my master will be here soon; for the servants are busy in setting the house to rights; and a stable and coach-house are cleaning out, that have not been used some time. I asked Mrs. Jewkes; but she tells me nothing, nor will hardly

answer me when I ask her a question. Sometimes I think she puts on these strange wicked airs to me, purposely to make me wish for, what I dread most of all things, my master's coming down. *He* talk of love! —If he had the least notion of regard for me, he would not give this naughty body such power over me. And if he *does* come, where is his promise of not seeing me without I consent to it? But it seems, *his honour owes me nothing*. So he tells me in his letter. And why? Because I am willing to keep mine. But, indeed, he says, *he hates me perfectly;* and it is plain he does, or I should not be left to the mercy of this woman; and, what is worse, to my woful apprehensions.

FRIDAY, THE 36TH DAY OF MY IMPRISONMENT.

I TOOK the liberty yesterday afternoon, finding the gates open, to walk out before the house, and before I was aware, had got to the bottom of the long row of elms; and there I sat myself down upon the steps of a broad stile, which leads into the road, and goes toward the town. And as I sat musing about what always busies my mind, I saw several people running towards me from the house, men and women, as in a fright. At first I wondered what was the matter, till they came nearer: I found they were all alarmed, thinking I had attempted to get off. There were first the horrible Colbrand, running with his long legs, well nigh two yards at a stride: then there was one of the grooms, poor Mr. Williams's robber; then I spied Nan half out of breath, and the cook maid after her; and lastly came waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. Jewkes, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. Colbrand said, 'O how have you frighted us all!'—And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I sat still to let them see I had no view to get away; for, besides the improbability of succeeding, my last sad attempt had cured me of enterprising again. And when Mrs. Jewkes came within hearing, I found her terribly incensed, and raving about my contrivances.

'Why,' said I, 'should you be so concerned? Here I have sat a few minutes. and had not the least thought of getting away, or going farther; but to return as soon as it was duskish.' She would not believe me; and the barbarous creature struck at me with her horrid fist, and, I believe would have felled me, had not Colbrand interposed and said he saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least inclination to stir. But this would not serve: she ordered the two maids to take me each by an arm, and lead me back into the house, and up stairs; and there have I been locked up ever since without shoes. In vain have I pleaded, that I had no design, as indeed I had not. Last night I was forced to lie between her and Nan; and I find she is resolved to make a handle of this against me, in her own behalf. Indeed, what with her usage, and my own apprehensions of still worse, I am quite weary of my life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my shoes, and has laid her imperious commands upon me, to dress myself in a suit of clothes out of the portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against three or four o'clock; for, she says, she is to have a visit from Lady Darnford's two daughters, who come purposely to see me; and so she gave me the key of the portmanteau. But I did not obey her; and I told her I would not be made a show of, nor see the ladies. She

left me, saying, it should be worse for me if I did not. But how can that be?

FIVE O'CLOCK IS COME,

And no young ladies!—So that I fancy—But hold! I hear their coach, I believe. I'll step to the window. I won't go down to them, I am resolved.

Good Sirs! good Sirs! What will become of me? Here is my master come in his fine chariot! Indeed he is!—What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself?—O! what shall I do? Pray for me! But O! you will not see this!—Now, good God of Heaven, preserve me! if it is thy blessed will!

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Though I dread to see him, yet, I wonder I have not. No doubt something is resolving against me, as he stays to hear all her stories. I can hardly write; yet as I can do nothing else, I know not how to forbear!—I cannot hold my pen—How crooked and trembling the lines!—I must leave off till I can get quieter fingers!—Why should the guiltless tremble so, when the guilty can possess their minds in peace?

SATURDAY MORNING.

Now let me give you an account of what passed last night; for I had no power to write, nor yet opportunity, till now.

This vile woman held my master till half an hour after seven: and he came hither about five in the afternoon. And then I heard his voice on the stairs, as he was coming up to me. It was about his supper; for he said, 'I shall choose a boiled chicken, with butter and parsley,' and up he *came*.

He put on a stern and majestic air; and he can look very majestic when he pleases. 'Well, perverse Pamela, ungrateful runaway,' said he, for my first salutation; 'You do well, don't you, to give me all this trouble and vexation?' I could not speak; but throwing myself on the floor, hid my face, and was ready to die with grief and apprehension.—He said, 'Well may you hide your face! well may you be ashamed to see me, vile forward one as you are!' I sobbed, and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the door, and called Mrs. Jewkes. 'There,' said he, 'take up that fallen angel!—Once I thought her as innocent as an angel: but I have now no patience with her. The little hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my weakness in her favour, and that I'll raise her from the floor myself. But I shall not touch her. No,' said he, 'let such fellows as Williams be taken in by her artful wiles! I know her now, and she is for any fool's turn that will be caught by her.'

I sighed as if my heart would break!—And Mrs. Jewkes lifted me up upon my knees; for I trembled so I could not stand. 'Come,' said she, 'Mrs. Pamela, learn to know your best friend! Confess your unworthy behaviour, and beg his honour's forgiveness of all your faults.' I was ready to faint; and he said, 'She is mistress of arts, I'll assure you; and will music a fit, ten to one in a minute.'

I was struck to the heart at this, but could not speak presently; only lifted my eyes up to Heaven!—And at last said, 'God forgive you, Sir!'—He seemed in a great passion, and walked up and down the room, casting sometimes an eye upon me, and seeming as if he would have spoken, but checked himself.—And at last he said, 'When she was cured

this her *first part* over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall *soon* know what she has to trust to.'

And so he went out of the room; and I was quite sick at heart, 'Surely,' said I, 'I am the wickedest creature that ever breathed!'—'Well,' said the impertinent, 'not so wicked as *that* neither; but I am glad you begin to see your faults. Nothing like being humble!—Come, I'll stand your friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future.—Come, come,' added the wretch, 'this may be all made up by to-morrow morning, if you are not a fool.'—'Begone, hideous woman!' said I, 'and let not my afflictions be added to by thy inexorable cruelty, and unwomanly wickedness.'

She gave me a push, and went away in a violent passion. It seems she made a story of this; and said, I had such a spirit, there was no bearing it.

I laid down on the floor, and had no power to stir, till the clock struck nine; and then the wicked woman came up again. 'You must come down stairs,' said she, 'to my master; that is, if you please, spirit!'—Said I, 'I believe I cannot stand.'—'Then,' said she, 'I'll send Monsieur Colbrand to carry you down.'

I got up as well as I could, and trembled all the way down stairs; she went before me into the parlour; and a new servant that he had waiting on him, instead of John, withdrew as soon as I came in: and, by the way, he had a new coachman too; which looked as if Bedfordshire Robin was turned away.

'I thought,' said he, when I came down, 'you should have sat at table with me, when I had not company; but when I find you cannot forget your original, but must prefer my menials to me, I call you down *to wait on* me while I sup, that I may have some talk with you, and throw away as little time as possible upon you.'

'Sir,' said I, 'you do me honour to wait upon you: and I never shall, I hope, forget my original.' But I was forced to stand behind his chair, that I might hold by it.

'Fill me,' said he, 'a glass of that Burgundy.' I went to do it, but my hand shook so, that I could not hold the plate with the glass in it, and spilt some of the wine. So Mrs. Jewkes poured it for me, and I carried it as well as I could, and made a low curtsey. He took it, and said, 'Stand behind me, out of my sight!'

'Why, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he, 'you tell me, she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing.'—'No,' said she, 'not so much as will keep life and soul together.'—'And is always crying, you say, too?'—'Yes, Sir,' answered she, 'I think she is, for one thing or another.'—'Aye,' said he, 'your young wenches will feed upon their tears; and their obstinacy will serve them for meat and drink. I think I never saw her look better in my life.—But, I suppose, she lives upon love.—The sweet Mr. Williams, and her little villainous plots together, have kept her alive and well for mischief, love and contradiction, are the natural aliments of a woman.'

I was forced to hear all this, and be silent; and indeed my heart was too full to speak.

'And so you say,' said he, 'that she had *another* project, but yesterday, to get away?'—'She denies it herself,' said she; 'but it had all the appearance of one. I'm sure she made me in a fearful pucker about it. I'm glad your honour is come; and, I hope, whatever be your honour's intention concerning her, you will not be long about it; for you'll find her as slippery as an eel, I'll assure you.'

'Sir,' said I, and clasping his knees with my arms, not knowing what I did, and falling on my knees, 'have mercy on me, and hear me, concerning that wicked woman's usage of me.'

He cruelly interrupted me, and said, 'I am satisfied she has done her duty: it signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. Jewkes. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cause before me, is owing to her care of you; else you had been with the parson.

Wicked girl!' said he, 'to tempt a man to undo himself, as you have done him, at a time I was on the point of making him happy for his life!'

I rose; but said, with a deep sigh, 'I have done, Sir!—I have done!—I have a strange tribunal to plead before. The poor sheep, in the fable had such an one; when it was tried before the vulture, on the accusation of the wolf!'

'So, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he 'you are the wolf, I the vulture, and this the poor innocent lamb on her trial before us!—Oh! you don't know how well this innocent is read in reflection. She has wit at will, when she has a mind to display her innocence, at the price of other people's character

'Well,' said the aggravating creature, 'this is nothing to what she has called me; I have been a Jezebel, a London prostitute, and what not!—But I am content with her ill names, now I see it is her fashion, and she can call your honour a villain.'

Said I, 'I had no thought of comparing my master'—And was going to say more; but he said, 'Don't prate, girl!'—'No,' said she, 'it don't become you, I am sure.'

'Well,' said I, 'since I must not speak, I will hold my peace; but there is a righteous Judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts and to him I appeal.'

'See there!' said he: now 'this meek, good creature is praying for fire from Heaven upon us! O she can curse most heartily, in the spirit of Christian meekness, I'll assure you.—Come, saucy-face, give me another glass of wine.

So I did, as well as I could; but wept so, that he said, 'I suppose I shall have some of your tears in my wine!'

When he had supped, he stood up, and said, 'O how happy for you it is, that you can, at will, make your speaking eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their brilliancy! You have been told, I suppose, that you are *most* beautiful in your tears!—Did you ever,' said he to *her*, (who all this while was standing in one corner of the parlour) 'see a more charming creature than this? Is it to be wondered at, that I demean myself thus to take notice of her?—See,' said he, and took the glass with one hand, and turned me round with the other, 'what a shape, what a neck! what a hand! and what a bloom on that lovely face! But who can describe the tricks and artifices that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful heart! 'Tis no wonder the poor parson was infatuated with her, I blame him less than I do her; for who could expect such artifice in so young a sorceress?'

I went to the further part of the room, and held my face against the wainscot; and, in spite of all I could do to refrain crying, sobbed as if my heart would break. He said, 'I am surprised, Mrs. Jewkes, at the mistake of the letters you tell me of! But, you see, I am not afraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private correspondences, and reveal every secret that comes to my knowledge,

and then corrupt people to carry my letters against their duty, and all good conscience.'

'Come hither, hussey,' said he, 'you and I have a dreadful reckoning to make.—Why don't you come, when I bid you!'—'Fie upon it, Mrs. Pamela,' said she; 'what, not stir, when his honour commands you to come to him? Who knows but his goodness will forgive you?'

He came to me (for I had not power to stir,) and put his arm about my neck, and would kiss me; and said, 'Well, Mrs. Jewkes, if it were not for the thought of this cursed parson, I believe in my heart, so great is my weakness, that I could *yet* forgive this intriguing little slut, and take her to my bosom.'

'O,' said the sycophant, 'you are very good, Sir, very forgiving, indeed!—But come,' added the profligate wretch, 'I hope you will be so good as to take her to your bosom; and that, by to-morrow morning, you'll bring her to a better sense of her duty!'

Could any thing in womanhood be so vile? I had no patience, but yet grief and indignation choked up the passage of my words; and I could only stammer out a passionate exclamation to heaven, to protect my innocence. But the word was the subject of their ridicule. Was ever poor creature worse beset!

He said, as if he had been considering whether he could forgive me or not,—'No, I cannot yet forgive her neither. She has given me great disturbance; has brought great discredit upon me, both abroad and at home; has corrupted all my servants at the other house; has despised my honourable views and intentions to her, and sought to run away with this ungrateful parson. And surely I ought not to forgive all this!' Yet, with all this wretched grimace, he kissed me again, and would have put his hand into my bosom: but I struggled, and said, I would die before I would be used thus. 'Consider, Pamela,' said he, in a threatening tone, 'consider where you are! and don't play the fool: if you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you expect.—But, take her up stairs, Mrs. Jewkes, and I'll send a few lines to her to consider of;—and let me have your answer, Pamela, in the morning. Till then you have to resolve: and after that your doom is fixed. So I went up stairs, and gave myself up to grief, and expectation of what he would send; but yet I was glad of this night's reprieve.

He sent me, however, nothing at all. And about twelve o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and Nan came up, as the night before, to be my bedfellows; and I would go to bed with some of my clothes on: which they muttered at sadly; and Mrs. Jewkes railed at me particularly; indeed I would have sat up all night, for fear, if she would have let me. For I had but very little rest that night, apprehending this woman would let my master in. She did nothing but praise him and blame me; but I answered her as little as I could.

He has Sir Simon Tell-tale, alias Darnford, to dine with him to-day, whose family sent to welcome him into the country; and it seems, the old knight wants to see me; so I suppose I shall be sent for, as Samson was, to make sport for him. Here I am, and must bear it all.

TWELVE O'CLOCK, SATURDAY NOON.

JUST now he has sent me up, by Mrs. Jewkes, the following proposals. So here are the honourable intentions all at once laid open. They are, my dear parents, to make me a vile kept mistress: which I hope, I shall always detest the thoughts of

But you'll see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desired, could I have honestly promoted it, your welfare and happiness. I have answered them as I am sure you'll approve, and I am prepared for the worst; for though I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and though my poor strength will not be able to defend me, yet I will be innocent of crime in my intention, and in the sight of God; and to Him leave the avenging of all my wrongs. I shall write to you my answer against his articles, and hope the best, though I fear the worst. But if I should come home to you ruined and undone, and may not be able to look you in the face, yet pity and inspirit the poor Pamela, to make her little remnant of life easy; for long I shall not survive my disgrace: and you may be assured it shall not be my fault, if it be my misfortune.

'TO MRS. PAMELA ANDREWS.

'*The following* ARTICLES *are proposed to your serious consideration; and let me have an answer, in writing to them; that I may take my resolutions accordingly. Only remember that I will not be trifled with; and what you give for an answer, will absolutely decide your fate, without expostulation, or further trouble.*'

THIS IS MY ANSWER.

'*Forgive, Sir, the spirit your poor servant is about to show in her answer to your Articles. Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an occasion as the present, would show a degree of guilt that, I hope, my soul abhors. I will not trifle with you, nor act like a person doubtful of her own mind, for it wants not one moment's consideration with me, and I therefore return the* ANSWER *following, let what will be the consequence.*'

'*Article* I. If you can convince me that the hated parson has had no encouragement from you in his addresses, and that you have no inclination for him, in preference to me, then I will offer the following proposals to you, which I will punctually make good.'

'*Answer.* As to the first article, Sir, it may behove me, (that I may not deserve, in your opinion, the opprobrious terms of *forward* and *artful*, and such like) to declare solemnly, that Mr. Williams never had the least encouragement from me, as to what you hint; and I believe his principal motive was the duty of his function, quite contrary to his apparent interest, to assist a person he thought in distress. You may, Sir, the rather believe me, when I declare, that I know not the man breathing I would wish to marry; and that the only one I could honour more than another, is the gentleman, who, of all others, seeks my everlasting dishonour.'

'*Art.* II. I will directly make you a present of five hundred guineas, for your own use, which you may dispose of to any purpose you please: and I will give it absolutely into the hands of any person you shall appoint to receive it; and expect no favour in return, till you are satisfied in the possession of it.'

'*Answer.* As to your second proposal, let the consequence be what it will, I reject it with all my soul. Money, Sir, is not my chief good; may God Almighty desert me whenever it is; and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my title to that blessed hope which will stand me in stead, at a time when millions of gold will not purchase one happy moment of reflection on a past miss-spent life.'

'*Art.* III. I will likewise directly

make over to you a purchase I lately made in Kent, which brings in two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, clear of all deductions.—This shall be made over to you in full property for your life, and for the lives of any children to perpetuity that you may happen to have: and your father shall be immediately put into possession of it, in trust for these purposes: and the management of it will yield a comfortable subsistence to him and your mother for life; and I will make up any deficiencies, if such should happen, to that clear sum, and allow him fifty pounds per annum besides, for his life, and that of your mother, for his care and management of this your estate.'

'*Answer.* Your third proposal, Sir, I reject for the same reason; and am sorry you could think my poor honest parents would enter into their part of it, and be concerned for the management of an estate, which would be owing to the prostitution of their poor daughter. Forgive, Sir, my warmth on this occasion; but you know not the poor man, and the poor woman, my ever dear father and mother, if you think that they would not much rather choose to starve in a ditch, or rot in a noisome dungeon, than accept of the fortune of a monarch upon such wicked terms. I dare not say all that my full mind suggests to me on this grievous occasion.—But, Sir, you know them not; nor shall the terrors of death, in its most frightful form, I hope, through God's assisting grace, ever make me act unworthy of such poor honest parents.'

'*Art.* IV. I will, moreover, extend my favour to any other of your relations, that you may think worthy of it, or that are valued by you.'

'*Answer.* Your fourth proposal I take upon me, Sir to answer as the third.—If I have any friends that want the favour of the great, may they *ever* want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy terms!'

'*Art.* V. I will, besides, order patterns to be sent you for choosing four complete suits of rich clothes, that you may appear with reputation as if you were my wife. And I will give you the two diamond rings, and two pair of ear-rings, and diamond necklace, that were bought by my mother, to present to Miss Tomlins, if the match that was proposed between her and me had been brought to effect: and I will confer upon you still *other* gratuities, as I shall find myself obliged by your good behaviour and affection.'

'*Answer* Fine clothes Sir, become not me; nor have I any ambition to wear them. I have greater pride in my poverty and meanness, than I should have in dress and finery. Believe me, Sir, I think such things less become the humble-born Pamela than the rags your good mother raised me from. Your rings, Sir, your necklace, and your ear-rings, will better befit ladies of degree than me: and to lose the best jewel, my virtue, would be poorly recompensed by those you propose to give me. What should I think, when I looked upon my finger, or saw, in the glass, those diamonds on my neck, and in my ears, but that they were the price of my honesty, and that I wore those jewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly?'

'*Art.* VI. Now, Pamela, will you see, by this, what a value I set upon the free-will of a person *already* in my power; and who, if these proposals are not accepted, shall find that I have not taken all these pains, and risked my reputation, without resolving to gratify my

passion for you, at all adventures; and if you refuse, I will accomplish my purpose without making any terms at all.'

'*Answer.* I know, Sir, by woful experience, that I am in your power: I know all the resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and perhaps stand me in little stead: I dread your *will* to ruin me is as great as your *power*: yet, Sir, will I dare to tell you, that I will make no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I *can* do, poor as it is, I *will* do, to convince you that your offers shall have no part in my choice: and if I cannot escape the violence of man, I hope by God's grace, I shall have nothing to reproach myself, for not doing all in my power to avoid my disgrace; and then I can safely appeal to the great God, my only refuge and protector, with this consolation, that my will bore no part in the violation.

'*Art.* VII. You shall be mistress of my person and fortune, as much as if the foolish ceremony had passed. All my servants shall be your's: and you shall choose any two persons to attend yourself, either male or female, without any control of mine; and if your conduct be such, that I have reason to be satisfied with it, I know not (but will not engage for this) that I may, after a twelve-month's cohabitation, marry you; for if my love increases for you, as it has done for many months past, it will be impossible for me to deny you any thing.

'And now, Pamela, consider well if it is in your power to oblige me on such terms as will make yourself, and all your friends happy; but this will be over this very day, irrecoverably over: and you shall meet with all you fear, without the least benefit arising from it to yourself.

'I beg you will well weigh the matter, and comply with my proposals: and I will instantly set about securing to you the full effect of them; and let me if you value yourself, experience a grateful return on this occasion, and I'll forgive all that's past.'

'*Answer.* I have not once dared to look so high as to such a proposal as your seventh article contains. Hence have proceeded all my little abortive artifices to escape from the confinement you have put me in; although you promised to be honourable to me. Your honour, well I know, would not let you stoop to so mean and unworthy a slave as the poor Pamela: all I desire is, to be permitted to return to my native meanness unviolated. What have I done Sir, to deserve it should be otherwise? For the obtaining of this, though I would not have *married* your chaplain, yet would I have *ran away* with your meanest servant, if I had thought I could have got safe to my beloved poverty. I heard you once say, Sir, that a certain great commander, who could live upon lentiles, might well refuse the bribes of the greatest monarch; and I hope, as I contentedly live at the meanest rate, and think not myself above the lowest condition, that I am also above making an exchange of my honesty for all the riches of the Indies. When I come to be proud and vain of gaudy apparel, and outside finery; then (which I hope will never be) may I rest my principal good in such vain trinkets, and despise for them the more solid ornaments of a good fame, and a chastity inviolate.

'Give me leave to say, Sir, in answer to what you hint, that you may, in a twelve-month's time, marry me, on the continuance of my good behaviour; that *this* weighs less with me, if possible, than any thing else you have said; for in the first place, there is an end of all merit, and all good behaviour on my side, if I have *now* any, the moment I

consent to your proposals: and I should be so far from *expecting* such an honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most *unworthy* of it. What, Sir, would the world say, were you to marry your harlot?—That a gentleman of your rank in life should stoop, not only to the base-born Pamela, but to a base-born prostitute?—Little, Sir, as I know of the world, I am not to be caught by a bait so poorly covered as this!

'Yet, after all, dreadful is the thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy creature, am too fully in your power! But permit me, Sir, to pray, as I now write, on my bended knees, that before you resolve upon my ruin, you will weigh well the matter. Hitherto, Sir, though you have taken large strides to this crying sin, yet are you on *this* side the commission of it. When once it is done, nothing can recall it! And where will be your triumph?—What glory will the spoils of such a weak enemy yield you? let me but enjoy my poverty with honesty, is all my prayer; and I will *bless* you, and *pray for* you, every moment of my life! Think, O think! be-before it is yet too late, what stings, what remorse, will attend your dying hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruined, perhaps soul and body, a wretched creature, whose only pride was her virtue! And how pleased you will be, on the contrary, if, in that tremendous moment, you shall be able to acquit yourself of this foul crime, and to plead, in your own behalf, that you suffered the earnest supplications of an unhappy wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so! May God Almighty, whose mercy so lately saved you from the peril of perishing in deep waters (on which I hope you will *give me cause to congratulate you!*) *touch your heart in my favour*, and save *you* from this *sin*, and *me* from this *ruin!*—And to Him do I commit my cause; and to Him will I give the glory, and night and day pray for you, if I may be permitted to escape this great evil! *Your poor oppressed, broken spirited servant.*'

I took a copy of this for your perusal, my dear parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again, (for I hope my conduct will be approved of by you;) and at night when Sir Simon was gone, he sent for me. 'Well,' said he, 'have you considered my proposals?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'I have; and there is my answer; but pray let me not see you read it.'—'Is it your bashfulness,' said he, 'or your obstinacy, that makes you not choose I should read it before you?'

I offered to go away; and he said, 'Don't run from me; I won't read it till you are gone. But,' said he, 'tell me, Pamela, whether you comply with my proposals, or not?'—'Sir,' said I, 'you will see presently; pray don't hold me;' for he took my hand. Said he, 'Did you well consider, before you answered?' 'I did, Sir,' said I. 'If it be not what you think will please me,' said he, 'dear girl, take it back again, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute answer, and I don't like it, you are undone; for I will not sue meanly where I can command. I fear,' said he, 'it is not what I like, by your manner; and let me tell you, that I cannot bear denial. If the terms I have offered are not sufficient, I will augment them to two-thirds of my estate; for,' said he, and swore a dreadful oath, 'I cannot live without you: and, since the thing is gone so far, *I will not!*' And so he clasped me in his arms, in such a manner as quite frightened me; and kissed me two or three times.

I got from him and ran up stairs

and went to the closet, and was quite uneasy and fearful.

In an hour's time he called Mrs. Jewkes down to him! And I heard him very high in passion: and all about poor me! I heard her say it was his own fault; there would be an end of all my complaining and perverseness, if he was once resolved; and other most impudent aggravations. I am resolved not to go to bed this night, if I can help it! Lie still, lie still, my poor fluttering heart!—What will become of me!

ALMOST TWELVE O'CLOCK, SATURDAY NIGHT.

He sent Mrs. Jewkes about ten o'clock, to tell me to come to him. 'Where?' said I. 'I'll show you,' said she. I went down three or four steps, and saw her making to his chamber, the door of which was open: so I said, 'I cannot go there!'—'Don't be foolish,' said she; 'but come; no harm will be done to you.'—'Well,' said I, 'if I die, I cannot go there.' I heard him say, 'Let her come, or it shall be worse for her. I can't bear,' said he, 'to speak to her myself!'—'Well,' said I, 'I cannot come, indeed I cannot;' and so I went up again into my closet, expecting to be fetched by force.

But she came up soon after, and bid me make haste to bed; said I, 'I will not go to bed this night, that's certain!'—'Then,' said she, 'you shall be *made* to come to bed; and Nan and I will undress you.' I knew neither prayers nor tears would move this wicked woman: so I said, 'I am sure you will let my master in, and I shall be undone!'—'Mighty piece of undone,' she said: but he was too much exasperated against me, to be so familiar with me, she would assure me! 'Aye,' said she, 'you'll be disposed of *another way soon, I can tell you for your comfort*; and I hope your *husband* will have your obedience, though nobody else can have it.'—'No husband in the world,' said I, 'shall make me do an unjust or base thing.' She said that would be soon tried; and Nan coming in, 'What!' said I, 'am I to have *two* bedfellows again, these warm nights?'—'Yes,' said she, 'slippery-one; you are, till you can have *one good one* instead of us.' Said I, 'Mrs. Jewkes, don't talk nastily to me. I see you are beginning again; and I shall affront you, may be; for next to bad actions are bad words; for they could not be spoken, if they were not in the heart.'—'Come to bed, Purity!' said she. 'You are a non-such, I suppose.'—'Indeed,' said I, 'I can't come to bed; and it will do you no harm to let me stay all night in the great chair!'—'Nan,' said she, 'undress my young lady. If she won't let you, I'll help you; and, if neither of us can do it quietly, we'll call my master to do it for us; though,' said she, 'I think it an office worthier of Monsieur Colbrand!'—'You are very wicked,' said I. 'I know it,' said she; 'I am a Jezebel, and a London prostitute, you know.'—'You did great feats,' said I, 'to tell my master all this poor stuff; but you did not tell him how you beat me.'—'No, lambkin,' said she, (a word I had not heard a good while) 'that I left for you to tell; and you was going to do it, if he *vulture* had not taken the *wolf's* part, and bid the poor innocent *lamb* be silent!'—'Aye,' said I, 'no matter for your fleers, Mrs. Jewkes; though I can have neither justice or mercy here, and cannot be heard in my defence, yet a time will come, may be, when I *shall* be heard, and when your guilt will strike you dumb!'—'Aye, spirit!' said she, 'and the *vulture* too! Must we be both dumb? Why that, lambkin, will be pretty!—Then,' said the wicked

one, 'you'll have all the talk to yourself!—Then how will the tongue of the pretty lambkin bleat out *innocence*, and *virtue*, and *honesty*, till the whole trial be at an end!'—'You're a wicked woman, that's certain,' said I; 'and if you thought any thing of another world, could not talk thus. But no wonder!—It shows what hands I'm got into?'—'Aye, so it does,' said she; 'but I beg you'll undress and come to bed, or I believe your innocence won't keep you from *still worse* hands.'—'I will come to bed,' said I, 'if you will let me have the keys in my own hand; not else, if I can help it.'—'Yes,' said she, 'and then for another contrivance, another escape!'—'No, no,' said I, 'all my contrivances are over, I'll assure you! Pray let me have the keys, and I will come to bed.' She came to me, and took me in her huge arms, as if I was a feather. Said she, 'I do this to show you what a poor resistance you can make against me, if I please to exert myself; and so, lambkin, don't say to your wolf, "I *won't* come to bed!"' And set me down and tapped me on the neck: 'Ah!' said she, 'thou art a pretty creature, it's true; but so obstinate! so full of spirit! if thy strength was but answerable to that, thou wouldest run away with us all, and this great house too, on thy back!—But undress, undress, I tell you.'

'Well,' said I, 'I see my misfortunes make you very merry, and witty too: but I will *love* you, if you will humour me with the keys of the chamber-doors.'—'Are you *sure* you will love me?' said she: 'now speak your conscience!'—'Why,' said I, 'you must not put it so close; neither would you, if you thought you had not given reason to doubt it!—*But I will love you as well as I can! I would not tell a wilful lie; if I did, you would not believe me, after your hard usage.*'—'Well,' said she, 'that's all fair, I own!—But Nan, pray pull off my young lady's shoes and stockings.'—'No, pray don't,' said I, 'I will come to bed presently, since I must.' And so I went to the closet, and scribbled a little about this idle chit-chat, And she being importunate I was forced to go to bed; but with some of my clothes on, as the former night: she let me hold the two keys; for there are two locks, there being a double door, and so I got a little sleep that night, having had none for two or three nights before.

I can't imagine what she means; but Nan offered to talk a little once or twice, but she snubbed her, and said, 'I charge you, wench, don't open your lips before me: and if you are asked any questions by Mrs. Pamela, don't answer her one word, while I am here!' But she is a lordly woman to the maid-servants; and that has always been her character. O how unlike good Mrs. Jervis in every thing!

SUNDAY MORNING.

A THOUGHT came into my head; I meant no harm: but it was a little bold. For, seeing my master dressing to go to church and his chariot getting ready, I went up to my closet, and I writ—

'*The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for a gentleman of great worth and honour, who labours under a temptation to exert his great power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless maiden.* And also,

'*The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired by a poor distressed creature, for the preservation of her virtue and innocence.*'

Mrs. Jewkes came up: 'Always writing,' said she, and would see it; and straight, all that ever I could say, carried it down to my master. He looked upon it, and said, 'Tell her she shall soon see how her

prayers are answered. She is very bold: but as she has rejected all my favours, her reckoning for all is not far off.' I looked after him out of the window; and he was charmingly dressed. He is a handsome, fine gentleman!—What a pity his heart is not as good as his appearance!—Why can't I hate him?—But don't be uneasy if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his vices all *ugly him over*, as I may say.

My master sends word that he shall not come home to dinner: I suppose he dines with Sir Simon Darnford. I am much concerned for poor Mr. Williams.—Mrs. Jewkes says he is confined still, and takes on much. All his trouble is brought upon him for my sake: this grieves me much. My master it seems, will have his money from him: this is very hard; for it is three fifty pounds he gave him, as he thought, as salary for three years that he had been with him: but there was no agreement between them, and he absolutely depended on my master's favour. It was the more generous of him to run these risks for the sake of oppressed innocence! and I hope he will meet with his reward in due time. Alas for me! I dare not plead for him: that would raise my oppressor's jealousy more: and I have not interest to save myself.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Mrs. Jewkes has received a line from my master; I wonder what it is, for his chariot is come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of plots and tricks, I know not what to do!—Every thing I suspect; for now my disgrace is avowed, what can I think? to be sure, the worst will be attempted. I can only pour out my soul in *prayer to God, for his* blessed protection; but, if I must suffer, let me not be long a mournful survivor! Only let me not shorten my own time sinfully!

This woman left upon the table, in the chamber, this letter of my master's to her, and I bolted myself in till I had transcribed it; you'll see how tremblingly, by the lines. I wish poor Mr. Williams's release but this letter makes my heart ache Yet I have another day's reprieve, thank God.

'MRS. JEWKES,

'I HAVE been so pressed on Williams's affair, that I shall set out this afternoon, in Sir Simon's chariot, and with Parson Peters, who is his intercessor, for Stamford; and shall not be back till to-morrow evening, if then. As to your ward, I am thoroughly incensed against her: she has withstood her time, and now, would she sign and seal to my articles, it is too late. I shall discover something, perhaps, by him; and will, on my return, let her know, that all her ensnaring loveliness shall not save her from the fate that awaits her. But let her know nothing of this, lest it put her frightful mind upon plots and artifices. Be sure trust her not without another with you at night, lest she venture the window in her foolish rashness: for I shall require her at your hands. *Yours, &c.*'

I had but just finished taking a copy of this, and laid the letter where I had it, and unbolted the door, when she came up, in a great fright, for fear I should have seen it: but I being in my closet, and that laying as she left it, she did not mistrust. 'O,' said she, 'I was afraid you had seen my master's letter here, which I carelessly left on the table.'—'I wish,' said I, 'I had known that.'—'Why sure,' said she, 'if you had, you would not have offered to read

my letters.'—'Indeed,' said I, 'I should, at this time, if it had been in my way. Do let me see it.'—'Well,' said she, 'I wish poor Mr. Williams well off: I understand my master is gone to make up matters with him, which is very good. To be sure,' added she, 'he is a very good gentleman, and very forgiving!'—'Why,' said I, as if I had known nothing of the matter, 'how can he make matters up with him? is not Mr. Williams at Stamford?'—'Yes said she, I believe so: but Parson Peters pleads for him, and he is gone with him to Stamford, and will not be back to-night: so we have nothing to do, but to eat our suppers betimes, and get to bed.'—'Aye, that's pure,' said I; 'and I shall have good rest this night, I hope.'—'So,' said she, 'you might every night, but for your idle fears. Your are afraid of your friends when none are near you.'—'Aye, that's true,' said I; 'for I have not one near me.'

So have I one more good honest night before me; what the next may be I know not: so I'll try to take a good sleep, while I can be a little easy. Therefore, here I say, 'Good night, my dear parents;' for I have no more to write about this night; and though his letter shocks me, yet I will be as brisk as I can, that she mayn't suspect I have seen it.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

For the future I will always mistrust most when appearances look fairest. O your poor daughter! what has she not suffered since what I wrote on Sunday night! My worst trial, and my fearfullest danger! O how I shudder to write you an account of this wicked interval *of time*! For, my dear parents, will *you not be too much frightened and affected with my distress*, when I tell you that his journey to Stamford was all abominable pretence; for he came home privately, and had nigh effected all his vile purposes, and the ruin of your poor daughter; and that by such a plot as I was not in the least apprehensive of, and oh! what a vile and unwomanly part that wicked wretch Mrs. Jewkes, acted in it.

I left off with informing you now much I was pleased that I had one night's reprieve added to my honesty. But I had less occasion to rejoice than ever, as you will judge, by what I have said already. Take, then, the dreadful story, as well as I can relate it.

The maid Nan is a little apt to drink, if she can get at liquor: and Mrs. Jewkes happened, or designed, as is probable, to leave a bottle of cherry-brandy in her way, and the wench drank some of it more than she should: and when she came in to lay the cloth, Mrs. Jewkes perceived it, and scolded her sadly; for she has too many faults of her own, to suffer any of the like sort in any body else, if she can help it; and she bid her get out of her sight, when we had supped, and go to bed to sleep off her liquor before we came to bed. So the poor maid went muttering up stairs.

About two hours after, which was near eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and I went up to bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming night I should have. We locked both doors, and saw poor Nan, as I thought, (but, oh! it was my abominable master, as you shall hear by and by) sitting fast asleep, in an elbow chair, in a dark corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head and neck. Mrs. Jewkes said, 'There is that beast of a wench, fast asleep, instead of being abed! I knew,' said she, 'she had taken a fine dose.'—'I'll wake her,' said I. 'No, don't,' said she: 'let her sleep

on; we shall lie better without her.' —'Aye,' said I, 'so we shall; but won't she get cold?'

Said she, 'I hope you have no writing to-night.'—'No.' replied I, 'I will go to bed with you, Mrs. Jewkes.' Said she, 'I wonder what you can find to write about so much; and am sure you have better conveniences of that kind, and more paper, than I am aware of; and I had intended to rummage you, if my master had not come down; for I spied a broken tea-cup with ink, which gave me suspicion! but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will; and if you deceive him, it will be his own fault.'

All this time we were undressing ourselves. And I fetched a deep sigh. 'What do you sigh for?' said she. 'I am thinking, Mrs. Jewkes,' answered I, 'what a sad life I live, and how hard is my lot. I am sure, the thief that has robbed is much better off than I, bating the guilt; I should, I think, take it for a mercy to be hanged out of the way, rather than live in these cruel apprehensions.' Being not sleepy, and in a prattling vein, I began to give a little history of myself, as I did, once before, to Mrs. Jervis; in this manner:—

'Here,' said I, 'were my poor honest parents; they took care to instil good principles into my mind, till I was almost twelve years of age; and taught me to prefer goodness and poverty to the highest condition of life; and they confirmed their lessons by their own practice; for they were of late years, remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a proverb: for, *As honest as Goodman Andrews*, was a byeword.

'Well, then,' said I, 'comes my late dear good lady, and takes a fancy to me, and said she would be the making of me, if I was a good girl: she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the spinnet, in order to divert her melancholy hours! and also taught me all manner of fine needle-work; but still this was her lesson—*My good* Pamela, *be virtuous, and keep the men at a distance.* —So I was, I hope, and so I did; and yet, though I say it, they all loved me, and respected me, and would do any thing for me, as if I was a gentlewoman.

'But then, what comes next? Why, it pleases God to take my good lady; and then comes my master; and what says he? Why, in effect it is—"*Be not virtuous*, Pamela."

'So I have lived about sixteen years in virtue and reputation; and all at once, when I come to know what is good, and what is evil, I must renounce all the good, all the whole sixteen years' innocence, which, next to God's grace, I owed chiefly to my parents, and my lady's good lessons and examples, and choose the evil; so, in a moment's time, become the vilest of creatures! All this, for what, I pray? Why, truly, for a pair of diamond ear-rings, a necklace, and a diamond ring for my finger, which would not become me; for a few paltry fine clothes, which when I wore them, would make but my former poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me, especially when they knew the base terms I wore them upon. But, indeed I was to have a great parcel of guineas beside; I forgot how many; for, had they been ten times more, they would not have been so much to me as the honest six guineas you tricked me out of, Mrs. Jewkes.

'Well! but then I was to have I know not how many pounds a year for my life; and my poor father, (there was the jest of it!) was to be the manager for the abandoned prostitute his daughter; and then, (there was the jest again!) my kind,

forgiving, virtuous master would pardon me all my misdeeds!

'Yes, thank him for nothing, truly. And what, pray, are all these violent misdeeds? Why, they are for daring to adhere to the good lessons that were taught me, and not learning a new one, that would have reversed all my former; for not being contented when I was run away with, in order to be ruined, but contriving, if my poor wits had been able, to get out of danger, and preserve myself honest.

'Then was he once jealous of poor John, though he knew John was his own creature, and helped to deceive me.

'Then was he outrageous against poor parson Williams; and him has this good merciful master thrown into gaol; and for what? Why, truly, for that, being a divine, and a good man, he had the fear of God before his eyes, and was willing to forego all his expectations of interest, and assist an oppressed poor creature.

'But, to be sure, I must be forward, bold, saucy, and what not, to dare to run away from certain ruin, and to strive to escape from an unjust confinement; and I must be married to the parson, nothing so sure!

'He would have had but a poor catch of me, had I consented, but he, and *you* too, know I did not want to marry *any body*. I only wanted to go to my poor parents, to have my liberty, and not to be confined by such an unlawful restraint; which would not have been inflicted upon me, but only that I am a poor, destitute, young body, and have no friend that is able to right me.

'So, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'here is my history in brief. I am a very unhappy young creature! And why *am I so? Why* because my master *sees something in* my person that *takes his present* fancy, and because I would not be undone. I, therefore, must, and shall be undone! and this is all the reason that can be given.'

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any interruption; and I said, 'Well, I must go to the two closets, ever since an affair of the closet at the other house, though he is so far off. And I have a good mind to wake this poor maid.'—'No, don't,' said she, 'I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she'll get no harm there: and if she wakes, she may come to bed well enough, as long as there is a candle in the chimney.'

So I looked into the closets, and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my prayers, and this with my under clothes in my hand, all undressed; and passed by the poor sleeping wench, as I thought, in my return. But, O! little did I think it was my wicked, wicked master, in a gown and petticoat of her's, and her apron over his face and shoulders. What meanness will not Lucifer make his votaries stoop to, to gain their abominable ends!

Mrs. Jewkes, by this time, was got to bed, on the farther side, as she used to be; and, to make room for the maid, when she should awake. I got into bed, and lay close to her. I said, 'Where are the keys! Though,' said I, 'I am not so much afraid to-night.'—'Here,' said the wicked woman, 'put your arm under mine, and you shall find them about my wrist, as they used to be.' So I did, and the abominable designer held my hand with her right hand, as my right arm was under her left.

In less than a quarter of an hour, I said, 'There's poor Nan awake; I hear her stir.'—'Let us go to sleep,' said she, 'and not mind her; she'll come to bed when she's quite awake.'—'Poor soul,' said I, 'I'll warrant she'll have the head ache

to-morrow for this!'—'Be silent,' said she, 'and go to sleep; you keep me awake: I never found you in so talkative a humour in my life.' —'Don't chide me,' said I, 'I will but say one thing more: Do you think Nan could hear me talk of my master's offers?'—'No, no,' said she, 'she was dead asleep.'—'I'm glad of that,' said I, 'because I would not expose my master to his common servants; and I knew *you* were no stranger to his *fine* articles.' Said she, 'I think they were *fine* articles, and you were bewitched you did not close with them: but let us go to sleep.' So I was silent, and the pretended Nan (O wicked, base, villanous designer! what an unexpected plot was this!) seemed to be awaking; and Mrs. Jewkes, abhorred creature! said, 'Come Nan! what, are you awake at last? Pr'ythee come to bed; for Mrs. Pamela is in a talking fit, and won't go to sleep one while.'

At that, the pretended she came to the bed side, and sitting down in a chair where the curtain hid her, began to undress. Said I, 'Poor Mrs. Anne, I warrant your head aches most sadly! How do you do?' She answered not a word. Said the superlatively wicked woman, 'You know I have ordered her not to answer you.' And this plot, to be sure, was laid when she gave her these orders, the night before.

I heard her, as I thought, breathe quick and short: 'Indeed,' said I, 'Mrs. Jewkes, the poor maid is not well. What ails you Mrs. Anne?' And still no answer was made.

I tremble to relate it! the pretended she came into bed, but trembled like an aspen-leaf; and, I poor fool that I was! pitied her much.— But well might the barbarous deceiver tremble at his vile dissimulation, and base designs.

What words shall I find, my dear mother, (for my father should not see this shocking part,) to describe the rest, and my confusion, when the guilty wretch took my left arm, and laid it under his neck, and the vile procuress held my right; and then he clasped me round the waist'

Said I, 'Is the wench mad! Why, how now, Confidence?' thinking still it had been Nan. But he kissed me with frightful vehemence; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder, 'Now, Pamela' said he, 'is the dreadful time of reckoning come, that I have threatened.' I screamed out in such a manner, as never any body heard the like. But there was nobody to help me; and both my hands were secured, as I said. Sure never poor soul was in such agonies as I. 'Wicked man!' said I, 'wicked abominable woman!—O God! my God! this *time!* this *one time!* deliver me from this distress! or strike me dead this moment.' And then I screamed again and again.

Said he, 'One word with you, Pamela; hear me but one word; and hitherto you see I offer nothing to you.'—'Is this *nothing*,' said I, 'to be in bed here? To hold my hands between you! I will hear, if you will instantly leave the bed, and take this villanous woman from me!'

Said she, (O disgrace of woman kind!)—'What you do, Sir, do; don't stand, dilly dallying. She cannot exclaim worse than she has done: and she'll be quieter, when she knows the worst!'

'Silence!' said he to her; 'I must say one word to you, Pamela! You see, now you are in my power! You cannot get from me, nor help yourself: yet have I not offered any thing amiss to you. But if you resolve not to comply with my proposals, I will not lose this opportunity; if you do, I will yet leave you.'

'O Sir,' said I, 'leave me, and I will do any thing I ought to do.'— 'Swear then, to me,' said he, 'that

you will accept my proposals!' and then (for this was all detestable grimace) he put his hand in my bosom. With struggling and terror I fainted away, and did not come to myself soon; so that they both, from the cold sweats that I was in, thought me dying. And I remember no more than that, when with great difficulty they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the bed with her clothes on: and he on the other with his, and in his gown and slippers.

Your poor Pamela cannot answer for the liberties taken with her in her deplorable state. And when I saw them, I sat up in my bed, without any regard to what appearance I made, and nothing about my neck; and he soothing me, with an aspect of pity and concern. I put my hand to his mouth, and said, 'O tell me, yet tell me not, what have I suffered in this distress?' I talked quite wild, and knew not what; for, to be sure, I was on the point of distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter imprecation, vowed, he had not offered the least indecency: that he was frightened at the terrible manner I was taken in the fit; that he should desist from his attempt; and begged but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me and go to his own bed. 'O, then,' said I, 'take with you this most wicked woman, this vile Mrs. Jewkes, as an earnest, that I may believe you.'

'And will you, Sir,' said the wicked wretch, 'for a fit or two, give up such an opportunity as this? —I thought you had known the sex better. She is now, you see, quite well again!'

This I heard; more she might say; but I fainted away once more, *at those words*, and at his clasping *his arms about me* again. When I *came a little to myself*, I saw him sit there, and the maid Nan, holding a smelling bottle to my nose, and no Mrs. Jewkes.

He said, taking my hand, 'I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the moment I see you better, and pacified. Here's Nan knows and will tell you my concern for you. I vow to God, I have not offered any indecency to you: and, since I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the maid's bed, and the maid shall lie with you to-night. But promise me, that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you.'—'But,' said I, 'will not Nan also hold my hand! Will not she let you come in again to me?' He said, 'By heaven! I will not come in again to-night. Nan, undress yourself, go to bed, and do all you can to comfort the dear creature—and now, Pamela,' said he, 'give me your hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your repose.' I held out my trembling hand, which he kissed: and I said, 'God forgive you, Sir, as you *have been* just in my distress; and as you *will be* just to what you promise!' He withdrew with a countenance of remorse: Nan shut the doors, and at my request, brought the keys to bed.

This, O my dear parents, was a most dreadful trial. I tremble still to think of it; and dare not recall all the horrid circumstances. I hope, as he assures me, he was not guilty of indecency; but have reason to bless God, who, by disabling my faculties, empowered me to preserve my innocence; and, when all my strength would have signified nothing, magnified himself in my weakness.

I was so weak all day on Monday that I could not get out of my bed. My master showed great tenderness for me; and I hope he is really sorry, and that this will be his last attempt: but he does not say so.

He came in the morning, as soon as he heard the door open, and I began to be fearful. He stopped short of the bed, and said, 'Rather than give you apprehensions, I will come no farther.' I said, 'Your honour, Sir, and your mercy is all I have to beg.' He sat himself on the side of the bed, and asked kindly how I did; begged me to be composed; and said, I still looked a little wild. I said, 'Pray, good Sir, let me not see this infamous Mrs. Jewkes; I cannot bear her sight.'—'She sha'nt come near you all this day, if you'll promise to compose yourself.'—'Then, Sir, I will try.' He pressed my hand very tenderly, and went out. What a change does this show! O may it be lasting.—But, alas! he seems only to have altered his method of proceeding; and retains, I doubt, his wicked purpose.

On Tuesday, about ten o'clock, when my master heard I was up, he sent for me down into the parlour. As soon as he saw me, he said, 'Come nearer to me, Pamela.' I did so, and he took my hand, and said, 'You begin to look well again: I am glad of it. You little slut, how did you frighten me on Sunday night!'—'Sir,' said I, 'pray name not that night;' and my eyes overflowed at the remembrance, and I turned my head aside.

Said he, 'Place some little confidence in me; I know what those charming eyes mean, you need not explain yourself: for I assure you, that as soon as I saw you change, and a cold sweat bedew your pretty face, and you fainted away, I quitted the bed, and Mrs. Jewkes did so too. I put on my gown, and she fetched her smelling bottle, and we both did all we could to restore you; and my passion for you was all swallowed up in the concern I had for your recovery; for I never saw a fit so strong and violent in my life; and feared we should not bring you to life again; for what I saw you in once before was nothing to it. This,' said he, 'might be my ignorance of what passion your sex *can* show when they are in earnest. But this I repeat to you, that your mind may be entirely comforted.—Whatever I offered to you, was before you fainted, and that, I am sure, was innocent.'

'Sir,' said I, 'that was very bad: and it was too plain you had the worst designs.'—'When,' said he, 'I tell you the truth in one instance, you may believe me in the other; I know not, I declare, (beyond this lovely bosom) your sex; but that I did intend what you call the *worst* is most certain: though I would not too much alarm you now, I could curse my weakness and folly, which makes me own that I love you beyond all your sex, and cannot live without you. But, if I am master of myself, and my own resolution, I will not attempt to force you to any thing again.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you may easily keep your resolution, if you'll send me out of your way, to my poor parents; that is all I beg.'

'"Tis a folly to talk of it,' said he, 'You must not, shall not go! And if I could be assured you would not attempt it, you should have better usage, and your confinement should be made easier to you.'—'But to what end, Sir, am I to stay?' said I: 'you yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good resolutions; and do you think, if I was to stay, when I *could* get away, and be safe, it would not look as if either I confided too much in my own strength, or would tempt my ruin? and as if I was not in earnest to wish myself safe, and out of danger. And then, how long am I to stay? and to what purpose? and in what light must I appear to the world? Would not *that* censure me, although I might be innocent. You

will allow, Sir, that, if there be any thing valuable or exemplary in a good name, or fair reputation, one must not despise the world's censure, if one can avoid it.'

'Well,' said he, 'I sent not for you on this account, just now; but for two reasons: the first is, that you promise me, that for a fortnight to come you will not offer to go away without my express consent: and this I expect for *your own* sake, that I may give you a little more liberty. And the second is, at you will see and forgive Mrs. Jewkes; she thinks that as all her fault was her obedience to me, it would be very hard to sacrifice her to your resentment.'

'As to the first, Sir,' said I, 'it is a hard injunction, for the reasons I have mentioned. And as to the second, considering her vile unwomanly wickedness, and her endeavours to instigate you more to ruin me, when your returning goodness seemed to have some compassion upon me, it is still harder. But, to show my obedience to your commands,' (for you know, my dear parents, I might as well make a merit of my compliance, when my refusal will stand me in no stead) 'I will consent to both; and to every thing else that you shall be pleased to enjoin, which I can do with innocence.'

'That's my good girl!' said he, and kissed me: 'that is quite prudent, and shows me that you don't take insolent advantage of my favour for you; and will perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.'

So he rung the bell, and said, 'Call down Mrs. Jewkes.' She came down, and he took my hand, and put it into hers; and said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, I am obliged to you for all *your diligence* and fidelity to me; *but Pamela, I must own, is not so; because the service* I employed you in was offensive to her; and you were not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I'll assure you, she has this *once* obliged me by consenting to be friends with you; and if she gives me no great cause, I shall not put you on such disagreeable service again. Now be once more bedfellows and companions for some days longer; see that Pamela sends no letter nor messages out of the house, nor keeps a correspondence unknown to me, especially with that Williams; and, as for the rest, show the dear girl all the respect that is due to one I must love, if she will deserve it, as I hope she will yet; and let her be under no unnecessary or harsh restraints. But your watchful care is not to cease; and remember, you are not to disoblige me, to oblige her; and I will not, cannot, yet part with her.'

Mrs. Jewkes looked very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good turn, if it lay in her power. I took courage then to drop a word or two for poor Mr. Williams; but he was angry, and said he could not endure to hear his name in *my* mouth; so I was forced to have done, for that time.

All this time my papers that I had buried under the rose-bush, lay there still: I begged leave to send a letter to you. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my design: and yet I would have sent you such a letter as he might see, if I had been sure my danger was over. But that I cannot; for he now seems to take another method, and what I am more afraid of, because he may watch an opportunity, and join force with it, when I am least prepared: for now he seems to abound with kindness, and talks of love without reserve, and makes nothing of allowing himself in the liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent: but which I do not like, and especially in the

manner he does it: but for a master to do it at all to a servant, has meaning too much in it not to alarm an honest body.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

I FIND I am watched and suspected still very close: I wish I was with you; but that must not be this fortnight. I don't like this fortnight, it will be a tedious and a dangerous one to me, I doubt.

My master just now sent for me down to take a walk with him in the garden; but I like him not at all, nor his ways; for he would have his arm about my waist, and said abundance of fond things, enough to make me proud, if his design had not been apparent. After walking about, he led me into a little alcove, on the farther part of the garden; and really made me afraid of myself; for he began to be very teazing, and made me sit on his knee; and was so often kissing me, that I said, 'Sir, I don't like to be here at all, I assure you. Indeed you make me afraid!' And what made me more so, was what he once said to Mrs. Jewkes, when he did not think I heard him, and which, though always uppermost with me, I did not mention before, because I did not know how to bring it in, in my writing.

She, I suppose, had been encouraging him in his wickedness; for it was before the last dreadful trial; and I only heard what he answered.

Said he, 'I will try *once* more; but I have begun wrong: for I see terror does but add to her frost; she is a charming girl, and may be thawed by kindness; and I should have melted her by love, instead of freezing her by fear.'

Is he not a sad wicked man for this? To be sure, I blush while I write it. But I trust, that that God, who has *delivered me from the paw* of the lion and the bear, that is, his and Mrs. Jewkes's violences, will soon deliver me from this *Philistine*, that I may not *defy the commands of the living God!*

But this expression coming into my thoughts, I was of opinion I could not be too much on my guard, at all times; more especially when he took such liberties; for he professed honour while his actions did not correspond. I begged and prayed he would let me go; and had I not appeared quite regardless of all he said, and resolved not to stay, if I could help it, I know not how far he would have proceeded; for I was forced to fall down upon my knees.

At last he walked out with me, still bragging of his honour and his love, 'Yes, yes, Sir,' said I, 'your honour is to destroy mine; and your love is to ruin me, I see too plainly I will not walk with you, Sir,' said I, 'any more.'—'Do you know,' said he, 'whom you talk to, and where you are?'

You may believe I had reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said, 'As to where I am, Sir, I know it too well, and that I have no creature to befriend me; and as to whom I talk to, Sir, let me ask you what you would have me answer?'

'Why, tell me,' said he, 'what answer you would make?'—'It will only make you angry,' said I, 'and so I shall fare worse if possible,'—'I won't be angry,' said he, 'Why, then, Sir,' said I, 'you cannot be my late good lady's son; for she loved me, and taught me virtue. You cannot be my master; for no master demeans himself so to his poor servant.'

He put his arm round me, and his other hand on my neck; which made me more angry and bold; and he said, 'What then am I?'—'Why,' said I, (struggling from him, and in a great passion) 'To be

sure you are Lucifer himself, in the *shape* of my master, or you could not use me thus.'—'These are too great liberties,' said he, in anger; 'I desire that you will not repeat them, for your own sake; for if you have no decency towards *me*, I'll have none towards *you*.'

I was running from him; and he said, 'Come back, when I bid you.' Knowing every place was alike dangerous to me, and I had nobody to run to, I came back at his call; and seeing him look displeased, I held my hands together, wept, and said, 'Pray, Sir, forgive me.'—'No,' said he, 'rather say, "Pray, Lucifer, forgive me:" and now, since you take me for the devil, how can you expect any good from me? How can you expect any thing but the worst treatment from me?—You have given me a character, Pamela; and blame me not that I act up to it.'

'Sir,' said I, 'let me beg you to forgive me: I am really sorry for my boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a gentleman; and how can I express my resentment, if I mince the matter, while you are so indecent?'

'Precise fool!' said he, 'what indecencies have I offered you? I was bewitched I had not gone through my purpose last Sunday night; and then your licentious tongue had not given the worst name to little puny freedoms, that show my love and my folly at the same time. But, be gone,' said he, taking my hand, and tossing it from him, 'and learn another conduct, and more wit; and I will lay aside my foolish regard for you, and assert myself. Be gone!' said he again with a haughty air.

'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I cannot go, till you pardon me, which I beg on my bended knees. I am truly *sorry for my* boldness. But I see *how you go on:* you creep by little *and little* upon me; and now soothe me, and now threaten me; and if I should forbear to show my resentment, when you offer incivilities to me, would not that be to be lost by degrees? Would it not show, that I could bear any thing from you, if I did not express all the indignation I *could* express, at the first approaches you make to what I dread? And have you not as good as avowed my ruin? And have you once made me hope you will quit your purposes against me? How, then, Sir, can I act, but by showing my abhorrence of every step that makes towards my undoing? And what is left me but words? And can these words be other than such strong ones, as shall show the detestation, which from the bottom of my heart, I have for every attempt upon my virtue? Judge for me, Sir, and pardon me.'

'Pardon you,' said he, 'when you don't repent! When you have the boldness to justify yourself in your fault; why don't you say, you never will again offend me?'—'I will endeavour, Sir,' said I, 'always to preserve that decency towards you which becomes me. But really, Sir, I must beg your excuse for saying, that when you forget what belongs to decency in your actions, and when words are all that are left me, to show my resentment of such actions, I will not promise to forbear the strongest expressions that my distressed mind shall suggest to me; nor shall your frowns deter me, when my honesty is in question.'

'What then,' said he, 'do you beg pardon for? Where is the promise of amendment, for which I should forgive you?'—'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I own that must absolutely depend on your usage of me: for I will bear any thing you can inflict upon me with patience, even to the laying down of my life, to show my obedience to you in other cases; but I cannot be patient, I cannot be

passive, when my virtue is at stake; —It would be criminal in me if I was!"

He said, he never saw such a fool in his life! and he walked by the side of me some yards, without saying a word, and seemed vexed; and at last walked in, bidding me attend him in the garden after dinner. Having a little time, I went up, and wrote thus far.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

If, my dear parents, I am not destined more surely than ever for ruin, I have now more comfort before me than ever I yet knew: and am either nearer my *happiness* or *misery*, than ever I was. God protect me from the latter, if it be his blessed will! I have now such a scene to open to you, that I know will alarm both your hopes and your fears, as it does mine. And this it is.

After my master had dined, he took a turn into the stables, to look at his stud of horses; and, when he came in, he opened the parlour door, where Mrs. Jewkes and I sat at dinner; and, at his entrance, we both rose up; but he said, 'Sit still, sit still, and let me see how you eat your victuals, Pamela.'—'O,' said Mrs. Jewkes, 'very poorly, indeed, Sir.'—'No,' said I, 'pretty well, Sir, *considering*.'—'None of your *considerings*!' said he, 'Pretty face;' and tapped me on the cheek. I blushed, but was glad he was so good humoured; but I could not tell how to sit before him, nor to behave myself. So he said, 'I know, Pamela, you are a nice carver: my mother used to say so.'—'My lady, Sir,' said I, 'was very good to me in every thing, and would always make me do the honours of her table for her, when she was with her few select friends that she loved.'—'Cut up,' said he, 'that chicken.' I did so. 'Now,' said he, and took a knife and fork, and put a wing upon my plate, 'let me see you eat that,'—'O Sir!' said I, 'I have eat a whole breast of chicken already, and cannot eat so much.' But he said I must eat it for his sake, and he would teach me to eat heartily; so I did eat it; but was much confused at his so kind and unusual freedom and condescension. You can't imagine how Mrs. Jewkes looked and stared, and how respectful she seemed to me, and called me *good Madam*, I'll assure you, urging me to take a little bit of tart.

My master took two or three turns about the room, musing and thoughtful, as I had never before seen him; and at last he went out, saying, 'I am going into the garden; you know, Pamela, what I said to you before dinner.' I rose and curtsied, saying I would attend his honour. He said, 'Do, good girl!'

'Well,' said Mrs. Jewkes, 'I see how things will go. *O Madam*,' as she called me again 'I am sure you are to be our mistress! And then I know what will become of me.'—'Ah! Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the most of my ambition: and I hope no temptation shall make me otherwise.'

Notwithstanding I had no reason to be pleased with his treatment of me before dinner; yet I made haste to attend him. I found him walking by the side of that pond, which, for want of grace, and through a sinful despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me; and the sight of which, ever since, has been a trouble and reproach to me. And it was by the side of this pond, and not far from the place where I had that dreadful conflict, that my present hopes, if I am not to be deceived again, began to dawn; which I presume to flatter myself with being a happy omen for me, as if God Almighty would show your

sinful daughter how well I did to put my affiance in his goodness, and not to throw away myself, because my ruin seemed inevitable to my short-sighted apprehension.

So he was pleased to say, 'Well, Pamela, I am glad you are come of your own accord: give me your hand.' I did so: and he looked at me very steadily, and pressing my hand all the time, at last said, 'I will now talk to you in a serious manner.

'You have a good deal of wit, a great deal of penetration, much beyond your *years*, and, as I thought, your *opportunities*. You are possessed of an open, frank, and generous mind; and a person so lovely, that you excel all your sex in my eyes.

'All these accomplishments have engaged my affections so deeply, that, as I have often said, I cannot live without you; and I would divide, with all my soul, my estate with you, to make you mine upon my own terms. These you have absolutely rejected; and that, though in saucy terms enough, yet in such a manner, as makes me admire you the more. Your pretty chit-chat to Mrs. Jewkes, the last Sunday night, so innocent, and so full of beautiful simplicity, half disarmed my resolution before I approached your bed: and I see you so watchful over your virtue, that, though I hoped to find it otherwise, I cannot but confess my passion for you is increased by it. But now, what shall I say further, Pamela? I will make you, though a party, my adviser in this matter, though not, perhaps, my definite judge.

'You know I am not a very abandoned profligate: I have hitherto been guilty of no very enormous or vile actions. This of confining you thus, may, perhaps, be one of the worst. Had I been utterly given up to my passions, I should, before now, have gratified them, and not have shown that remorse and compassion for you, which have reprieved you more than once, when absolutely in my power; and you are as inviolate a virgin as you were when you came into my house.

'But what can I do? Consider the pride of my condition. I cannot endure the thought of marriage, even with a person of equal or superior degree to myself; and have declined several proposals of that kind: how then, with the distance between us in the world's judgment, can I think of making you my wife? Yet I must have you; I cannot bear the thoughts of any other man supplanting me in your affections: the very apprehension has made me hate the name of Williams, and use him in a manner unworthy of my temper.

'Now, Pamela, judge for me; and since I have told you, thus candidly, my mind; and I see your's is big with some important meaning, by your eyes, your blushes, and that sweet confusion which I behold struggling in your bosom, tell me, with like openness and candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you would have me do.'

It is impossible for me to express the agitations of my mind, on this unexpected declaration, so contrary to his former behaviour. His manner too had something so noble, and so sincere, as I thought, that, alas for me! I found I had need of all my poor discretion, to ward off the blow which this treatment gave to my most guarded thoughts. I threw myself at his feet; for I trembled, and could hardly stand: 'O Sir,' said I, 'spare your poor servant's confusion! O spare the poor Pamela!'—'Speak out,' said he, 'and tell me what you think I ought to do?'—'I cannot say what you *ought* to do,' answered I: 'but I only beg you will not ruin me; and if you think me virtuous, if you think me

sincerely honest, let me go to my poor parents. I will vow to you, that I will never suffer myself to be engaged without your approbation.'

Still he insisted upon a more explicit answer to his question, of what I thought he ought to do. And I said, 'As to *my* thoughts of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that I think you ought to regard the world's opinion, and avoid doing any thing disgraceful to your birth and fortune; and, therefore, if you really honour the poor Pamela with your respect, a little time, absence, and the conversation of worthier persons of my sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a regard so unworthy your condition: and this, good Sir, is the best advice I can offer.'

'Charming creature! lovely Pamela!' said he, (with an ardour that was never before so agreeable to me.) 'This generous manner is of a piece with all the rest of your conduct. But tell me, still more explicitly, what you would advise me to in this case?'

'O Sir,' said I, 'take not advantage of my credulity, and these my weak moments; but were I the first lady in the land, instead of the poor abject Pamela, I would, I *could* tell you. But I can say no more——.'

O my dear father and mother! I know you will be concerned for me: for now I am for myself.—And now I begin to be afraid I know too well the reason, why all his hard trials of me, and my black apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

But be assured still, by God's grace, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your Pamela, and if I find that he is still capable of deceiving me, and that this conduct is only put on to delude me more, I shall think nothing in this world so vile and so odious, and nothing so desperately guileful, as the heart of this man.

He generously said, 'I will spare your confusion, Pamela. But I hope I may promise myself, that you can love me preferably to any other man; and that no one in the world has had any share in your affections: for I am very jealous of what I love: and if I thought you had a secret whispering in your soul, that had not yet come up to a wish, for any other man breathing, I should not forgive *myself* to persist in my affection for you; nor *you*, if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my knees, on the grass border by the pond side, he sat himself down on the grass by me, and took me in his arms: 'Why hesitates, my Pamela?' said he. 'Can you not answer me with truth, as I wish? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.'

'O good Sir, said I, 'it is not *that;* indeed it is not: but a frightful word or two that you said to Mrs. Jewkes, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes across my mind, and makes me dread that I am in more danger than ever I was in my life.'

'You have never found me a common liar,' said he, 'too fearful and foolish Pamela! Nor will I answer how long I may hold in my present mind: for my pride struggles hard within me, I'll assure you: and if you doubt me, I have no obligation to your confidence or opinion. But, at present, I am really sincere in what I say: and I expect you will be so too; and answer directly my questions.'

'I find, Sir,' said I, 'I know not myself; and your question is of such a nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and have your kind answer to it; or else what I have to say to your question, may pave the way to my ruin, and

show a weakness that I did not believe was in me.'

'Well,' said he, 'you may say what you have overheard; for, in not answering me directly, you put my soul upon the rack; and half the trouble I have had with *you* would have brought to my arms one of the finest ladies in England.'

'O Sir,' said I, 'my virtue is as dear to me as if I was of the highest quality; and my doubts (for which you know I have had too much reason) have made me troublesome.—But now, Sir, I will tell you what I heard, which has given me great uneasiness.

'You talked to Mrs. Jewkes of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with terror, and of frost, and such like; you remember it well: and that you would, for the future, change your conduct, and try to *melt* me, that was your word, by kindness.

'I fear not, Sir, the grace of God supporting me, that any acts of kindness would make me forget what I owe to my virtue; but, Sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such acts, than by terror; because my nature is too frank and open to make me wish to be ungrateful: and if I should be taught a lesson I never yet learnt, with what regret should I descend to the grave, to think that I could not hate my undoer; and that, at the last great day, I must stand up as an accuser of the poor unhappy soul that I could wish it in my power to serve!'

Exalted girl!' said he, 'what a thought is that! Why, now, Pamela, you excel yourself! You have given me a hint that will hold me long. But, sweet creature,' said he, 'tell me what is this lesson, which you never yet learnt, and which you are afraid of learning?'

'If, Sir,' said I, 'you will again generously spare my confusion, I need not speak it: but this I will say, in answer to the question you seem most solicitous about, that I know not the man breathing that I would wish to be married to, or that ever I thought of with such an idea. I had brought my mind so to love poverty, that I hoped for nothing but to return to the best, though the poorest of parents; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them; and you know not, Sir, how you disappointed those hopes, and my proposed honest pleasures when you sent me hither.'

'Well, then,' said he, 'I may promise myself, that neither the parson, or any other man, is the secret motive to your steadfast refusal of my offers?'—'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'you may; and, as you was pleased to ask, I answer, that I have not the least shadow of a wish or thought for any man living.'

'But,' said he, (for I am foolishly jealous, and yet it shows my fondness for you) 'have you not encouraged Williams to think you will have him?'—'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I have not; but the very contrary.'—'And would you not have had him,' said he, 'if you had got away by his means?'—'I had resolved, Sir,' said I, 'in my mind, otherwise; and he knew it, and the poor man—' —'I charge you,' said he, 'say not a word in his favour! You excite a whirlwind in my soul, if you name him with kindness; and then you'll be borne away with the tempest.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I have done!' 'Nay,' said he, 'but do not have done; let me know the whole. If you have any regard for him, speak out; for it would end fearfully for *you*, for *me*, and for *him*, if I found that you disguised any secret of your soul from me in this nice particular.'

'Sir,' said I, 'if I have ever given you cause to think me sincere—'

—'Say then,' said he, (interrupting me with great vehemence, and taking both my hands between his,)—'say, that you now, in the presence of God, declare, that you have not any the most hidden regard for Williams, or any other man.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I do. As God shall bless me, and preserve my innocence, I have not.'—'Well,' said he, 'I will believe you, Pamela; and in time, perhaps, I may better bear that man's name. And if I am convinced that you are not prepossessed, my vanity makes me assured, that I need not to fear a place in your esteem, equal, if not preferable, to any man in England. But yet it stings my pride to the quick, that you was so easily brought, and at such a short acquaintance, to run away with that college novice!'

'O good Sir,' said I, 'may I be heard one thing? And though it bring upon me your highest indignation, I will tell you perhaps the unnecessary and imprudent, but yet the whole truth.

'My honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not entitled to call it *honour*) was in danger. I saw no means of securing myself from your avowed attempts. You had showed you would not stick at little matters; and what sir, could any body have thought of my sincerity, in preferring that to all other considerations, if I had not escaped from those dangers, if I could have found any way for it? I am not going to say any thing for him; but indeed, indeed Sir, I was the cause of putting him upon assisting me in my escape. I got him to acquaint me what gentry there were in the neighbourhood that I might fly to; and prevailed upon him—Don't frown at me, good Sir; for I must tell you the whole truth—to apply to one Lady Jones; to Lady Darnford; and he was so good as to apply to Mr. Peters, the minister: but they all *refused me*; and then it was he let me know that there was no honourable way but marriage. That I declined; and he agreed to assist me for God's sake.'

'Now,' said he, 'you are going—' I boldly put my hand before his mouth, hardly knowing the liberty I took! 'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'don't be angry; I have just done; I would only say, that rather than have staid to be ruined, I would have thrown myself upon the poorest beggar that ever the world saw, if I thought him honest. And I hope, when you duly weigh all matters, you will forgive me, and not think me so bold and so forward as you have been pleased to call me.'

'Well,' said he, 'even in this your last speech, which, let me tell you, shows more your honesty of heart than your prudence; you have not over much pleased me. But I *must* love you; and that vexes me. But tell me, Pamela, for now the former question recurs; since you so much prize your honour and virtue; since all attempts against that are so odious to you; and since I have avowedly made several of these attempts; do you think it is possible for you to love me *preferably* to any other of my sex?'

'Ah! Sir,' said I, 'and here my doubt recurs that you may thus graciously use me, to take advantage of my credulity.'

'*Still* perverse and doubting!' said he. 'Cannot you take me as I am at present? and that, I have told you, is sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter.'

'Ah! Sir,' replied I, 'what can I say? I have already said too much, if this dreadful *hereafter* should take place. Don't bid me say how well I can—' And then, my face glowing as the fire, I, all abashed, leaned upon his shoulder, to hide my confusion.

He clasped me to him with great

ardour, and said 'Hide your dear face in my bosom, my beloved Pamela! your innocent freedoms charm me!—But then say, how well—what?'

'If you will be good,' said I, 'to your poor servant, and spare her, I cannot say too much!—But, if not, I am doubly undone! Undone indeed!'

Said he, 'I hope my present temper will hold; for I tell you frankly, that I have known, in this agreeable hour, more sincere pleasure than I have experienced in all the guilty tumults that my desiring soul compelled me into, in the hopes of possessing you on my own terms. And, Pamela, you must pray for the continuance of this temper; and I hope your prayers will get the better of my temptations.'

This sweet goodness overpowered all my reserves; I threw myself at his feet, and embraced his knees. 'What pleasure, Sir, you give me at these gracious words is not lent your poor servant to express!—I shall be too much rewarded for all my sufferings if this goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own soul's sake, as well as mine. And, oh! how happy shall I be if—'

He stopt me, and said, 'But, my dear girl, what must we do about the world, and the world's censure? Indeed, I cannot marry.'

Now was I again struck all of a heap. However, soon recollecting myself—'Sir,' said I, 'I have not the presumption to hope such an honour. If I may be permitted to return in peace and safety to my poor parents, to pray for you there, it is all I at present request! This, Sir, after all my apprehensions and dangers, will be a great pleasure to me. And if I know my own poor heart, I shall wish you happy in a lady of a suitable degree, and rejoice most sincerely in every circumstance that shall make for the happiness of my late good lady's most beloved son.'

'Well,' said he, 'this conversation, Pamela, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid of trusting yourself with *me;* I ought to be doubtful of myself when I am with *you;*—but before I say any thing further on this subject, I will take my proud heart to task; and, till then, let every thing be as if this conversation had never passed. Only let me tell you, that the more confidence you place in me, the more you'll oblige me: but your doubts will only beget *cause* of doubts.' And with this ambiguous saying, he saluted me with a more formal manner than before, and left me his hand; we walked toward the house, side by side, he seeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented of his goodness.

What shall I do, what steps take, if all this be designing?—O the perplexities of these cruel doubtings!—To be sure, if he be false, I have gone too far! I am, on the apprehension of this, ready to bite my forward tongue, (or rather to beat my more forward heart that dictated to that poor machine,) for what I have said. But surely he must be sincere for the *time!*—He could not be such a practical dissembler!—If he could, how desperately wicked is the heart of man!—And where could he learn all these barbarous arts!—If so, it must be native surely to the sex!—But silent be my rash censurings; be hushed, ye stormy tumults of my disturbed mind; for have I not a father who is a man!—A man who knows no guile! who would do no wrong!—who would not deceive or oppress to gain a kingdom!—How then can I think it is native to the sex? And I must also hope my good lady's son cannot be the *worst* of men!—If he is,

hard the lot of the excellent woman that bore him!—But much harder the lot of your poor Pamela, who has fallen into such hands!—But I will trust in God and hope the best; and so lay down my pen for this time.

THURSDAY MORNING.

SOMEBODY rapped at our chamber door this morning, soon after it was light: Mrs. Jewkes asked who it was. My master said, 'Open the door, Mrs. Jewkes,'—'O,' said I, 'for God's sake, Mrs. Jewkes, don't.' —'Indeed,' said she, 'but I must.' —'Then,' said I, and clung about her, 'let me slip on my clothes first.' But he rapped again, and she broke from me; and I was frighted, and fobbed myself in the bed clothes. he entered, and said—'What, Pamela, so fearful, after what passed yesterday between us?'—'O Sir, Sir,' said I, 'I fear my prayers have wanted their wished effect. Pray, good Sir, consider—' He sat down on the bed-side, and interrupted me—'No need of your foolish fears; I shall say but a word or two and go away,'

'After you went up stairs,' said he, 'I had an invitation to a ball, which is to be this night at Stamford, on occasion of a wedding; and I am going to call on Sir Simon, his lady and daughters; for the bride is a relation of theirs; I shall not be at home till Saturday—I come therefore to caution *you*, Mrs. Jewkes, before Pamela, (that she may not wonder at being closer confined than for these three or four days past,) that nobody sees her, nor delivers any letter to her, in that space; for a person has been seen lurking about and inquiring after her; and I have been well informed, that either Mrs. Jervis or Mr. Longman, has written a letter, with a design of having it conveyed to her:—and,' said he, 'you must know, Pamela, that I have ordered Mr. Longman to give up his accounts, and have dismissed Jonathan, and Mrs. Jervis, since I have been here; for their behaviour has been intolerable; they have made such a breach between my sister Davers and me, as we shall never, perhaps, make up. Now, Pamela, I shall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourself to your chamber for the time I am absent, and not give Mrs. Jewkes cause of trouble or uneasiness; as, you know, she acts by my orders.'

'Alas! Sir,' said I, 'I fear all these good people have suffered for my sake!'—'Why,' said he, 'I believe so too; and there never was a girl of your innocence, that set a large family in such an uproar, surely. But let that pass. You know both of you my mind, and, in part the reason of it. I shall only say, that I have had such a letter from my sister, as I could not have expected: and Pamela,' said he, 'neither you nor I have reason to thank her, as you shall know, perhaps, at my return. I go in my coach, Mrs. Jewkes, because I take lady Darnford and Mr. Peters's niece, and one of Lady Darnford's daughters, along with me; and Sir Simon and his other daughter go in his chariot; so let all the gates be fastened: and don't take any airing in either of the chariots, nor let any body go to the gate without you, Mrs. Jewkes.'—'I'll be sure,' said she, 'to obey your honour.'

'I will give Mrs. Jewkes no trouble, Sir,' said I; 'and will keep pretty much in my chamber, and not stir so much as into the garden without her; to show you I will obey in every thing I *can*. But I begin to fear—' —'Aye,' said he, 'more plots and contrivances, don't you? But, I'll assure you, you never had less reason, and I will

you the truth; for I am really going to Stamford, *this time;* and upon the occasion I tell you. And so Pamela, give me your hand, and one kiss; and then I am gone.'

I durst not refuse, and said, 'God bless you, Sir, wherever you go! But I am sorry for what you tell me about your servants.'

He and Mrs. Jewkes had a little talk without the door; and I heard her say, 'You may depend Sir, upon my care and vigilance.'

He went in his coach, as he said he should, and very richly dressed, which looks as if what he said was likely: but really I have been used to so many tricks, plots and surprises, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. Jervis. So here is Parson Williams, poor naughty John, good Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan, turned away for me! Mr. Longman is rich indeed, and so need the less matter it; but I know it will grieve him: and for poor Mr. Jonathan, I am sure it will cut that good old servant to the heart. Alas! for me! what mischiefs am I the occasion of! Or, rather my master, whose actions towards me have made so many of my kind friends forfeit his favour for my sake!

I am very sad about these things: if he really loved me, methinks he should not be so angry that his servants loved me too. I know not what to think!

FRIDAY NIGHT.

I HAVE removed my papers from under the rose-bush; for I saw the gardener begin to dig near the spot; and I was afraid he would find them.

Mrs. Jewkes and I were looking yesterday through the iron gate that fronts the elms; and a gipsy-like body made her way up to us, and said, 'If, madam, you will give me some broken victuals, I will tell you both your fortunes.' I said, 'Let us hear our fortunes, Mrs. Jewkes.' She said, 'I don't like these sort of people: but we will hear what she'll say to us, however. I shan't fetch you any victuals, woman; but I will give you some pence,' said she.

But Nan coming out, she said, 'Fetch some bread, and some of the cold meat, and you shall have your fortune told, Nan.'

This you'll think, like some of my other matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But mark the discovery of a dreadful plot which I have made by it. O bless me! what can I think of this naughty, this very naughty gentleman? Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was:—

Mrs. Jewkes had no suspicion of the woman, the iron-gate being locked; she on the outside, and we on the inside: and so put her hand through. She said, muttering over a parcel of cramp words, 'Why, madam, you will marry soon, I can tell you.' At that she seemed pleased, and said, 'I am glad to hear that;' and shook her fat sides with laughing. The woman looked most earnestly at *me* all the time, and as if she had meaning. Then it came into my head, from my master's caution, that possibly this woman might be employed to try to get a letter into my hands; and I was resolved to watch all her motions. So Mrs. Jewkes said, 'What sort of a man shall I have, pray?'—'Why,' said she, 'a man younger than yourself; and a very good husband he'll prove.'—'I am glad of that,' said she; and laughed again. 'Come, Madam, let us hear *your* fortune.'

The woman came to me, and took my hand. 'O!' said she, 'I cannot tell your fortune: your hand is so white and fine, I cannot see the lines: but,' said she, pulling up a

little tuft of grass, 'I have a way for that; and so rubbed my hand with the mould part of the tuft: 'Now,' said she, 'I can see the lines.'

Mrs. Jewkes was very watchful of all her ways, and took the tuft, and looked upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the woman said, 'Here is the line of Jupiter, crossing the line of life; and Mars—Odd! my pretty mistress,' said she, 'you had best take care of yourself for: you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be married, I can see; and will die of your first child.'—'Out upon thee, woman!' said I, 'better thou hadst never come here.'

Said Mrs. Jewkes, whispering, 'I don't like this: it looks like a cheat: pray, Mrs. Pamela, go in this moment.'—'So I will,' said I; 'for I have enough of fortune telling.' And in I went.

The woman wanted sadly to tell me more, which made Mrs. Jewkes threaten her, suspecting still the more; and away the woman went, having told Nan her fortune that she would be drowned.

This thing ran strongly in all our heads; and we went, an hour after, to see if the woman was lurking about, and took Mr. Colbrand for our guard. Looking through the iron gate, we saw a man sauntering about the middle of the walk, which filled Mrs. Jewkes with still more suspicions; and she said, 'Mr. Colbrand, you and I will walk towards this fellow, and see what he saunters there for; and Nan, do you and Madam stay at the gate.'

So, opening the iron gate, they walked down towards the man; and I guessing the woman, if employed, must mean something by the tuft of grass, I cast my eye that way, where she pulled it, and saw more grass seemingly pulled up: then I doubted not something was there for me; so I walked to it, and standing over it, said to Nan, 'That's a pretty sort of wild flower, which grows yonder, near the elm, the fifth from us on the left; pray pull it for me.' Said she, 'It is a common weed.'—'Well,' said I, 'but pull it for me; there are sometimes beautiful colours in a weed.'

While she went on, I stooped, and pulled up a good handful of the grass, and in it a bit of paper, which I put instantly in my bosom, and dropped the grass; and my heart went pit-a-pat at the odd adventure. Said I, 'Let's go in, Mrs. Anne.'—'No,' said she; 'we must stay till Mrs. Jewkes comes.'

I was all impatience to read this paper; and when Colbrand and she returned, I went in. Said she, 'Certainly there is some reason for my master's caution: I can make nothing of this sauntering fellow; but, to be sure, there was some roguery in the gipsy.'—'Well,' said I, 'if there was, she lost her aim, you see.'—'Aye, very true,' said she; 'but that was owing to my watchfulness; and you was very good to go away when I spoke to you.'

I hasted up stairs to my closet, and found the billet to contain, in a hand that seemed disguised, and bad spelling, the following words.

'TWENTY contrivances have been thought of to let you know your danger; but all have proved in vain. Your friends hope it is not yet too late to give you this caution, if it reaches your hands. The squire is absolutely determined to ruin you; and because he despairs of any other way, he will pretend great love and kindness to you, and that he will marry you. You may expect a parson, for this purpose, in a few days; but it is a sly artful fellow of a broken attorney, that he has hired to personate a minister. The man has a broad face, pitted much with the smallpox, and is a sly good companion. So take care of

yourself. Doubt not this advice. Perhaps you'll have had but too much reason already to confirm you in the truth of it. From your zealous well wisher,

'SOMEBODY.'

Now, my dear father and mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical master! O how shall I find words to paint my grief, and his deceit! I have as good as confessed I love him; but, indeed, it was on supposing him good. This, however, has given him too much advantage. But now I will break this wicked forward heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O what a black dismal heart must *he* have! So here is a plot to ruin me, and by my own consent too! No wonder he did not improve his wicked opportunities, (which I thought owing to remorse for his sin, and compassion for me) when he had such a project as *this* in reserve!—Here should I have been deluded with the hopes of a happiness that my highest ambition could have aspired to!—But how dreadful must have been my lot, when I had found myself an undone creature, and a guilty harlot, instead of a lawful wife! Oh! this is indeed too much for your poor Pamela to support! I hoped all the worst was over; and that I had the pleasure of beholding a reclaimed man, and not an abandoned libertine. What must your poor daughter do? All her hopes now are dashed! And if this fails him, then comes my forced disgrace! for this shows he will never leave till he has ruined me!—O the wretched, wretched Pamela!

SATURDAY NOON, ONE O'CLOCK.

MY master is come home, and, to be sure, has been where he said. So *once he has* told the truth; and this *matter seems to be* gone off without a plot: no doubt he depends upon his sham wicked marriage! He has brought a gentleman with him to dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

TWO O'CLOCK.

I AM very sorrowful, and still have greater reason; for just now, as I was in my closet, opening the parcel I had hid under the rose bush, to see if it was damaged by lying so long, Mrs. Jewkes came upon me by surprise, and laid her hands upon it; for she had been looking through the key hole it seems.

I know not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private thoughts of him, and all my secrets, as I may say! What a careless creature I am!—To be sure I deserve to be punished.

You know I had the good luck, by Mr. Williams's means, to send you all my papers, down to Sunday night, the 17th day of my imprisonment. But now these papers contain all my matters from that time to Wednesday the 27th day of my distress; and which, as you may now perhaps never see, I will briefly mention the contents to you.

In these papers, then, are included an account of Mrs. Jewkes's arts to draw me in to approve of Mr. Williams's proposal for marriage; and my refusing to do so; and desiring you not to encourage his suit to me. Mr. Williams's being wickedly robbed, and a visit of her's to him; whereby she discovered all his secrets. How I was inclined to get off, while she was gone, but was ridiculously prevented by my foolish fears, &c. My having the key of the back door. Mrs. Jewkes's writing to my master all the secrets she had discovered of Mr. Williams: and her behaviour to me and him upon it. Continuance of my correspondence with Mr. Williams by

the tiles; begun in the parcel you had. My reproaches to him for thus revealing himself to Mrs. Jewkes; and his letter to me in answer, threatening to expose my master, if he deceived him; mentioning in it John Arnold's correspondence with him; and a letter which John sent, and was intercepted, as it seems. Of the correspondence being carried on by a friend of his at Gainsborough: of the horse he was to provide for me, and one for himself. Of what Mr. Williams had owned to Mrs. Jewkes; and of my encouraging his proposals. It contained a pressing letter of mine to him, urging my escape before my master came; with his half angry answer to me. Your good letter, my dear father sent to me by Mr. Williams's conveyance; in which you would have me encourage Mr. Williams, but leave it to me; and in which fortunately you take notice of my being uninclined to marry. My earnest desire to be with you. The substance of my answer to Mr. Williams, expressing more patience, &c. A dreadful letter of my master to Mrs. Jewkes, which, by mistake, was directed to me; and one to me, directed by a like mistake to her: and very free reflections of mine upon both. The concern I expressed for Mr. Williams's being taken up, deceived, and ruined. An account of Mrs. Jewkes's glorying in her wicked fidelity. A sad description I gave of Monsieur Colbrand, a person he sent down to assist Mrs. Jewkes in watching me. How Mr. Williams was arrested, and thrown into gaol; and the concern I expressed upon it; and my severe reflections on my master for it. A projected contrivance of mine, to get away out of the window, and by the back door; and throwing my petticoat and handkerchief into the pond to amuse them while I get off; an attempt that had liked to have ended very dreadfully for me! My further concern for Mr. Williams's ruin on my account; and, lastly, my overhearing Mrs. Jewkes brag of her contrivance to rob Mr. Williams, in order to get at my papers, which, however, he preserved, and sent safe to you.

These, down to the execution of my unfortunate plot to escape, are, to the best of my remembrance, the contents of the papers which this merciless woman seized; for, how badly I came off and what followed, I still have safe, as I hope, sewed in my undercoat, about my hips.

In vain were all my prayers and tears to her, to get her not to show them to my master. She said, it had now come out why I affected to be so much alone, and why I was always writing. And she thought herself happy, she said, she had found these; for often had she searched every place she could think of for writings to no purpose before. And she hoped, she said, there was nothing in them but what *any body* might see; 'For,' said she, 'you know you are all *innocence!*'—'Insolent creature!' said I, 'I am sure you are *all guilt!* And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself, and I see there is no mercy to be expected from you.'

Just now my master being come up, she went to him upon the stairs, and gave him my papers. 'There, Sir,' said she: 'you always said Mrs. Pamela was a great writer; but I never could get at any thing of her's before.' He took them, and without coming to me, went down to the parlour again. And, what with the gipsy affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to dinner; and she told him that too; and so I suppose I shall have him up stairs, as soon as his company is gone.

SATURDAY, SIX O'CLOCK.

My master came up, and in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said, 'So, Pamela, we have seized your treasonable papers!'—'Treasonable?' said I, very sullenly. 'Aye,' said he, 'I suppose so; for you are a great plotter; but I have not read them yet.'

'Then, Sir,' said I, very gravely, 'it will be truly honourable in you *not* to read them; but to give them to me again.'—'To whom,' says he, 'are they written?'—'To my father, Sir; but I suppose you *see* to whom.' 'Indeed,' returned he, 'I have not read three lines yet.'—'Then, pray Sir, *don't* read them, but give them to me again.'—'That I will not,' said he, 'till I *have* read them.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you served me not well in the letters I wrote formerly: I think it was not worthy your character to contrive to get them into your hands by that false John Arnold; for should such a gentleman as you mind what your poor servant writes?'

'Yes,' said he, 'by all means, mind what such a servant as *my* Pamela writes.'

'*Your* Pamela!' thought I. Then the sham marriage came into my head; and indeed it has not been out of it, since the gipsy affair. 'But,' said he, 'have you any thing in these papers you would not have me see?'—'To be sure, Sir,' said I, 'there is; for what one writes to one's father and mother, is not for every body to see.'—'Nor,' said he, 'am I every body.'

'Those letters,' added he, 'that I did see, by John's means, were not to your disadvantage, I'll assure you; for they gave me a very high opinion of your wit and innocence: *and* if I had not loved you, do you *think I would* have troubled myself *about your letters?*'

'Alas! Sir,' said I, great pride to me *that!* For they gave you such an opinion of my innocence, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what advantage have they brought *me*, who have been made a prisoner, and used as I have been between you and your house-keeper?'

'Why, Pamela,' said he, a little seriously, 'why this behaviour for my goodness to you in the garden! this is not of a piece with your conduct and softness there; that quite charmed me in your favour: and you must not give me cause to think you will be more insolent, as you find me kinder.'—'Ah! Sir,' said I, 'you know best your own heart and designs! But I fear I was too open hearted then; and that you still keep your resolution to undo me, and have only changed the form of your proceedings.'

'When I tell you once again,' said he, a little sternly, 'that you cannot oblige me more than by placing some confidence in me, I will let you know that these foolish and perverse doubts are the worst things you can be guilty of. But,' said he, 'I shall possibly account for the *cause* of them, in these particulars of yours; for I doubt not you have been sincere to your *father* and *mother*, though you begin to make *me* suspect you: for I tell you, perverse girl, that it is impossible you should be thus cold and insensible, after what last past in the garden, if you were not prepossessed in some *other* person's favour: and let me add, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such effects as will make every vein in your heart bleed.'

He was going away in wrath, and I said, 'One word, good Sir, one word before you read them, since you *will* read them: pray make allowances for all the harsh reflections that you will find in them on your own conduct to me.'

and remember only that they were not written for your sight; and were penned by a poor creature hardly used, and who was in constant apprehension of receiving from you the worst treatment that you could inflict upon her.'

'If that be all,' said he, 'and there be nothing of *another* nature that I *cannot* forgive, you have no cause for uneasiness; for I had as many instances of your saucy reflections upon me in your former letters as there were lines; and yet I never upbraided you on that score, though perhaps, I wish you had been more sparing of your epithets and your freedoms.'

'Well, Sir,' said I 'since you will, you *must* read them: I think I have no reason to be afraid of being found insincere, or having in any respect, told you a falsehood: because, though I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote, my heart, and that is not deceitful. Remember, Sir, another thing, that I always declared I thought myself right to endeavour to make my escape from this forced and illegal restraint: so you must not be angry that I would have done so if I could.' —'I'll judge you, never fear,' said he, 'as favourably as you deserve; for you have too powerful a pleader within me.' And so went down stairs.

About nine o'clock he sent for me down into the parlour. I went a little fearfully, and he held the papers in his hand, and said, 'Now, Pamela, you come upon your trial.' Said I, 'I hope I have a *just* judge to hear my cause.'—'Aye,' said he, 'and you may hope for a *merciful* one too, or else I know not what will become of you.'

'I expect,' continued he, 'that you will answer me directly, and plainly, to every question I shall ask you. In the first place, here are several *love-letters* between you and Williams.'—'Love-letters? Sir,' said I. 'Well, call them what you will,' said he, 'I don't entirely like them, I'll assure you, with all the allowances you desired me to make for you.'—'Do you find, Sir,' said I, 'that I encouraged his proposals?'—'Why,' said he, 'you discourage his address in appearance; but no otherwise than all your cunning sex do to ours, to make us more eager in pursuing you.'

'Well, Sir,' said I, 'that is your comment: but it does not appear so in the text.'—'Smartly said!' says he: 'where a d—l gottest thou, at these years, all this knowledge? And then thou hast a memory, as I see by your papers, that nothing escapes.'—'Alas! Sir,' said I, 'what poor abilities I have serve only to make me more miserable! I have no pleasure in my memory which impresses things upon me, that I could be glad never *were*, or everlastingly to *forget*.'

'Well,' said he, 'but where are the accounts (since you have kept so exact a journal of all that has befallen you) *previous* to these in my hand?'—'My father has them, Sir,' said I. 'By whose means?' said he, 'By Mr. Williams's,' said I. 'Well answered,' said he. 'But cannot you contrive to get me a sight of them?'—'That would be pretty!' said I. 'I wish I could have contrived to have kept those you have from your sight.' Said he, 'I *must* see them, Pamela or I shall never be easy; for I must know how this correspondence between you and Williams began: and if I *can* see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these give me hope they will.'

'I can tell you, Sir, very faithfully,' said I, 'what the beginning was; for I was bold enough to be the *beginner*.'—'That won't do,' said he; 'for though this may appear a punctilio to *you*, to me it is of high

importance.—'Sir,' said I, 'if you please to let me go to my father, I will send them to you by any messenger you shall send for them.'—'Will you so? But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you, without the trouble of such a journey to yourself: and I beg you will.'

'I think, Sir,' said I, 'as you have seen all my *former* letters through John's baseness, and now *these*, through your faithful housekeeper's officious watchfulness, you *might* see *all the rest*: but I hope you will not desire it, till I can see how much my pleasing you in this particular will be of use to myself.'

'You must trust to my honour for that. But tell me, Pamela,' said the sly gentleman, 'since I have seen *these* would you have voluntarily shown me *those*, had they been in your possession?'

I was not aware of this inference, and said, 'Yes, truly, Sir, I think I should, if you commanded it.'—'Well, then Pamela,' said he, 'as I am sure you have found means to continue your journal, I desire, till the *former part* can come, that you will show me the *succeeding*.'—'O Sir,' said I, 'have you caught me so? But indeed you must excuse me there.'

'Why,' said he, 'tell me truly, have you not continued your account till now?'—'Don't ask me Sir,' said I. 'But I insist upon your answer,' replied he.—'Why, then, Sir, I will not tell an untruth; I have.'—'That's my good girl!' said he; 'I love your sincerity at my heart.'—'In *another* Sir,' said I, 'I presume you mean!'—'Well,' said he, 'I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; because it is *in you*, and you cannot help it; but *you will* greatly oblige me, to show *me voluntarily* what you have written. *I long to see the particulars of your plot, and your disappoint*ment, where your papers leave off; for you have so beautiful a manner that it is partly that, and partly my love for you, that has made me desirous of reading all you write; though a great deal of it is against myself; for which you must expect to suffer a little: and as I have furnished you with the subject, I have a title to see the fruit of your pen. Besides,' said he, 'there is such a pretty air of romance in *your* plots, and *my* plots, that I shall be better directed in what manner to wind up the catastrophe of the pretty novel.'

'If I was your equal, Sir,' said I, 'I should say, this is a very provoking way of jeering at the misfortunes you have brought upon me.'

'O,' said he, 'the liberties you have taken with my character in your letters sets us upon a par, at least in that respect.'—'Sir, I could not have taken those liberties if you had not given me the cause; and the *cause*, Sir, you know, is before the *effect*.'

'True, Pamela,' said he, 'you chop logic very prettily. What the deuce do we men go to school for? If our wits were equal to women's we might spare much time and pains in our education, for nature teaches your sex what, in a long course of nature and study, ours can hardly attain to. But indeed every lady is not a Pamela.'

'You delight to banter your poor servant,' said I. 'Nay,' continued he, 'I believe I must assume to myself half the merit of your wit too; for the innocent exercises you have had for it from me have certainly sharpened your invention.'

'Sir,' said I, 'could I have been without those *innocent* exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a beetle.'—'But then, Pamela,' said he, 'I should not have loved you so well.'—'But

then, Sir, I should have been safe, easy, and happy.'—'Aye, may be so, and may be not; and the wife too some clouterly ploughboy.'—'But then, Sir, I should have been content and innocent; and that's better than being a princess, and not so.'—'May be not,' said he; for with that pretty face, some of us keen fox hunters should have found you out; and, in spite of your romantic notions (which then, perhaps, would not have had so strong a place in your mind,) might have been more happy with the ploughman's wife, than I have been with my mother's Pamela.'—'I hope, Sir,' said I, 'God would have given me more grace.'

'Well, but,' resumed he, 'as to these writings of yours, that follow your fine plot, I *must* see them.'—'Indeed, Sir, you *must not*, if I can help it.'—'Nothing,' said he, 'pleases me better than that in all your arts and stratagems, you have had a great regard to truth; and, in all your little pieces of deceit, told very few wilful fibs. Now I expect you'll continue this laudable rule in your conversation with me. Let me know where you have found supplies of pen, ink, and paper, when Mrs. Jewkes was so vigilant, and gave you but two sheets at a time?—Tell me the truth.'

'Why, Sir, little did I think I should have such occasion for them; but when I went away from your house I begged some of each of good Mr. Longman, who gave me plenty,'—'Yes, yes,' said he, 'it must be *good* Mr. Longman! All your confederates are good, every one of them; but such of my servants as have done their duty, and obeyed my orders, are painted by you as black as devils; so am I too, I dare say.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I hope you won't be angry; but saving *yourself* do you think they are painted worse than they deserve?'

'You say, saving myself, Pamela: but is not that saving a mere compliment to me because I am present, and you are in my hands?'—'Good Sir, excuse me; but I fancy I might ask you, why you should think so, if there was not a little bit of conscience that told you there was but too much reason for it?'

He kissed me, and said—'I must either do this, or be angry with you; for you are very saucy, Pamela. But with your bewitching chit-chat, and pretty impertinence, I will not lose my question. Where did you hide your paper, pens, and ink?'

'Some, Sir, in one place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found'—'That's a good girl?' said he, 'I love you for your sweet veracity. Now tell me where it is you hide your written papers, your saucy journal?'—'I must beg your excuse for that, Sir,' said I.—'But,' answered he, 'you will not have it; for I *will* know, and *see* them.'—'That is very hard, Sir,' said I; 'but I must say you shall not, if I can help it.'

We were standing most of the time, but he then sat down, and took me by both my hands, and said,—'Well said, my pretty Pamela, *if you can help it!* But I will not let you help it. Tell me, are they in your pocket?'—'No, Sir,' said I; my heart up at my mouth. Said he;—'I know you won't tell a downright *fib* for the world; but for *equivocation!* no Jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me, are they in neither of your pockets?'—'No, Sir,' said I. 'Are they not,' said he, 'about your stays?'—'No, Sir,' replied I: 'but pray, no more questions; for ask me ever so much, I will not tell you.'

'O,' said he, 'I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad

when the criminals won't confess; torture them till they do.'—'But pray, Sir,' said I, 'is this fair or honest? I am no criminal; and I won't confess.'

'O, my girl!' said he, 'many an innocent person has been put to the torture. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the *question*, as they call it abroad.'

'Sir,' said I, 'the torture is not used in England; and I hope you won't bring it up.'—'Admirably said!' replied he. 'But I can tell you of as good a punishment. If a criminal won't plead with us here in England, we *press* him to death, or till he does plead. And so, Pamela, that is a punishment that shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.'

Tears stood in my eyes, and I said, 'This, Sir, is very cruel and barbarous.'—'No, matter,' said he; 'it is but like your *Lucifer*, you know, in my shape! And after I have done so many heinous things by you, as *you* think, you have no great reason to judge so hardly of this; or, at least, it must be of a piece with the rest.'

'But, Sir,' said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some notion they were about me,) 'if you will be obeyed in this unreasonable manner--though it is sad tyranny, to be sure—let me go up to them, and read them over again, and you shall see so far as to the end of the sad story that follows those you have.'

'I'll see them all,' said he, 'down to this time, if you have written so far, or, at least, till within this week.'—'Then let me go up to them,' said I, 'and see what I have written, and to what day, to show them to you, for you won't desire to see every thing.'—'But, I will,' replied he. 'But say, Pamela, tell me the *truth, are they above?*' I was much *affrighted. He saw* my confusion. '*Tell me truth*,' said he. 'Why, Sir,' answered I, 'I have some times hid them under the dry mould in the garden; sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; and those in your hand were several days under a rose bush in the garden.'—'Artful slut!' said he, 'what's this to my question? Are they not *about* you?'—'If,' said I, 'I 'I must pluck them from my hiding place behind the wainscot, won't you see me?'—'Still more and more artful,' said he. 'Is this an answer to my question? I have searched every place above, and in your closet for them, and cannot find them; so I *will* know where they are. Now,' said he, 'it is my opinion they are about you; and I never undressed a girl in my life; but I will now begin to strip my pretty Pamela; and I hope I shall not go far before I find them.'

I fell a crying, and said—'I will not be used in this manner. Pray, Sir,' said I, (for he began to unpin my handkerchief) 'consider! Pray, Sir, do!'—'Pray,' said he, 'do *you* consider; for I will see these papers. But, may be,' said he, 'they are tied about your knees with your garters;' and stooped. Was ever any thing so vile and wicked? I fell on my knees, and said, 'What *can* I do? If you'll let me go up, I'll fetch them.'—'Will you,' said he, 'on your honour, let me see them all, and not offer to conceal a single paper?'—'I will, Sir.'—'On your honour?'—'Yes, Sir.'—And so he let me go up stairs, crying sadly for vexation to be so used. Sure nobody was ever so served as I am!

I went to my closet, and sat down. I could not bear the thoughts of giving up my papers. Besides I must almost undress me to untack them.—So I writ thus:—

SIR,

'To expostulate with such an arbitrary gentleman, I know will sig

nify nothing; most hardly do you use the power you so wickedly have got over me. I have heart enough, Sir, to do a deed that would make you regret using me thus: I can hardly bear it, and what I am further to undergo. But a superior consideration withholds me; thank God it does! I will, however, keep my word, if you insist upon it when you have read this; but, Sir, let me beg of you to give me time till tomorrow morning, that I may just run them over, and see what I put into your hands against me: I will then give my papers to you, without the least alteration; but I should beg still to be excused, if you please; but if not, spare them to me till tomorrow morning: and this, so hardly am I used, shall be thought a favour, which I shall be very thankful for.'

I guessed it would not be long before I heard from him; and he accordingly sent up Mrs. Jewkes for what I had promised. So I gave her this note to carry to him. He sent me word that I must keep my promise, and he would give me till morning: but that I must bring them to him without his asking again.

So I took off my under-coat, and with great trouble unsewed them. There is a vast quantity. I will slightly touch upon the subjects, because I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to see.

They begin with an account of my attempting to get away out of the window first, and then throwing my petticoat and handkerchief into the pond. How sadly I was disappointed, the lock of the back door being changed. In trying to climb over the door, I tumbled down, and was piteously bruised; the bricks giving way, and tumbling upon me. Finding I could not get off, and dreading the hard usage I should receive, I was so wicked as to think of throwing myself into the water. My sad reflections upon this matter. —How Mrs. Jewkes used me upon this occasion. How my master had liked to have been drowned in hunting; and my concern for his danger, notwithstanding his usage of me. Mrs. Jewkes's wicked reports to frighten me, that I was to be married to the ugly Swiss, who was to sell me, on the wedding day, to my master. Her vile way of talking to me, like a London prostitute. My apprehensions on seeing preparations made for my master's coming. Her causeless fears that I was trying to get away again, when I had no thoughts of it; and my bad usage upon it.—My master's dreadful arrival, and his hard, very hard, treatment of me; and Mrs. Jewkes insulting me. His jealousy of Mr. Williams and me. How Mrs. Jewkes vilely instigated him to wickedness. And down to here I put into one parcel, hoping it would content him. But, for fear it should not, I put into another parcel the following: *viz.*

A copy of his proposals to me, of a great parcel of gold, fine clothes, and rings, and an estate of I can't tell what a year; and fifty pounds a year for the life of both you, my dear parents, to be his mistress; with an insinuation that he would marry me at a year's end: all sadly vile: threatening, if I did not comply, to ruin me without allowing me any thing. A copy of my answer, refusing all, with just abhorrence: but begging at last his goodness and mercy towards me, in the most moving manner I could think of. An account of his angry behaviour, and Mrs. Jewkes's wicked advice hereupon. His trying to get me to his chamber; and my refusal to go. A deal of stuff and chit-chat between me and the odious Mrs. Jewkes, in which she was very wicked and insulting. Two notes I wrote, as if

to be carried to church, to pray for his reclaiming, and my safety, which Mrs. Jewkes seized, and officiously showed him. A confession of mine, that, notwithstanding his bad usage, I could not hate him. My concern for Mr. Williams. A horrid contrivance of my master's to ruin me; being in my room, disguised in the maid's clothes, who lay with me and Mrs. Jewkes. How narrowly I escaped, (it makes my heart ache to think of it!) by falling into fits. Mrs. Jewkes's detestable part in this affair.—How he seemed moved at my danger, forbore his abominable designs, and assured me he had offered no indecency. How ill I was for a day or two after, and how kind he seemed. How he made me forgive Mrs. Jewkes. How, after this, and great kindness pretended, he made rude offers to me in the garden, which I escaped. How I resented them. Then I had written, how kind he was to me, praised me, and gave me great hopes of his being good at last. Of the too tender impression this made upon me; and how I began to be afraid of my own weakness and consideration for him, though he had used me so ill. How sadly jealous he was of Mr. Williams; and how I, as I justly could, cleared myself as to his doubts on that score. How, when he had raised me up to the highest hope of his goodness, he again deceived me, and went off more coldly. My free reflections upon this trying occasion.

This brought down matters from Thursday, the 20th day of my imprisonment, to Wednesday the 41st. Here I was resolved to end, let what would come; for only Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, remains to give an account of. Thursday he set out to a ball at Stamford; Friday was the gipsy story; and this is Saturday, his return from Stamford. Truly, I shall have but little heart to write, if he is to see all.

These two parcels of papers I have got ready for him against tomorrow morning. I have always used him very freely in my writings, and showed him no mercy; but he must thank himself for it; as I have only written truth; and I wish he had deserved a better character at my hands, as well for his own sake as mine. I don't know whether you'll ever see what I write, yet I must say, that I will go to bed, remembering you in my prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: so, my dear parents, good night.

SUNDAY MORNING.

I REMEMBERED what he said, of not being obliged to ask again for my papers; and what I should be forced to do, I thought I would do in such a manner as might show I would not disoblige on purpose: though I stomached this matter very heavily. I therefore got in readiness my two parcels! and he, not going to church in the morning, bid Mrs. Jewkes tell me he was gone into the garden.

I knew that was for me to go to him; and so I went; for how can I help being at his beck! which grieves me not a little, though he is my master. I am wholly in his power, and it would do me no good to incense him; if I refused to obey in little matters, my refusal in greater would have the less weight. So I went down to the garden; but as he walked in one walk, I took another, that I might not seem too forward.

He soon 'spied me, and said—'Do you expect to be courted to come to me;'—'Sir,' said I, crossing the walk to attend him, 'I did not know but I should interrupt you in your meditations this good day.'

'Was that the case,' said he, 'truly, and from your heart?'—'Why, Sir,' said I, 'I don't doubt but you

have very good thoughts sometimes; though not towards me.'—'I wish,' said he, 'I could avoid thinking so well of you as I do. But where are the papers:—I dare say you had them about you yesterday: for you say in those I have, that you will bury your writings in the garden, lest you should be *searched*, if you did not escape. This,' added he, 'gave me a glorious pretence to search you; and I have been vexing myself all night, that I did not strip you garment by garment, till I had found them.'—'O fie, Sir,' said I, 'let me not be scared, with hearing that you had such a thought in earnest.'

'Well,' said he, 'I hope you have not now the papers to give me: for I had rather find them myself, I'll assure you.'

I did not like this way of talk, at all; and thinking it best not to dwell upon it, said—'Well, but Sir, you will excuse me, I hope, giving up my papers.'

'Don't trifle with me,' said he: 'where are they?—I think I was very good last night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminished, and not strictly kept your promise, wo be to you!'—'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I have neither added nor diminished. Here is the parcel that goes on with my sad attempt to escape, and the terrible consequences which might have followed. It goes down to the naughty articles you sent me; and as you know all that has happened since, I hope these will satisfy you.'

He was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more—'I must beg you, Sir, to read the matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any liberties of my pen.'

'I think,' said he, half smiling, 'you may wonder at my patience, that I can be so easy to read myself abused as I am by such a saucy slut.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I have wondered you should be so desirous to see my bold stuff; and, for that very reason, I have thought it a very *good* or a very *bad* sign.'—'What,' said he, 'is your *good* sign?'—'That it may have an effect upon your temper, at last in my favour. when you see me so sincere.'—'Your *bad* sign?'—'Why, that if you can read my reflections and observations upon your treatment of me, with tranquillity, and not be moved, it is a sign of a very cruel and determined heart. Now, pray, Sir, don't be angry at my boldness, in telling you so freely my thoughts.'—'You may, perhaps,' said he, 'be least mistaken, when you think of your bad sign.'—'God forbid!' said I.

So I took out my papers, and said—'Here, Sir, they are. But if you please to return them, without breaking the seal, it will be very generous: and I will take it as a great favour, and a good omen.'

He broke the seal instantly, and opened them: 'So much for your *omen!*' replied he. 'I am sorry for it,' said I, very seriously; and was walking away. 'Whither now?' said he. 'I was going in, Sir, that you might have time to read them, if you thought fit.' He put them into his pocket, and said—'You have *more* than these.'—'Yes, Sir; but all they contain, *you* know as well as I,'—'But I don't know,' said he, 'the light you put things in: so give them me, if you have not a mind to be searched.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I can't stay, if you won't forbear that ugly word.'—'Give me then no reason for it. Where are the other papers?'—'Why, unkind Sir, if it must be so, here they are;' and I gave him, out of my pocket, the second parcel, sealed up, as the former, with this superscription: '*From the naughty articles, down through sad attempts, to Thursday the 42d day of my imprisonment.*'—'This is last Thurs-

day, is it?'—'Yes, Sir; but now you *will* see what I write, I shall find some other way to employ my time; for how can I write with any face, what must be for your perusal, and not for those I intended to read my melancholy stories?'

'Yes,' said he, 'I would have you continue your writing, by all means; and I will not ask you for any after these; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. I have another thing to tell you,' added he, 'that if you send for those from your father, and let me read them, I may, very probably, give all back again to you.'

This a little encourages me to continue my scribbling; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any bulk, contrive to hide them, if I can, that I may protest I have them not about me, which before I could not, and that made him so resolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have suffered frightful indecencies.

He then led me to the side of the pond: and sitting down on the slope, made me sit by him. 'Come,' said he, 'this being the scene of part of your project, where you so artfully threw in some of your clothes, I will just look upon that part of your relation.'—'Sir,' said I, 'let me, then, walk about at a little distance; for I cannot bear the thought of it.' 'Don't go far,' said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the place where I mentioned the bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walked to the door, and looked upon the broken part of the wall: for it had not been mended; then came back, reading on to himself, towards me; took my hand, and put it under his arm.

'Why this,' said he, 'my girl, is a very moving tale. It was a desperate attempt, and, had you got out, you might have been in great danger; for you had a very bad and lonely way; and I had taken such measures, been where you would, I should have had you.'

'You may see, Sir,' said I, 'what I ventured, rather than be ruined; and you will be so good as hence to judge of the sincerity of my profession, that my honesty is dearer to me than my life.'—'Romantic girl!' said he, and read on.

He was very serious at my reflections, on what God had enabled me to escape. And when he came to my reasonings about throwing myself into the water, he said 'Walk gently before:' and seemed so moved, that he turned his face from me; and I blessed this good sign, nor did so much repent at his seeing this mournful part of my story.

He put the papers in his pocket, when he had read my reflections, and thanks for escaping from *myself;* and said, taking me about the waist—'O my dear girl! you have touched me sensibly with your mournful relation, and sweet reflections upon it. I should truly have been miserable had it taken effect. I see you have been used too roughly; and it is a mercy you stood proof in that fatal moment.'

Then he most kindly folded me in his arms: 'Let us, my Pamela, walk from this accursed piece of water; for I shall not with pleasure look upon it again, to think how near it was fatal to my fair one. I thought,' added he, 'of terrifying you to my will, since I could not move you by love; and Mrs. Jewkes too well obeyed me, when the terrors of your return, after your disappointment, were so great, that you had hardly courage to withstand them; but had like to have made so fatal a choice, to escape the treatment you apprehended.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I have reason to bless my dear parents, and my good lady, your mother, for giving

me a religious education; but for that, and God's grace, I should, more than upon one occasion, have attempted a desperate act: I the less wonder how poor creatures, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, and give way to despondency, cast themselves into perdition.'

'Come, kiss me,' said he, 'and tell me you forgive me, for exposing you to so much danger and distress. If I can see those former papers of yours, and these in my pocket give me no cause to alter my opinion, I will endeavour to defy the world and its censures, and make my Pamela amends, if in the power of my whole life, for all the hardships I have made her undergo.'

All this looked well; but you shall see how strangely it turned. For this sham marriage came into my head again; and I said—'Your poor servant is far unworthy of this great honour: what will it be but to create envy to herself, and discredit to you? Therefore, Sir, permit me to return to my poor parents: that is all I ask.'

He was in a fearful passion then. 'And is it *thus*,' said he, 'in my fond conceding moments, that I am to be answered and despised? Perverse, unreasonable Pamela! begone from my sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful prospect, as in a distressful state; then, and not till then, shalt thou attract my notice.'

I was startled, and going to speak, but he stamped with his foot, and said, 'Begone, I tell you, I cannot bear this stupid romantic folly.'

'One word,' said I; 'but one word. I beseech you, Sir.'

He turned from me in great wrath, and took down another alley, and I went in with a very heavy heart. I fear I was *too unseasonable*, just at a time when he was so condescending; but if it was a piece of art on his side, as I apprehended, to introduce the sham-wedding (for he is full of stratagem and art,) I think I was less to blame.

So I went up to my closet; and wrote thus far, while he walked about till dinner was ready; he is now sat down to it, as I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, very sullen, thoughtful, and out of humour: and she asks, what I have done to him. Now again I dread to see him!—When will my fears be over?

THREE O'CLOCK.

WELL, he continues exceeding wrathful. He has ordered his travelling chariot to be got ready with all speed. What is to come next I wonder!

Sure I did not say *so much!* But see the lordliness of a high condition!—A poor body must not put in a word, when they take it in their heads to be angry! What a fine time a person of an equal condition would have of it, if she were even to marry such a one: his poor dear mother spoiled him at first.—Nobody must speak to, or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a child; and so he has not been used to be controlled, and cannot bear the least thing to cross his violent will. This is one of the blessings attending men of high condition! Much good may it do them with their pride of birth, and pride of fortune! say I: all that it serves for, as far as I can see, is, to multiply their disquiets, and every body's else who has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end. Mrs. Jewkes has been with me from him, and says, I must get out of the house this moment. 'Well,' said I: 'but whither am I to be carried next?'—'Why, home,' said she, 'to your father and mother.'—'And

can it be?' said I: 'no, no, I doubt I shall not be so happy as that!—To be sure some bad design is on foot again!—Sure,' said I, 'Mrs. Jewkes, he has not found out some other housekeeper *worse than you!*' She was very angry, you may well think. But I know she can't be made worse than she is.

She came up again. 'Are you ready?' said she.—'Bless me!' said I, 'you are very hasty: I have heard of this not a quarter of an hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind friends in this house to take leave of to delay me. Yet, like a fool, I can't help crying. Pray,' said I, 'just step down, and ask if I may not have my papers.'

I am quite ready now, against she comes up with an answer; and I will put up these few writings in my bosom that I have left.

I don't know what to think—nor how to judge: but I shall ne'er believe I am with you, till I am on my knees before you, begging both your blessings. Yet I am sorry he is so *angry* with me. I thought I did not say *so much*.

There is, I see, the chariot drawn out, the horses too, and the grim Colbrand going to get on horseback. What will be the end of all this?

MONDAY.

WELL, where this will end, I cannot say. But here I am, at a little poor village, almost such a one as yours! I shall learn the name of it by and by: and Robin assures me he has orders to carry me to you, my dear father and mother. O that he may not deceive me again! But, having nothing else to do, and I am sure I shall not sleep a wink to-*night, if* I was to go to bed, I will *write my time* away, and take up *my story where* I left off, on Sun-*day afternoon.*'

Mrs. Jewkes came up to me, with this answer about my papers: 'My master says he will not read them yet, lest he should be moved by any thing in them to alter his resolution. But if he should read them, he will send them to you afterwards to your father's. But,' said she, 'here are your guineas I borrowed: for all is over with you, I find.'

She saw me cry, and said, 'Do you repent?'—'Of what?' said I. 'Nay, I can't tell,' replied she; 'but to be sure he has had a taste of your satirical flings, or he would not be so angry. So,' continued she, and held up her hand, 'thou hast a spirit!—But I hope it will now be brought down.'—'I hope so too,' said I.

'Well,' added I, 'I am ready.' She lifted up the window, and said, 'I'll call Robin to take your portmanteau; bag and baggage!' proceeded she, 'I'm glad you're going.'—'I have no words,' said I, 'to throw away upon *you*, Mrs. Jewkes: but,' making her a very low curtsey, 'I most heartily thank you for all your *virtuous* civilities to me, and so adieu; for I'll have no portmanteau, I'll assure you, nor any thing, but these few things I have brought with me in my handkerchief, besides what I have on.' For I had all this time worn my own bought clothes, though my master would have had it otherwise; however, I put up paper, ink, and pens.

As I passed by the parlour, she stepped in, and said, 'Sir, you have nothing to say to the girl, before she goes?' I heard him reply, though I did not see him, 'Who bid you say, *the girl*, Mrs. Jewkes, in that manner? She has offended only me.'

'I beg your honour's pardon,' said the wretch; 'but if I was your honour, she should not, for all the trouble she has cost you, go away scot-free.'—'No more of this, as I told you before,' said he: 'what!

when I have such proof that her virtue is all her pride, shall I rob her of that?—No,' added he, 'let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she *deserves* to go honest, and she *shall* go so!'

I was so transported with this unexpected goodness, that I opened the door before I knew what I did; and said, falling on my knees, with my hands folded and lifted up, 'O thank your honour a million of times! May God bless you, for this instance of your goodness to me! I will pray for you as long as I live, and so shall my dear father and mother. And Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'I will pray for *you* too, poor wicked wretch that you are.'

He turned from me, went into his closet, and shut the door. He need not have done so; for I would not have gone nearer to him.

Surely I did not say *so much*, to incur all this displeasure.

I think I was loth to leave the house. Can you believe it?—What could be the matter with me, I wonder! I felt something so strange at my heart! I wonder what ailed me! But this was so *unexpected!*—I believe that was all. Yet I am very strange still. Surely I cannot be like the old murmuring Israelites, to long after the onions and garlic of Egypt, when they had suffered there such heavy bondage?—I'll take thee, O contradictory, ungovernable heart, to severe task, for this thy strange impulse, when I get to my dear father and mother's; and if I find any thing in thee that should not be, depend upon it, thou shalt be humbled, if strict abstinence, prayer, and mortification will do it.'

But yet, after all, this *last* goodness of his has touched me too sensibly. I almost wish I had not heard it; yet, methinks, I am glad I did; for I should rejoice to think the best of him, for his *own sake*.

Well, *I went out to the chariot*, the same that brought me down, 'So, Mr. Robert,' said I, 'here I am again! a poor sporting piece for the great! a mere tennis ball of Fortune. You have your orders, I hope,'—'Yes, Madam,' said he. 'Pray, now,' said I, 'don't *Madam* me, nor stand with your hat off to such a one as I.'—'Had not my master,' said he, '*ordered* me not to be wanting in respect to you, I would have shown you all I could.'—'Well,' said I, with my heart full, 'that's very kind, Mr. Robert.'

Mr. Colbrand, mounted on horseback, with pistols before him, came up to me, as soon as I got in, with *his* hat off too. 'What, Monsieur?' said I, 'are *you* to go with me?'—'Part of the way,' he said, 'to see you safe.'—'I *hope* that's kind, too, in you, Mr. Colbrand,' said I.

I had nobody to wave my handkerchief to, nor take leave of; and I resigned myself to my contemplations, with this strange wayward heart of mine, which I never found so ungovernable and awkward before.

So away drove the chariot! And when I had got out of the elm walk, into the great road, I could hardly think but I was in a dream all the time. A few hours before, in my master's arms almost, with twenty kind things said to me, and a generous concern for the misfortunes he had brought upon me, and only by *one* rash half word exasperated against me, and turned out of doors at an hour's warning; and all his kindness changed to hate! And I now, from three o'clock to five, several miles off! But if I am going to you all will be well again I hope.

Lack-a-day, what strange creatures are men!—*gentlemen*, I should say rather! for my dear deserving good mother, though poverty be both your lots, has had better hap, and you are, and have always been, blessed in one another!—Yet this

pleases me too; he was so good, he would not let Mrs. Jewkes speak ill of me, and scorned to take her odious unwomanly advice. O what a black heart has this poor wretch! So I need not rail against *men* so much; for my master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this woman. To be sure she must be an atheist? Do you think she is not?

We could not reach further than this little poor place and sad alehouse, rather than inn; for it began to be dark, and Robin did not make so much haste as he might have done; and he was forced to make hard shift for his horses.

Mr. Colbrand, and Robert too, are very civil. I see he has got my portmanteau lashed behind the chariot. I did not desire it; but I shall not come quite destitute. A thorough riddance of me, I see—bag and baggage, as Mrs. Jewkes says. Well, my story, surely, would furnish out a surprising kind of novel if well told.

Mr. Robert came just now and begged me to eat something: I thanked him, but said I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. Colbrand to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would sit; nor put their hats on. What mockado is this, to such a poor soul as I! I asked them, if they were at liberty to tell me the truth of what they were to do with me? If not, I would not desire it. They both said, Robin was ordered to carry me to my father's; and Mr. Colbrand was to leave me within ten miles, and then strike off for the other house, to wait my master's arrival. They both spoke so solemnly, I could not but believe them.

But when Robin went down, the other said, he had a letter to *give me next day* at noon, when we *were to bait at Mrs.* Jewkes's relations. '*May I not,*' said I, 'beg the favour to see it to-night?' He seemed so loth to deny me, that I have hopes to prevail on him by-and by.'

Well, my dear father and mother, I have got the letter on great promises of secrecy, and making no use of it. I will try if I can open it without breaking the seal, and will take a copy of it by-and-by; for Robin is in and out; there being hardly any room, in this little house, to be long alone. Well this is the letter:—

When these lines are delivered to you, you will be far on your way to your father and mother where you have so long desired to be; and I hope, I shall forbear thinking of you with the least shadow of that fondness my foolish heart had entertained for you. I bear you no ill-will; but the end of my detaining you being over, I would not that you should tarry with me an hour after the ungenerous preference you gave at a time I was inclined to pass over all other considerations, for an honourable address to you; for well I found the tables entirely turned upon me, and that I was in far more danger from *you*, than you were from *me;* for I was just upon resolving to defy all the censures of the world, and to make you my wife.

'I will acknowledge another truth: That had I not parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I had read your journal, reflecting, as I doubt not I shall find it, and heard your bewitching pleas in your own behalf, I feared I could not trust myself with my own resolution. And this is the reason, I frankly own, that determined me not to see you, nor hear you speak; for well I know my weakness in your favour.

'But I will get the better of this fond folly: nay, I hope I have

already done it, since it was likely to cost me so dear. And I write this to tell you, that I wish you well with all my heart, though you have spread such mischief through my family. Yet I cannot but say that I could wish you not to think of marrying in haste; and particularly not to have this cursed Williams. But what is all this to me now? Only, my weakness makes me say, that as I had already looked upon you as *mine*, and you have so soon got rid of your first husband, you will not refuse to my *memory*, the decency every common person observes, to pay a twelve month's compliment, though but a *mere* compliment, to my ashes.

'Your papers shall be faithfully returned; and I have paid so dear for my curiosity, in the affection they have riveted upon me for you, that you would look upon yourself amply revenged, to know what they have cost me.

'I thought of writing only a few lines, but I have run into length. I will now try to recollect my scattered thoughts, and resume my reason: and shall find trouble enough to replace my affairs, and my own family, and to supply the chasms you have made in it: for let me tell you, though I can forgive *you*, I never can my *sister*, nor my domestics; for my vengeance must be wreaked somewhere.

'I doubt not your prudence in forbearing to expose me any more than is necessary for your own justification; and for *that* I will suffer myself to be accused by you; and will also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am, and ever will be, *your affectionate well-wisher*.'

This letter, when I expected some new plot, has affected me more than any thing of *that* sort could have done. His great value for me *is here confessed*, and his rigorous behaviour accounted for in such a manner as tortures me much. This wicked gipsy story is a forgery on us both, and has quite ruined me. My dear parents, forgive me! but I found, before, to my grief, that my heart was too partial in his favour; but *now*, with so much openness, affection, and *honour* too (which was all I had doubted,) I am quite overcome. This was a happiness, however, I had no reason to expect. But I must own to you, that I shall never be able to think of any body in the world but him. 'Presumption!' you will say: and so it is; but love is not a voluntary thing—*Love*, did I say—But come, it is not, I hope, gone so far as to make me *very* uneasy: for I know not *how* it came, nor *when* it began; but it has crept, like a thief, upon me, before I knew what was the matter.

I wish, since it is too late, and my lot determined, that I had not had this letter, nor heard him take my part to the vile woman: for then I should have blessed myself, in having escaped, so happily, his designing arts upon my virtue; but *now* my poor mind is all topsy-turvied, and I have made an escape, to be more a prisoner.

But I hope that all is for the best: and I shall, with your prudent advice and pious prayers, be able to overcome this weakness. But, my dear Sir, I will keep a longer time than twelvemonth, as a *true* widow, for a compliment, and *more* than a compliment, to your ashes! O the dear word!—How kind, how moving, how affectionate is the word! Why was I not a dutchess, to show my gratitude for it? But must labour under the weight of an obligation, even had this happiness befallen me, that would have pressed me to death, and which I never could return by a whole life of faithful love, and cheerful obedience!

Forgive your poor daughter! I am sorry to find this trial so sore upon me; and that all the weakness of my sex and tender years is come upon me, and too mighty to be withstood by me. But time, prayer, and resignation to God's will, and the benefits of your good lessons and examples, I hope, will enable me to get over this heavy trial.

O my treacherous heart to serve me thus! and give me no notice of the mischiefs thou wast about to bring upon me!—But thus foolishly to give thyself up to the proud invader, without consulting thy poor mistress in the least? But thy punishment will be the *first* and the *greatest*; and well deservest thou to smart, perfidious traitor! for giving up so weakly thy *whole self*, before a summons came, and to one who had used me so hardly; and when, too, thou hadst so well maintained thy post against the most violent and avowed, and therefore, as I thought, more dangerous attacks!

After all, I must either not show you this my weakness, or tear it out of my writing. *Memorandum*, to consider of this when I get home.

MONDAY MORNING, ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

We are just come to the inn kept here by Mrs. Jewkes's relation. The first compliment I had, was in a very impudent manner. How I liked the 'squire!—I could not help saying, 'Bold, forward woman! is it for *you*, who keep an inn, to treat passengers thus?' She was but in jest, she said, and asked pardon: and she came and begged excuse again, very submissively, after Robin and Mr. Colbrand had talked to her a little.

The latter in great form now gave me before Robin, the letter I had given him back for that purpose. I retired, as if to read it; and so I did: for I think I can't read it too often; though, for my peace of mind's sake, I had better forget it. I am sorry I cannot bring you back a sound heart: but it is an honest one to any body but me, for it has deceived nobody else.

More and more surprising things still.—Just as I had sat down to eat a bit of victuals, to get ready for my journey, came in Mr. Colbrand in a mighty hurry, 'O Madam! Madam!' said he, 'here be de groom from de Squire B. all over in a lather, man and horse!' O how my heart went pit-a-pat! 'What now,' thought I, 'is to come next!' He went out, and presently returned with a letter for me, and another, inclosed, for Mr. Colbrand. This seemed odd, and put me all in a trembling. So I shut the door; and never, sure, was the like known! found the following agreeable contents.

'In vain, my Pamela, do I struggle against my affection for you. I must needs, after you were gone, venture to entertain myself with your journal. When I found Mrs. Jewkes's bad usage of you, after your dreadful temptations and hurts; and particularly your generous concern on hearing how narrowly I escaped drowning, (though my death would have been your *freedom*, and I had made it your *interest* to wish it;) and your most agreeable confession in another place, that, notwithstanding all my hard usage, you could not *hate* me; expressed in so sweet, so soft, and innocent a manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to *love* me, (together with the rest of your admirable journal:) I began to repent my parting with you; and, God is my witness! for no unlawful end, as *you* would call it; but the very contrary: as all this was improved in your favour by your behaviour at leaving

my house; for O! that melodious voice praying for me at your departure, and thanking me for my rebuke to Mrs. Jewkes, still dwells upon my ears, and delights my memory. I went to bed, but could not rest; about two I arose, and made Thomas get one of the best horses ready, in order to overtake you, while I sat down to write.

'Now, my dear Pamela, let me beg of you, on receipt of this, to order Robin to drive you back again to my house. I would have set out myself, for the pleasure of bearing you company back in the chariot: but am really indisposed; I believe, with vexation that I parted thus with my soul's delight, as I now find you are, and must be, in spite of the pride of my own heart.

'You cannot imagine the obligation your return will lay me under to your goodness; and yet, if you will not so far favour me, you shall be under no restraint, as my letter inclosed to Colbrand will show, which I have not sealed, that you may read it. But spare me, my dearest girl, the confusion of following you to your father's: which I must do, if you persist to go on; for I find I cannot live a day without you.

'If you are the generous Pamela I imagine you to be, (for hitherto you have been all goodness, where it has *not* been merited) let me then see the further excellence of your disposition, that you can forgive the man who loves you more than himself; let me see by it, that you are not prepossessed in any other person's favour; one instance more I would beg, and then I am all gratitude; which is, that you would dispatch Monsieur Colbrand with a letter to your father, assuring him that all will end happily; and to desire that he will send to you, at my house, the letters you *conveyed to him* by *means of Williams. And* when I have all my proud, and perhaps *punctilious* doubts answered, I shall have nothing to do but to make you happy, and be so myself. For I must be *yours, and only yours.*'

MONDAY MORNING, NEAR THREE O'CLOCK.

O my exulting heart! how it throbs in my bosom, as if it would reproach me for so lately upbraiding it for giving way to the love of so dear a gentleman. 'But take care thou art not too credulous, neither, O fond believer! Things that we wish are apt to gain a too ready credence with us. This sham marriage is not yet cleared up; the vile Mrs. Jewkes may yet instigate the mind of this master: his pride of heart and condition may again take place; and a man that could, in so *little* a space, first love me, then hate, then banish me his house, and now send for me again, in such affectionate terms, may *still* waver, may *still* deceive thee. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest; I charge thee to keep better guard than thou hast lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and desirable impulses.' Thus foolishly dialogued I with my heart; and yet, all the time, this heart is Pamela.

I opened the letter to Monsieur Colbrand; which was in these words,

'MONSIEUR,

'I AM sure you'll excuse the trouble I give you. I have, for good reasons, changed my mind; and I have besought it, as a favour, that Mrs. Andrews will return to me the moment Tom reaches you. I hope, for the reasons I have given her, that she will have the goodness to

oblige me. But, if not, you are to order Robin to pursue his directions, and set her down at her father's door. If she *will* oblige me in her return, perhaps she'll give you a letter to her father, for some papers to be delivered to you for her; which you'll be so good, in that case, to bring to her *here!* but if she will *not* give you such a letter, return with her to me, if she please to favour me so far, with all the expedition her health and safety will permit; for I am rather indisposed, but hope it will soon go off. I am *yours*, &c.

'On second thoughts, let Tom go forward with Mrs. Andrews's letter, if she pleases to give one; and you return with her, for her safety.'

Now this is a dear generous manner of treating me. O how I love to be generously used!—Now, my dear parents, I could wish to consult you how to act. Should I go back, or should I not? I doubt he has too great hold in my heart, for me to be easy presently, if I should refuse: and yet the gipsy information makes me fearful.

Well, I will, I think, trust in his generosity! Yet is it not too great a trust?—especially considering how I have been used!—But that was while he avowed his bad designs; and now he gives great hope of his good ones. I *may* be the means of making many happy, as well as myself, by placing a generous confidence in him.

And then, I think, he might have sent to Colbrand, or to Robin, to carry me back, whether I would or not. And how different his behaviour to that! Would it not look as if I was *prepossessed*, as he calls it, if I don't oblige him: and a silly female piece of pride to make him *follow me to my father's*, and as if I *would use him hardly in my* turn, *for having used me ill in his!* Upon the whole, I resolved to obey him, and if he uses me ill afterwards, double will be his ungenerous guilt. —Though hard my lot to have my credulity so justly blameable, as it will then seem. For the world, the *wise* world, that never is wrong itself, judges always by events. And if he should use me ill, then I shall be blamed for trusting him: if well, O then I did right to be sure!—But, how would my censurers act in my case, before the event justifies or condemns the action, is the question?

Then I have no notion of obliging by halves; but of doing things with a grace, where they are to be done; and so I wrote the desired letter to you, assuring you, that I had before me happier prospects than ever I yet had; and hoped all would end well: and begging you to send me by the bearer, Mr. Thomas, my master's groom, those papers I conveyed to you by Mr. Williams; for that they would clear up a point in my conduct, that my master was desirous to know, before he resolved to favour me, as intended. But you will have *that* letter, before you can have *this;* which I would not send you, without the preceding, now in in my master's hands.

Having given the letter to Mr. Thomas, to carry to you, when he had baited and rested, after his great fatigue, I sent for Monsieur Colbrand and Robin, and gave to the former his letter. When he had read it, I said, 'You see how things stand. I am resolved to return to our master; and as he is not so well as were to be wished, the more haste you make the better: don't mind my fatigue; but consider only yourselves and the horses.' Robin, who guessed the matter by his conversation with Thomas, (as I suppose) said, 'God bless you, Madam, and reward you, as your obligingness to my good master de-

serves; and may we all live to see you triumph over Mrs. Jewkes!'

I wondered to hear him say so; for I was always careful of exposing my master, or even that naughty woman, before the common servants. Yet I question whether Robin would have said this, if he had not guessed, by Thomas's message, and my resolving to return, that I might stand well with his master. So selfish are the hearts of poor mortals, they are ready to change as favour goes.

They were not long getting ready; and I am just setting out, back again; and I hope, shall have no reason to repent it.

Robin put on very vehemently; and when we came to the little town where we lay on Sunday night, he gave his horses a bait, and said, he would push for his master's that night, as it would be moonlight, if I should not be too much fatigued: because there was no place between that and the town adjacent to his master's, fit to put up at for the night. But Monsieur Colbrand's horse beginning to give way, made a doubt between them; wherefore I said, (hating to lie on the road) if it could be done, I should bear it well enough, I hoped; that Monsieur Colbrand might leave his horse, when it failed, at some house, and come into the chariot. This greatly pleased them both; and about twelve miles short, he left the horse, took off his spurs, holsters, &c. and, with many ceremonial excuses, came into the chariot: I sat the easier for it; for my bones ached sadly with the jolting, so many miles travelling in so few hours, from Sunday night, five o'clock. But, for all this, it was eleven o'clock at night when we came to the village adjacent to my master's; and the horses began to be very much tired, and Robin too: but I said, it *would be a pity to* put up only three miles short of the house.

About one we reached the gate: and every body was a bed. But one of the helpers got the keys from Mrs. Jewkes, and opened the gates; the horses could hardly crawl into the stable. And I, when I went to get out of the chariot, fell down, and thought I had lost the use of my limbs.

Mrs. Jewkes came down with her clothes huddled on, and lifted up her hands and eyes at my return; but showed more care of the horses than of me. By that time the two maids came: and I made shift to creep in, as well as I could.

It seems my poor master was very ill indeed, and had been upon the bed most part of the day; and Abraham (who succeeded John) sat up with him. He was got into a fine sleep, and heard not the coach come in, nor the noise we made; for his chamber lies towards the garden, on the other side of the house. Mrs. Jewkes said he had a feverish complaint, and had been blooded; and very prudently ordered Abraham, when he awaked, not to tell him I was come, for fear of surprising him, and augmenting his fever; nor indeed to say any thing of me, till she herself broke it to him in the morning, as she should see how it was.

So I went to bed with Mrs. Jewkes, after she had caused me to drink almost half a pint of burnt wine, made very rich, and cordial, with spices, which I found very refreshing, and set me into a sleep I little hoped for.

TUESDAY MORNING.

GETTING up pretty early, I have written thus far, while Mrs. Jewkes lies snoring in bed, fetching up her last night's disturbance. I long for her rising, to know how my poor

master does. 'Tis well for *her* she can sleep so purely. No love, but for herself, will ever break her rest, I am sure. I am deadly sore all over, as if I had been soundly beaten. I did not think I could have lived under such fatigue.

Mrs. Jewkes, when she got up, went to know how my master did, and he had had a good night; and, having drank plentifully of sack-whey, had sweated much; so that his fever had abated considerably. She said that he must not be surprised, and she would tell him news. He asked what; and she said I was come. He raised himself up in his bed; 'Can it be?' said he, 'what already?' She told him I came last night. Monsieur Colbrand coming to inquire of his health, he ordered him to draw near, and was highly pleased with his account of the journey, my readiness to come back, and to reach home that night. And he said, 'Why, these tender fair ones, I think, bear fatigue better than we men. But she is very good, to give me such an instance of her readiness to oblige me.—Pray, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he, 'take care of her health! and let her lie abed all day.' She told him I had been up these two hours. 'Ask her,' said he, 'if she will be so good as to make me a visit: if she won't, I'll rise and go to her.'—'Indeed Sir,' said she, 'you must be still; and I'll go to her.'—'But don't urge her too much,' said he, 'if she be unwilling.' She came and told me all the above; and I said, I would most willingly wait upon him; that I longed to see him, and was much grieved he was so ill. So I went down with her. 'Will she come?' said he, as I entered the room. 'Yes, Sir,' said she; 'and she said, at the first word, "Most willingly."'—'Sweet *excellence!' he replied.*

As soon as he saw me he said, 'O my beloved Pamela! you have made me quite well. I'm concerned to return my acknowledgments to you in so unfit a place and manner; but will you give me your hand?' I did, and he kissed it with great eagerness. 'Sir,' said I, 'you do me too much honour!—I am sorry you are so ill.' 'I can't be ill,' said he, 'while you are with me. I am very well already; and,' said he, kissing my hand again, 'You shall not repent this goodness.—My heart is too full of it to express myself as I ought. But I am sorry you have had such fatigue. Life is not life without you! had you refused me, and I had hardly hopes you would oblige me, I should have had a severe of it I believe; for I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myself, but now I shall be well instantly. You need not, Mrs. Jewkes,' added he, 'send for the doctor from Stamford; this lovely creature is my doctor, for her absence was my disease.'

He begged me to sit down by his bed side, and asked me, if I had obliged him with sending for my former packet: I said I had, and hoped it would be brought.—He said it was doubly kind.

I would not stay long, because of disturbing him. He got up in the afternoon, and desired my company; and seemed quite pleased, easy, and much better. He said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, after this instance of my good Pamela's obligingness in her return, I am sure we ought to leave her entirely at her own liberty; and if she pleases to take a turn in the chariot, or in the garden, or to the town, or wherever she will, let her be left at liberty, and asked no questions: and pray do all in your power to oblige her.' She said she would, to be sure.

He took my hand, and said, 'One thing I will tell you, Pamela,

because I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet not care to ask me: I had, before you went, taken Williams's bond for the money; how the poor man had behaved, I can't tell; but he could get no bail; and if I have no fresh reason given me, perhaps I shall not exact the payment; he has been some time at liberty, and now follows his school; but, methinks I could wish you not to see him at present.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I will not do any thing to disoblige you wilfully; and I am glad he is at liberty, because I was the occasion of his misfortunes.' I durst say no more, though I wanted to plead for the poor gentleman; which, in gratitude, I thought I ought, when I could do him a service. I said, 'I am sorry, Sir, Lady Davers, who loves you so well, should have incurred your displeasure, and that there should be any variance between your honour and her; I hope it was not on my account.' He took out of his waistcoat pocket, as he sat in his gown, his letter-case, and said, 'Here, Pamela, read *that* when you go up stairs, and let me have your thoughts upon it; and that will let you into the affair.'

He said, he was very heavy, of a sudden, and would lie down, to indulge for that day; and if he was better in the morning, would take an airing in the chariot. So I took my leave for the present, and went up to my closet, and read the letter he put into my hands as follows:

'BROTHER,

'I AM very uneasy at what I hear of you; and must write, whether it please you or not, my *full* mind. I have had some people with me desiring me to interpose with you, who have a greater regard for your honour, than, I am sorry to say *you* have yourself. Could I think, that a brother of mine would so meanly run away with my late dear mother's waiting-maid, keep her a prisoner from all her friends, and to the disgrace of your own? But I thought, when you would not let the wench come to me on my mother's death, that you meant no good.—I blush for you, I assure you. She was an innocent, good girl; but I suppose that's over with her now, or soon will. What can you mean by this, let me ask? You will have her to be your kept mistress or a wife. If the former, there are enough to be had without ruining a poor girl my mother loved, who really was a very good one; and of *this* you may be ashamed. As to the *other*, I dare say you don't think of it; but if you *should*, you would be utterly inexcusable. Consider, brother, that ours is no upstart family; but it is as ancient as the best in the kingdom! For several hundred years, the heirs of it have not been known to have disgraced themselves by unequal matches; and you know you have been sought by some of the best families in the nation, for your alliance. It might be well enough if you were descended of a family of yesterday, or but a remove or two from the dirt you seem so fond of. But let me tell you, that I and all mine, will renounce you for ever, if you can descend so meanly; and I shall be ashamed to be called your sister. Handsome as you are in your person; so happy in the gifts of your mind, that every body courts your company; possessed of such a noble and clear estate; and very rich in money besides, left you by the best of fathers and mothers, with such ancient blood in your veins, untainted! for *you* to throw away yourself thus, is intolerable; yet it would be very wicked

in you to ruin the girl. So that I beg you will restore her to her parents, and give her one hundred pounds, or so, to make her happy in some honest fellow of her own degree; it will be doing something, and also oblige and pacify *your much grieved sister*.

'If I have written too sharply, consider it is my love for you, and the shame you are bringing upon yourself; I wish this may have the intended effect upon you.'

This is a sad letter, my dear father and mother; one may see how poor people are despised by the proud and the rich! yet we were all on a footing originally: and many of those gentry, who brag of their ancient blood, would be glad to have it as wholesome and as *really* untainted as ours!—Surely these proud people never think what a short stage life is; and that, with all their vanity, a time is coming, when they must submit to be on a level with us. The philosopher said true, when he looked upon the skull of a king, and that of a poor man, that he saw no difference between them. Besides, do they not know, that the richest of princes, and the poorest of beggars, are to have one great and tremendous Judge, at the last day; who will not distinguish between them, according to their circumstances in life; on the contrary, may make their condemnations the greater, as their neglected opportunities were greater! Poor souls! how do I pity their pride!—O keep me, heaven, from *their* high condition, if my mind shall ever be tainted with *their* vice, or polluted with so cruel and inconsiderate a contempt of that humble estate, they behold with so much scorn!

Besides, how do these gentry *know*, supposing they could trace *back their ancestry* for one, two, *three, or even five* hundred years, that then the original stems of these poor families, though they have not kept such elaborate records of their good-for-nothingness, as it often proves, were not deeper rooted—How can they be assured, that one hundred years hence, or two, some of those now despised upstart families may not revel in their estates, while their descendants may be reduced to the other's dunghills!—And, perhaps, such is the vanity, as well as changeableness of human estates, in *their* turns set up for pride of family, and despise the others!

These reflections occurred to my thoughts, made serious by my master's indisposition, and this proud letter of the *lowly* Lady Davers, against the *high minded* Pamela. *Lowly*, I say, because she could *stoop* to such vain *pride*; and *high minded I*, because I hope I am too *proud* ever to do the like!—But, after all, poor wretches that we be! we scarce know what we *are*, much less what we *shall be!*—Again, I pray to be kept from the sinful pride of a high estate.

On this occasion I recall the following lines, which I have read; where the poet argues in a much better manner:—

———Wise Providence
Does various parts for various minds dispense:
The *meanest slaves*, or those who *hedge* and *ditch*,
Are useful, by their sweat to feed the *rich*.
The *rich*, in due return, impart their store,
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring *poor*.
Nor let the *rich* the *lowest slave* disdain;
He's *equally* a *link* of Nature's *chain*;
Labours to the *same end*, joins in *one view*;
And *both alike* the Will Divine pursue;
And, at the last, are levell'd, *king* and *slave*,
Without distinction, in the silent grave.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

My master sent me a message just now, he was so much better, that he would take a turn, after

breakfast, in the chariot, and requested my company. I hope I shall know how to be humble, and comport myself under all these favours.

Mrs. Jewkes is one of the most obliging creatures in the world; I have respect shown me by every one, as if I was as great as Lady Davers—But now, if this should all end in the sham marriage!—It cannot be, I hope. Yet the pride of greatness and ancestry, and such like, is so strongly set out in Lady Davers's letter, that I cannot flatter myself to be so happy as all these desirable appearances make for me. Should I be now deceived, I shall be worse off than ever. I shall see what light this new honour will procure me!—So I'll get ready. But I won't I think, change my garb, for it might look as if I would be nearer on a level with him: yet, should I not, it may be thought a disgrace to him; but I will, I think, open the portmanteau, and, for the first time since I came hither, put on my best silk night-gown. Yet that will be making myself a sort of right to the clothes I had renounced: and I am not sure I shall have no other crosses to encounter. So I will go as I am; for, though ordinary, I am as clean as a pinny, though I say it. So I'll then go as I am, except he orders otherwise. Mrs. Jewkes says, I ought to dress as fine as I can; but I say, I think not.—As my master is at breakfast, I will venture down to ask him how he will have me be.

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and, thank God, purely recovered!—How charmingly he looks to what he did yesterday! Blessed be God for it!

He arose, and came to me, took my hand, and would set me down by him; then said, 'My charming girl' seemed going to speak. What would you say?—'Sir,' said I (a little ashamed,) 'I think it is too great an honour to go into the chariot with you.'—'No, my dear Pamela,' said he; 'the *pleasure* of your company will be greater than the *honour* of mine; and so say no more on that head.'

'But, Sir,' said I, 'I shall disgrace you to go thus.'—'You would grace a prince my fair one,' said the dear gentleman, 'in that dress, or any you shall choose: you look so pretty that, if you will not catch cold in that round-ear'd cap, go just as you are.'—'Sir,' said I, 'then you'll be pleased to go a by-way, that it mayn't be seen you do so much honour to your servant.'—'My good girl,' said he, 'I doubt you are afraid of yourself being talked of, more than me: for I hope, by degrees, to take off the world's wonder, and teach it to expect that which is due to my Pamela.'

There's for you, my dear father and mother!—Did I not do well to come back?—O could I get rid of my fears of this sham marriage (for all this is not inconsistent with that frightful scheme) I should be too happy!

So I came up, with great pleasure, for my gloves; and now wait his kind commands.—'Dear, dear Sir,' said I to myself, as if speaking to him, 'for God's sake let me have no more trials and reverses; I could not bear it now, I verily think.'

At last the welcome message came, that my master was ready: I went down as fast as I could, and he, before all the servants, handed me in as if I was a lady. Mrs. Jewkes begged he would take care he did not catch cold, as he had been ill. And I had the pride to hear his new coachman say to one of his fellow servants, 'They are a charming pair, I am sure! It pity they should be parted!' O my dear father and mother! [illegible]

You will think I have special reason to guard against it, when you read the kind particulars I shall now relate.

He ordered dinner to be ready by two; and Abraham, who succeeds John, went behind the coach. He bid Robin drive gently, and told me, he wanted to talk to me about his sister Davers, and other matters. Indeed, at first setting out, he kissed me a little too often; and I was afraid of Robin's looking back, through the fore glass, and people seeing us, as they passed; but he was exceedingly kind to me, in his words, as well. At last, he said—

'You have, I doubt not, read over and over, my sister's saucy letter; and find, as I told you, that you are no more obliged to her than I am. She intimates, that some people have been with her; and who should they be, but the officious Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and Jonathan! and for that I dismissed them my service. I see,' said he, 'you are going to speak in their behalf: but your time is not come to do that, if ever I shall permit it.

'My sister,' says he, 'I have been beforehand with; for I have renounced her. I am sure I have been a kind brother to her; and gave her 3000*l.* more than her share came to by my father's will, when I entered upon my estate. The woman, surely, was beside herself with passion and insolence, when she wrote me such a letter; for well she knew I would not bear it. But you must know, Pamela, she is much incensed, that I will give no ear to a proposal of her's, of a daughter of my Lord ———, who,' said he, 'neither in person, mind, nor acquirements, even with all her opportunities, is to be named in a day with my Pamela. Yet you see *the plea, my girl*, which I made to *you before*, of the pride of condition, and the world's censure, which I own, sticks a little too close with me still: for a woman shines not forth to the public as a man; and the world sees not your excellencies and perfections: if it did, I should entirely stand acquitted by the severest censurers. But it will be said, that here is Mr. B——, with such and such an estate, has married his mother's waiting maid: not considering that no lady in the kingdom can outdo her, or better support the condition to which she will be raised. And,' said he, putting his arm round me, and again kissing me, 'I pity my dear girl, too, for *her* part in this censure; for she will have to combat the pride and slights of the neighbouring gentry. Sister Davers, you see, will never be reconciled to you. The other ladies will not visit you; and you will, with a merit superior to all, be treated as if unworthy their notice. Should I now marry my Pamela, how will she relish all this? Won't these be cutting things to my fair one? For, as to me, I have nothing to do, but, with a good estate in possession, brazen out the matter of my former pleasantry on this subject, with my companions of the chase, the green, and the assemblée: stand their rude jests for once or twice, and my fortune will create me always respect enough, I warrant you. But what will my poor girl do, as to *her* part, with her own sex? For some company you must keep. My station will not admit it to be with my servants; the ladies will fly your acquaintance, and still, though my wife, will treat you as my mother's waiting maid. What says my girl to this?'

You may well guess, my dear father and mother, how transporting these generous and condescending sentiments were to me?—I thought I had the harmony of the spheres all around me; and every word that

dropped from his lips was as sweet as the honey of Hybla to me. 'Oh, Sir!' said I, 'how inexpressibly kind and good is all this! Your poor servant has a much greater struggle than this to go through, a more knotty difficulty to overcome.'

'What is that?' said he, a little impatiently: 'I will not forgive your doubts now.'—'No, Sir,' said I, 'I cannot doubt; but it is, how I shall *support*, how I shall *deserve* your goodness to me?'—'Dear girl!' said he, and pressed me to his breast. 'I was afraid you would have made me angry again; but that I would not be, because I see you have a grateful heart; and this your kind and cheerful return, after such cruel usage as you had experienced in my house, enough to make you detest the place, has made me resolve to bear any thing in you, but doubts of my honour, at a time when I am pouring out my soul, with a true and affectionate ardour, before you.'

'But, good Sir,' said I, 'my greatest concern will be for the rude jests you will yourself encounter with, for thus stooping beneath yourself. For as to *me*, considering my lowly estate, and little merit, even the slights and reflections of the ladies will be an honour to me: and I shall have the pride to place more than half their ill will to their envy at my happiness. And if I can, by the most cheerful duty, and resigned obedience, have the pleasure to be agreeable to you, I shall think myself but too happy, let the world say what it will.'

He said, 'You are very good, my dearest girl: but how will you bestow your time, with no visits to receive or pay? No parties of pleasure to join in? No card tables to employ your winter evenings, and even, as the taste is, half the day summer and winter? And you have often played with my mother too, and so know how to perform a part there, as well as in the other diversions: and I shall not desire you to live without such amusements, as *my wife* might expect, were I to marry a lady of the first quality.'

'O, Sir,' said I, 'how shall I bear your goodness? But do you think, Sir, in such a family as yours a person whom you shall honour with the name of mistress of it, will not find useful employments for her time, without looking abroad for any others?

'In the first place, Sir, if you will give me leave, I will myself look into such parts of the family economy as may not be beneath the rank to which I shall have the honour of being exalted, if any such there can be; and this I hope, without incurring the ill-will of an *honest* servant.

'Then, Sir, I will ease you of as much of your family accounts, as I possibly can, when I have convinced you that I am to be trusted with them; and, you know, Sir, my good lady made me her treasurer, her almoner, and every thing.

'Then, Sir, if I must needs be visiting, or visited, and the ladies won't honour me so much, or even if they *would* now and then I will visit, if your goodness will allow me so to do, the sick poor in the neighbourhood around you; and administer to their wants and necessities, in such matters as may not be hurtful to your estate, but comfortable to them, and entail upon you their blessings, and their prayers for your health and welfare.

'Then I will assist your housekeeper, as I used to do, in making jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, and cordials; and to pot, candy, and preserve, for the use of the family; and to make myself all the fine linen of it for yourself and me.

'Then, Sir, if you will sometimes indulge me with your company, I will take an airing in your chariot now and then: and when you shall return home from your diversions on the green, or from the chase, or where you shall please to go, I shall have the pleasure of receiving you with duty, and a cheerful delight; and, in your absence, count the moments till your return; and you will, may-be, fill up some part of my time, the sweetest by far! with your agreeable conversation, for an hour or two now and then; and be indulgent to the impertinent overflowings of my grateful heart, for all your goodness to me.

'The breakfasting time, the preparations for dinner, and sometimes to entertain your chosen friends, and the company you shall bring home with you, *gentlemen*, if not *ladies*, and the supperings, will necessarily fill up a great part of the day.

'And may be, Sir, now and then, a good-humoured lady will drop in: and I hope, if they do I shall so behave myself, as not to *add* to the disgrace you will have brought upon yourself: for, indeed, I will be very circumspect, and as discreet as I can, and as humble too as shall be consistent with your honour.

'Cards, 'tis true I can play at, in all the usual games that our sex delight in; but this I am not fond of, nor shall ever desire to play, unless to induce such ladies, as you may wish to see, not to abandon your house for want of an amusement they are accustomed to.

'Music, which our good lady taught me, will fill up some intervals, if I should have any. And, you know, I love reading and scribbling; and though all the latter *will be employed in the* family accounts, *between the* servants and me, and you and myself; yet reading, at proper times, will be a pleasure to me, which I shall be unwilling to give up for the best company in the world, except yours. —And, O Sir, that will help to polish my mind, and make me worthier of your company and conversation: and, with your explanations of what I shall not understand, will be a sweet employment and improvement too.

'But one thing, Sir, I ought not to forget, because it is the chief: my duty to God will, I hope, always employ some good portion of my time, with thanks for his surperlative goodness to me, and to pray for *you* and *myself:* for *you*, Sir, for a blessing on you, for your great goodness to such an unworthy creature; for *myself*, that I may be enabled to discharge my duty to you, and be found grateful for all the blessings I shall receive at the hands of Providence, by means of your generosity and condescension.

'With all this, Sir,' said I, 'can you think I shall be at a loss to pass my time? But as I know that every slight to me, will be, in some measure, a slight to you, I shall beg not to go very fine in dress, but only appear so, that you may not be ashamed of it after the honour I shall have of being called by your worthy name: for well I know, Sir, that nothing so much excites the envy of my own sex, as seeing a person above them in appearance, and in dress. And that would bring down upon me an hundred *saucy things;* and *low-born brats*, and I can't tell what.'

There I stopped; for I had prattled a great deal; and he said, clasping me to him, 'Why stops, my dear Pamela?—Why does she not proceed? I could dwell upon your words all the day long: you shall direct your own pleasures, and your own time, so sweetly do

you choose to employ it: and thus shall I find some of my own bad actions atoned for by your exemplary goodness, and God will bless *me* for *your* sake.

'O,' said he, 'what pleasure you give me in this sweet foretaste of my happiness! I will now defy the saucy, busy censures of the world; and bid them know *your* excellence, and *my* happiness, before they, with unhallowed lips, presume to judge of *my* actions and *your* merit!—Let me tell you, my Pamela, that I can add my hopes of a still more pleasing amusement, your bashful modesty would not permit you to hint, and which I will no otherwise touch upon, lest it should seem, to your nicety to detract from the present purity of my good intention, than to say, I hope to have superadded to all these such an employment, as will give me a view of perpetuating my happy prospects, and my family at the same time; of which I am almost the only male.'

I blushed, I believe: yet could not be displeased at the decent and charming manner with which he insinuated this distant hope: and, Oh! judge for me, how my heart was affected with all these things!

He was pleased to add another charming reflection, which showed me the noble sincerity of his kind professions. 'I do own to you, my Pamela,' said he, 'That I love you with a purer flame than ever I knew in my life; and which commenced for you in the garden; though you, unkindly, by your unseasonable doubts, nipped the opening bud, while too tender to bear the cold blasts of slight and negligence. I know more sincere joy and satisfaction in this sweet hour's conversation with you, than all the guilty tumults of my former passion ever did, or (had even my attempts succeeded) ever could have afforded me.'

'O, Sir,' said I, 'expect not words from your poor servant, equal to these most generous professions. Both the means, and the will, I now see, are given to you, to lay me under an everlasting obligation. How happy shall I be, if, though I cannot be worthy of all this goodness and condescension, I can prove myself not entirely unworthy of it! But I can only answer for a grateful heart; and if ever I give you cause wilfully (and you will generously allow for *involuntary* imperfections) to be disgusted with me, may I be an outcast from your house and favour, and as much repudiated, as if the law had divorced me from you!

'But, Sir,' continued I, 'though I was so unseasonable in the garden, you would, I trust, had you *then* heard me, have pardoned my imprudence, and owned I had some cause to fear, and to wish to be with my poor father and mother: I the rather say this, that you should not think me capable of returning insolence for your goodness; or appearing foolishly ungrateful, when you was so kind to me.'

'Indeed, Pamela,' said he 'you gave me great uneasiness; for I love you too well not to be jealous of the least appearance of your indifference to me, or preference of any other person, not excepting your parents themselves. This made me resolve not to hear you; for I had not got over my reluctance to marriage; and a little weight, you know, turns the scale, when it hangs in an equal balance. Still you see, that though I could part with you, while my anger held, yet the regard I had then newly professed for your virtue, made me resolve not to offer to violate it; and you have also seen, that the painful struggle I un-

derwent when I began to reflect, and to read your moving journal, between my desire to recall you, and my doubt whether you would return, (though I resolved not to force you to it) had like to have cost me a severe illness: but your kind and cheerful return has dispelled all my fears, and given me hope, that I am not indifferent to you; and you see how your presence has chased away my illness.'

'I bless God for it,' said I; 'but since you are so good as to encourage me, and will not despise my weakness, I will acknowledge, that I suffered more than I could have imagined, till I experienced it, in being banished your presence in so much anger: and I was the more affected, when you answered the wicked Mrs. Jewkes so generously in my favour, at my leaving your house. For this, Sir, awakened all my reverence for you: and you saw I could not forbear, not knowing what I did, to break boldly in upon you, and acknowledge your goodness on my knees.'—'Tis true, my dear Pamela,' said he, 'we have sufficiently tortured one another; the only comfort that can result from it, will be, reflecting upon the matter coolly and with pleasure, when all these storms are overblown (as I hope they now are,) and we sit together secured in each other's good opinion, recounting the uncommon gradations, by which we have ascended to the summit of that felicity, which I hope we shall soon attain.

'Meantime,' said he, 'let me hear what my dear girl would have said in her justification, could I have trusted myself with her, as to her fears, and the reason of wishing herself from me, when I had begun to show my fondness for her, in a manner I thought agreeable to her and virtue.'

I pulled out of my pocket the gipsy letter; but I said, before I showed it to him, 'I have this letter, Sir, to show you, what I think you will allow must have given me the greatest disturbance; but as I know not the writer, and the hand seems to be disguised, I would beg the favour, if you guess whose it is, it may not turn to their prejudice, as it was written probably with a view only to serve me.'

He read it; and being signed *Somebody*, he said, 'Yes, this is indeed from *Somebody*; and, disguised as the hand is, I know the writer: don't you see, by the setness of some of these letters, and a little secretary cut here and there, especially in the *c* and the *r*, it is the hand of a person bred in the law? Why, Pamela,' said he, 'tis old Longman's: an officious rascal!—But I have done with him.'—'O Sir,' said I, 'it would be too insolent in me to offer (so much I am overwhelmed with your goodness) to defend any body you are angry with: yet, Sir, so far as they have incurred your displeasure for my sake, and for no other want of duty or respect, I could wish—But I dare not say more.'

'But,' said he, 'as to the letter, and the information it contains:—let me know, Pamela, when you received this?'—'On the Friday, Sir,' said I, 'that you went to the wedding at Stamford.'—'How could it be conveyed to you,' said he, 'unknown to Mrs. Jewkes, when I gave her such strict charge to attend you, and you promised me not to throw yourself in the way of such intelligence? For,' said he, 'when I went to Stamford, I knew, from private intimation, that somebody would attempt to see you, or give you a letter, if not to get you away; but was not certain from what quarter, whether from my sister Davers,

Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, or John Arnold, or your father; and as I was then struggling with myself, whether to give way to my honourable inclinations, or to free you, and let you go to your father, to avoid the danger I found myself in of the former, (for I had absolutely resolved never to wound again even your ears with proposals of a contrary nature;) that was the reason I desired you to permit Mrs. Jewkes to be so much on her guard till I came back, when I thought I should have decided this disputed point within myself, between my pride and my inclinations.'

'This, good Sir,' said I, 'explains to me your conduct in that case, and what you said to me and Mrs. Jewkes on that occasion: and I see more and more how much I may depend upon your honour and goodness. But I will tell you all the truth.' I then recounted the whole affair of the gipsy, and how the letter was put among the loose grass, &c. And he said, 'The man who thinks a thousand dragons sufficient to watch a woman, when her inclination takes a contrary bent, will find all too little: she will engage the stones in the street, or the grass in the field, to act for her, and help on her correspondence. If the mind,' said he, 'be not engaged, I see there is hardly any confinement sufficient for the body; you have told a very pretty story; and, as you never gave me any reason to question your veracity, even in your severest trials, I doubt not the truth of what you now mention. I will, in turn, give you such a proof of mine, as you shall find to carry conviction with it.

'You must know, then, my Pamela, I had actually formed such a project, so well informed was that old rascally *Somebody!* The time was fixed for the very person described in this letter to be here: and I thought he should read some part of the ceremony (as little as was possible, to deceive you) in my chamber: so I hoped to have you mine upon terms that *then* would have been much more agreeable to me than real matrimony. I did not in haste intend you the mortification of being undeceived; so that, we might have lived for years, perhaps, very lovingly together; I being at liberty to confirm or abrogate it as I pleased.'

'O Sir,' said I, 'I am out of breath with the thoughts of my danger. But what good angel prevented the execution of this deep laid design?'

'Why *your* good angel, Pamela,' said he; 'for when I considered that it would make *you* miserable, and me not happy; that if you should have a dear little one, it would be out of my own power to legitimate it, if I wished it to inherit my estate; and that, as I am almost the last of my family, and most of what I possess must descend to a strange line, and disagreeable and unworthy persons; notwithstanding that I might, in this case, have issue of my own body; when I further considered your untainted virtue, what dangers, trials, and troubles, I had involved you in, only because you were beautiful and virtuous, which had excited all my passion for you; and reflected also upon your tried prudence and truth! I, though I doubted not effecting this my last plot, resolved to overcome myself; and however I might suffer in struggling with my affection for you, to part with you, rather than betray you under so black a veil. Besides,' said he, 'I remember how much I had exclaimed against and censured an action of this kind, attributed to one of the first men of the law, and of the kingdom, as he afterwards became; and that it was but treading

in a path another had marked out for me, and as I was assured, with no great satisfaction to himself, when he came to reflect; my foolish pride was a little piqued with this, because I loved to be, if I went out of the way, my own original, as I may call it; on all these considerations it was, that I rejected this project, and sent word to the person that I had better considered of the matter, and would not have him come, till he heard further from me; and, in this suspense, I suppose, some of your confederates, Pamela, (for we have been a couple of plotters, though your virtue and merit have procured you faithful friends and partisans, which my money and promises could not) one way or other, got knowledge of it, and gave you this notice; but, perhaps, it would have come too late, had not your white angel got the better of my black one, and inspired me with resolutions to abandon the project, just as it was to have been put into execution. But I own that from these appearances, you were but too well justified in your fears, on this odd way of coming at this intelligence; and I have only one thing to blame you for, that though I was resolved not to *hear* you in your own defence, yet, having so ready a talent at your pen, you might have cleared your part of this matter up to me by a line or two; and when I had known what seeming good grounds you had for pouring cold water on a young flame, just rising to an honourable expansion, I should not have imputed it, as I was apt to do, to unseasonable insult for my tenderness to you, on one hand; to perverse nicety, on the other; or to (what most alarmed me) prepossession for some other person: and this would have saved us both much fatigue, I of mind, you of body.'

'*And, indeed, Sir,*' said I, '*of mind too: and I could not better* manifest this, than by the cheerfulness with which I obeyed your recalling me to your presence.'

'Ay, that, my dear Pamela,' said he, and clasped me in his arms, 'was the kind, the inexpressibly kind action, which has rivetted my affections to you, and obliges me, in this unreserved manner, to pour my whole soul into your bosom.'

I said, 'I had the less merit in this my return, being driven by an irresistible impulse to it; and could not help it, if I would.'

'This,' said he, (and honoured me by kissing my hand,) 'is engaging, indeed; if I may hope, that my Pamela's gentle inclination for her persecutor was the strongest motive for her return; and I so much value a voluntary love in the person I would wish for my wife, that I would have even prudence and interest hardly named in comparison with it; and can you return me sincerely the honest compliment I now make you?—In the *choice* I have made, it is impossible I should have any view to my *interest*. Love, *true* love, is the *only* motive by which *I* am induced. And were I not what I am, could you give me the *preference* to any other you know in the world, notwithstanding what has passed between us?'—'Why,' said I, 'should your so much obliged Pamela refuse to answer this kind question? Cruel as I have thought you, and dangerous as your views to my honesty have been; you, Sir, are the only person living that was ever more than indifferent to me; and before I knew this to be, what I blush now to call it, I could not hate you, or wish you ill, though, from my soul, the attempts you made were shocking, and most distasteful to me.'

'I am satisfied, my Pamela,' said he, 'nor do I want to see the papers you have kindly written for to your father: though I wish to see

them, for the sake of the sweet manner you relate what has passed, and to have before me the whole series of your sufferings, that I may learn the degree of kindness sufficient to recompense you.'

Thus, my dear father and mother, did your happy daughter find herself blessed by her generous master! An ample recompense for all her sufferings did I think this sweet conversation. A hundred tender things did he express besides, which, though they never can escape my memory, would be too tedious to write down. Oh, how I blessed God, and, I hope, ever shall, for all his gracious favours to his unworthy handmaid! What a happy change! And who knows but my generous master may put it in my power, without injuring him, to dispense around me, to many persons, the happy influences of the condition to which I shall be, by his kind favour exalted? Doubly blest shall I be, in particular, if I can return the hundredth part of the obligations I owe to such honest good parents, to whose pious instructions and examples, under God, I owe all my present happiness, and future prospects.—O the joy that fills my mind on these proud hopes! on these delightful prospects!—It is too mighty for me; and I must sit down to ponder all these things, and to admire and bless the goodness of that Providence which has, through so many intricate mazes, made me tread the path of innocence, and so amply rewarded me, for what it has enabled me to do! All glory to God alone be ever given for it, by your poor enraptured daughter!—I will now continue my most pleasing relation.

As the chariot was returning home from this sweet airing, he said, 'From all that has now passed between us, my Pamela will see, and believe, *that the trials of her* virtue are all over from me; but, perhaps, there will be some few yet to come of her patience and humility. For, importuned by Lady Darnford and her daughters, I promised them a sight of my beloved girl: so I intend to have their whole family, and Lady Jones, and Mrs. Peters's family, to dine with me once in a few days.—And, as I believe you would hardly choose to grace the table on the occasion, till you can do it in your own right, you will not refuse coming down to us if I desire it; for I would preface our nuptials,' said the dear gentleman—O what a sweet word was that!—'with their good opinion of your merit; and to see you, and your sweet manner, will be enough for that purpose; and so by degrees, prepare my neighbours for what is to follow: they already have your character from me, and are disposed to admire you.'

'Sir,' said I, 'after all that has passed I should be unworthy not to say, that I *can* have no will but yours: and however awkwardly I shall behave in such company, weighed down with the sense of your obligations on one side, and my own unworthiness with their observations on the other, I will not scruple to obey you.'

'I am obliged to you, Pamela,' said he; 'and pray be only dressed as you are; for since they know your condition, and heard the story of your present dress, and how you came by it, one of the young ladies begs it as a favour to see you just as you are: and I am the rather pleased it should be so, because they will perceive you owe nothing to dress, but make a much better figure with your own native stock of loveliness, than the greatest ladies arrayed in the most splendid attire, and adorned with the most glittering jewels.'

'O Sir,' said I, 'your goodness

beholds your poor servant in a light greatly beyond her merit! But it must not be expected that others, ladies especially, will look upon me with *your* favourable eyes: yet I should be best pleased to wear this humble garb, till you, for your own sake, shall order it otherwise: for,' said I, 'I hope it will be always my pride to glory most in your goodness: to show every one, that as to my happiness in this life, I am entirely the work of your bounty: and to let the world see from what a lowly original you have raised me to honour, that the greatest ladies would rejoice in.'

'Admirable Pamela!' said he; 'excellent girl!—Surely thy sentiments are superior to those of all thy sex!—I might have *addressed* a hundred fine ladies; but never could have had reason to *admire* one as I do you.'

As, my dear father and mother, I repeat these generous sayings, only because they are the effect of my master's goodness, being far from presuming to think I deserve one of them; so I hope you will not attribute it to my vanity; for I do assure you, I think I ought rather to be more *humble*, as I am more *obliged*: for it must be always a sign of a poor condition, to receive obligations one cannot repay; as it is of a rich mind when it can confer them without accepting or *needing* a return. It is, on one side, the state of the human creature, compared, on the other to the Creator: and so, with due deference, may his beneficence be said to be godlike, and that is the highest that can be said.

The chariot brought us home about two; and, blessed be God, my master is pure well, and cheerful: it makes me hope he does not repent his late generous treatment of me. He handed me out of the chariot, with the same goodness as when he put me into it, before several of the servants. Mrs. Jewkes came to inquire how he did.—'Quite well, Mrs Jewkes,' said he, 'I thank God and this good girl for it!'—'I am glad of it,' said she; 'but I hope you are not the worse for my care and my doctoring of you!'—'No, but the better, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he; 'you have much obliged me by both.'

Then he said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, you and I have used this good girl very hardly.'—'I was afraid, Sir,' said she, 'I should be the subject of her complaints.'—'I assure you,' said he, 'we have had a quite different subject to talk of; I trust she will forgive us both: you especially, because you acted by my orders. I only mean, that the necessary consequence of those orders has been very grievous to my Pamela: and now we must make her amends if we can.'

'Sir,' said she, 'I always said to Madam (as she called me,) that you was very good, and very forgiving.'—'No,' said he, 'I have been stark naught, and it is she, I hope, will be very forgiving. But all this preamble is to tell you, Mrs. Jewkes, that now I desire you'll study to oblige her, as much as (to obey me) you was forced to disoblige her before. And you'll remember that in every thing, she is to be her own mistress.'—'Yes,' said she, 'and mine too, I suppose, Sir?'—'Aye,' said the generous gentleman, 'I believe it will be so in a little time.'—'Then,' said she, 'I know how it will go with me!' and so put her handkerchief to her eyes.—'Pamela,' said my master 'comfort poor Mrs. Jewkes.'

This was very generous, already to seem to put her in my power; and I took her by the hand, and said, 'I shall never take upon me, Mrs. Jewkes, to abuse any opportunity put into my hands by my generous master; nor shall I ever

wish to do you disservice, if I might; for I consider what you have done, was in obedience to a will I must also submit to; and so, if the *effects* of our obedience may be different, yet, as they proceed from *one* cause, *that* must be always reverenced by me.'

'See there, Mrs. Jewkes,' said my master, 'we are both in generous hands; and if Pamela did not pardon you, I should think she but half forgave me, because you acted by my instructions.'

'Well,' said she, 'God bless you both together, since it must be so; and I will double my diligence to oblige my lady, as I find she will soon be.'

O my dear father and mother now pray for me on another score, lest I should grow too proud, and be giddy with all these promising things, so soothing to the vanity of my years and sex. But even to this hour can I pray, that God would remove from me all these delightful prospects, if they were likely to corrupt my mind, so as to make me proud and vain, and not acknowledge, with thankful humility, the blessed Providence which has so visibly conducted me through the dangerous paths I have trod to this happy moment.

My master was pleased to say, that, he thought I might as well dine with him, since he was alone; but I begged he would excuse me, for fear, as I said, such excess of goodness and condescension, all at once, should turn my head; and that he would by slower degrees bring on my happiness, lest I should not know how to bear it.

'Persons that doubt themselves,' said he, 'seldom do amiss: and if there was any fear of what you say, you could not have it in your thoughts: for none but the presumptuous, the conceited, and the thoughtless, err capitally. But nevertheless,' said he, 'I have such an opinion of your prudence, that I shall generally think what you do right, because it is *you* that do it.'

'Sir,' said I, 'your kind expressions shall not be thrown away upon me, if I can help it; for they will task me with the care of endeavouring to deserve your good opinion, and your approbation, as the best rule of my conduct.'

Being then about to go up stairs —'Permit me, Sir,' said I, (looking about me with some confusion, to see that nobody was there) 'thus on my knees to thank you, as I often wanted to do in the chariot for all your goodness to me, which shall never, I hope, be cast away upon me.' And so I had the boldness to kiss his hand.

I wonder since how I came to be so forward. But what could I do? —My poor grateful heart was like a too full river, which overflows its banks; and it carried away my fear and my shamefacedness, as that does all before it on the surface of its waters!

He clasped me in his arms with transport, and condescendingly kneeled by me, and kissing me, said, 'O my dear obliging good girl, on my knees, as you on yours, I vow to you everlasting truth and fidelity: and may God but bless us both with half the pleasures that seem to lie before us, and we shall have no reason to envy the felicity of the greatest princess!'—'O Sir,' said I, 'how shall I support so much goodness!—I am poor indeed in *every thing*, compared to you! and how far, very far, do you, in every generous way, leave me behind you!'

He raised me, and, as I bent towards the door, led me to the stairs foot, and, saluting me there again, left me to go up to my closet, where I threw myself on my knees in rap-

tures of joy, and blessed that gracious God who had thus changed my distress to happiness, and so abundantly rewarded me for all the sufferings I had passed through.—And oh, how light, how very light, do all those sufferings *now* appear, which *then* my repining mind made so grievous to me!—Hence, in every state of life, and in all the changes and chances of it, for the future, will I trust in Providence, who knows what is best for us, and frequently turns the very evils we most dread, to be the cause of our happiness, and of our deliverance from greater. My experience, young as I am, as to this great point of reliance on God, is strong, though my judgment in general may be weak and uninformed; but you'll excuse these reflections, because they are your beloved daughter's; and, so far as they are not amiss, derive themselves from the benefit of yours, and my late good lady's examples and instructions.

I have written a vast deal in a little time; and shall only say, to conclude this delightful Wednesday, that in the afternoon my good master was so well, that he rode out on horseback, and came home about nine at night; and then stepped up to me, and, seeing me with pen and ink before me in my closet, said, 'I come only to tell you I am very well, my Pamela; and since I have a letter or two to write, I will leave you to proceed in yours, as I suppose that was your employment,' (for I had put by my papers at his coming up;) and so he saluted me, bid me good night, and went down; and I finished up to this place before I went to bed. Mrs. Jewkes told me, if it was more agreeable to me, she would lie in another room; but I said—'No, thank you, Mrs. Jewkes; pray let me have your company.' And she made a fine curtesy, and thanked me.—How times are altered!

THURSDAY.

This morning my master came up to me, and talked with me on various subjects, for a good while together, in the most kind manner. Among other things, he asked me if I chose to order any new clothes against my marriage. (O how my heart flutters when he mentions this subject so freely!) I said I left every thing to his good pleasure, requesting, as before, that I might not be too fine.

He said, 'I think, my dear, it shall be very private: I hope you are not afraid of a sham marriage, and pray get the service by heart, that you may see nothing is omitted.' I glowed between shame and delight. O how I felt my cheeks burn!

I said, I apprehended nothing, but my own unworthiness. Said he, 'I think it shall be done within fourteen days at this house.' O how I trembled! but not with grief, you may believe—'What says my girl? Have you to object against any day of the next fourteen? Because my affairs require me to go to my other house, and I think not to stir from this till I am happy with you.'

'I have no will but yours,' said I, (all glowing like the fire:) 'But, Sir, did you say in the *house?*'—'Aye,' said he, 'for I care not how privately it be done; and it must be very public if we go to church.'—'It is a *holy rite*, Sir,' said I; 'and would be better, methinks, in a *holy place*.'

'I see,' (said he most kindly) 'my lovely maid's confusion; your trembling tenderness shows I ought to oblige you all I can. Therefore my own little chapel, which has not been used for two generations but

for a lumber room, because our family seldom resided here long together, shall be cleared, and cleaned, and got ready for the ceremony, if you dislike your own chamber or mine.'

'Sir,' said I, 'that will be better than the chamber: and I hope it will never be lumbered again, but kept to the use for which, as I *presume*, it has been consecrated.'—'O yes,' said he, 'it was consecrated in my great great grandfather's time, who built that and the good old house together.

'But now, my good girl, if I do not too much add to your sweet confusion, shall it be in the *first* seven days, or the *second* of this fortnight?' I looked down quite out of countenance. 'Tell me,' said he. 'In the second, if you please, Sir,' said I.—'As *you* please,' said he, most kindly: 'but I should thank, you, Pamela, if you would choose the first.'—'I'd *rather*, Sir, if you please,' said I, 'have the second.'—'Well,' said he; 'be it so; but don't defer it till the last day of the fourteen.'

'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'since you embolden me to talk on this important subject, may I not send my dear father and mother word of my happiness?'—'You may,' said he, 'but charge them to keep it secret, till you or I direct the contrary. I told you I would see no more of your papers; but I meant, not without your consent: but if you will show them to me, (and now I have no motive for my curiosity but pleasure in reading what you write) I shall acknowledge it as a favour.'

'If, Sir,' said I, 'you will be pleased to let me write over again one sheet, I will; though I had relied upon your word, and not written them for your perusal.'—'What is that?' said he; 'though I cannot consent to it beforehand: for I more desire to see them, as being your true sentiments at *the time*, and *not* written for my perusal.'—'Sir,' said I, 'what I am loth you should see are very severe reflections on the letter I received by the gipsy, when I apprehended your design of the sham marriage; there are other things too, but that is the worst.'—'It cannot be worse,' said he, 'my dear Sauce-box, than I have seen already; and I will allow your treating me in ever so black a manner on that occasion, because it must have had a very black appearance to you.'—'Well, Sir,' said I, 'I think I will obey you before night.'—'But don't alter a word,' said he, 'I won't, Sir,' replied I, 'since you order it.'

While we were talking, Mrs. Jewkes came up, and said Thomas was returned. 'O,' said my master, 'let him bring up the papers:' for he hoped, and so did I, that you had sent them. But it was a great baulk, when he came up, and said, 'Sir, Mr. Andrews did not care to deliver them; and would have it, that his daughter was forced to write that letter to him: the old gentleman took on sadly, and said that his daughter was undone, or else she would not have turned back, when on her way, (as I told him she did, said Thomas,) instead of coming to them.' I began to fear now that all would be bad for me again.

'Well, Tom,' said he, 'dont't mince the matter: tell me, before Mrs. Andrews, what they said.'—'Why, Sir, both he and Goody Andrews, after conferring together upon your letter, Madam, came out, weeping bitterly, which grieved my very heart! they said, now all was over with their poor daughter: and either she had written that letter by compulsion, or yielded to your honour; and was, or would be ruined.'

My master seemed vexed, as I feared. And I said, 'Pray, Sir, be

so good as to excuse the fears of my honest parents. They cannot know your goodness to me.'

'And so,' (said he, without answering me) 'they refused to deliver the papers?'—'Yes, and please your honour,' said Thomas; 'though I told him, that you, Madam, of your own accord, on a letter I had brought you, very cheerfully wrote what I carried; but the old gentleman said —"Why, wife, there are in these papers twenty things nobody should see but ourselves, and especially not the squire. O the poor girl has had so many stratagems to struggle with! but at last she has met with one too hard for her. Can it be possible to account for her setting out to come to us in such post-haste, and when above half way, to send us this letter, and go back again of her own accord, as you say; when we know, that all her delight would have been to come to us, and to escape from the perils she has so long contended with?" And then, Sir, he said, he could not bear this; for his daughter was ruined, to be sure, before now. And so,' said Thomas, 'the good old couple sat themselves down, hand in hand, leaning upon each other's shoulder, and did nothing but lament.—I was piteously grieved,' said he; 'but all I could say did not comfort them; nor would they give me the papers; though I said I should deliver them to Mrs. Andrews herself. And so, and please your honour, I came away without them.'

My good master saw me all bathed in tears, at this description of your distress and fears for me; and he said, 'I would not have you take on so. I am not angry with your father in the main; he is a good man; and I would have you write out of hand, and it shall be sent by the post to Mr. Atkins, who lives within two miles of your father, and I'll inclose it in a cover of mine, in which I'll desire Mr. Atkins, the moment it comes to his hand, to convey it safely to your father and mother: and say nothing of their sending the papers, that it may not make them uneasy; for I want not now to see them on any other score than that of mere curiosity: and that will do at any time.' So saying, he saluted me before Thomas, and, with his handkerchief, wiped my eyes; and said to Thomas, —'The good old folks are not to be blamed in the main. They don't know my honourable intentions by their dear daughter; who, Tom, will soon be your mistress: though I shall keep the matter private some days, and would not have it spoken of by my servants out of my house.'

Thomas said, 'God bless your honour! you know best.' And I said, 'O Sir, you are all goodness! —How kind is this, to forgive the disappointment, instead of being angry, as I feared you would!' Thomas then withdrew. And my master said, 'I need not remind you of writing out of hand, to make the good folks easy: and I will leave you to yourself for that purpose; only send me down such of your papers as you are willing I should see, with which I shall entertain myself for an hour or two. But one thing,' added he, 'I forgot to tell you: the neighbouring gentry I mentioned will be here to-morrow, to dine with me, and I have ordered Mrs. Jewkes to prepare for them.'—'And *must* I, Sir,' said I, 'be shown to them?'—'O yes,' said he, 'that's the chief reason of their coming. And you'll see nobody equal to yourself; don't be concerned.'

I opened my papers when my master had gone, and laid out those beginning at the Thursday morning he set out for Stamford, with the morning visit he made me before I was

up, and the injunctions of watchfulness, &c. to Mrs. Jewkes; the next day's gipsy affair, and my reflections, in which I called him *truly diabolical*, and was otherwise very severe, on the strong appearances then against him. His return on Saturday, with the dread he put me in, on offering to search me for my papers which followed those he had got by Mrs. Jewkes's means. My being forced to give them up. His carriage to me after he had read them, and questions to me. His great kindness on seeing the dangers I had escaped, and the troubles I had undergone. How I unseasonably, in the midst of his goodness, expressed my desire of being sent to you, having the intelligence of a sham marriage, from the gipsy, in my thoughts. How this enraged him, and made him turn me away that very Sunday, and send me to you. The particulars of my journey, and my grief at parting with him: and my free acknowledgment to you, that I found, unknown to myself, I had begun to love him and could not help it. His sending to beg my return: but yet generously leaving me at liberty, when he might have forced me to return, willing or not. My resolutions to oblige him, and fatiguing journey back. My concern for his illness on my return. His kind reception of me, and showing me his sister Davers's angry letter against his behaviour to me, desiring him to set me free, and threatening to renounce him as a brother, if he should degrade himself by marrying me. My serious reflections on this letter, &c. (all which, I hope, with the others you will shortly see.) And this carried matters down to Thursday night last.

All that followed was so kind on his side, being our chariot conference, as above, on Wednesday *morning, and how good he has been ever* since, that I thought I would go no farther; for I was ashamed to be so very open on that tender and most grateful subject: though his great goodness to me deserves all possible acknowledgment.

When I had looked these out, I carried them into the parlour; and said, putting them into his hands, 'Your allowances, good Sir, as heretofore: if I have been too open and free in my reflections or declarations, let my fears on one side, and my sincerity on the other, be my excuse.'—'You are very obliging, my good girl,' said he. 'You have nothing to apprehend from my thoughts, any more than from my actions.'

So I went up and wrote the letter to you briefly stating my present happiness, and my master's goodness, expressing my gratitude of heart to the kindest gentleman in the world, and assuring you I should soon have the pleasure of sending back to you not only those papers, but all that since succeeded them, as I know you delight, in your leisure hours, to read my scribble: and I said, taking it to my master before I sealed it, 'Will you please, Sir, to peruse what I write to my dear parents?' —'Thank you, Pamela,' said he, and set me on his knee, while he read it, and seemed much pleased with it; and giving it me again 'You are very happy,' said he, 'my beloved girl, in your style and expressions: the affectionate things you say of me, are inexpressibly obliging: and again, with this kiss,' said he, 'do I confirm for truth all that you have promised for my intentions in this letter.' O what halcyon days are these! God continue them! A change now would kill me quite.

He went out in his chariot in the afternoon; and in the evening returned, and sent me word, he would

be glad of my company for a little walk in the garden; and down I went that very moment.

He came to meet me. 'So,' said he, 'how does my girl do now? Whom do you think I have seen since I went out?'—'I don't know, Sir,' said I. 'Why,' said he, 'there is a turning in the road, about five miles off, round a meadow, that has a pleasant footway, by a little brook, and a double row of limes on each side, where, now and then, the gentry in the neighbourhood walk and angle and divert themselves. I'll show it you next opportunity. I stepped out of my chariot to walk across this meadow and bid Robin meet me on the further part of it: and whom should I spy there, walking with a book in his hand, reading, but your humble servant, Mr. Williams?—Don't blush, Pamela,' said he. 'As his back was towards me, I thought I would speak to the man: and before he saw me I said, "How do you, old acquaintance?" (for,' said he, 'you know we were of one college for a twelvemonth.) I thought the man would have jumped into the brook, he gave such a start at hearing my voice, and seeing me.'

'Poor man!' said I. 'Aye,' said he, 'but not too much of your poor man, in that soft accent, neither, Pamela. "I am sorry my voice is so startling to you, Mr. Williams. What are you reading?"—"Sir," said he, stammering with the surprise, "it is the French Telemachus: for I am about perfecting myself in the French tongue." Thought I, I had rather so than perfecting my Pamela in it.—"You do well," replied I. "Don't you think that yonder cloud may give us a small shower?" And it began to wet. He said, he "believed not much."

'"If," said I, "you are for the village, I'll give you a cast; for I shall call at Sir Simon's on returning from my little round." He asked if it was not too great a favour? "No," said I, "Don't talk of that; let us walk on, and we shall soon meet my chariot."

'So, Pamela,' continued my master, 'we fell into conversation as we walked. He said he was very sorry he had incurred my displeasure; and the more, as he was told, by Lady Jones, who had it from Sir Simon's family, that I had a more honourable view than at first was apprehended. I said, "We fellows of fortune, Mr. Williams, sometimes take too much liberty with the world; wantoning very probably, as you contemplative folks would say, in the sun-beams of a dangerous affluence, we cannot think of confining ourselves to the common paths, though the safest and most eligible. And you may believe I could not bear to be supplanted in a view that lay next my heart; and that by an old acquaintance, whose good, before this affair, I was studious to promote."

'"I would only say, Sir," said he, "that my *first* motive was entirely such as became my function:" and very politely' said my master, 'he added, "And I am very sure, that however inexcusable I might seem in the *progress* of the matter, yourself, Sir, would have been sorry to have it said, you had cast your thoughts on a person that nobody could have wished for but yourself."

'"Well, Mr. Williams," said I, "I see you are a man of gallantry, as well as religion: but what I took most amiss was, that if you thought me doing a wrong thing, you did not expostulate with me upon it, as your function might have allowed you to do; but immediately determine to counter-plot me, and attempt to secure to yourself a prize you would have robbed me of, and that from my own house. But the

matter is at an end, and I retain no malice, though you did not *know* but I might, at last, do honourably by her as I actually intend."

'"I am sorry for *myself*, Sir," said he, "that I should so unhappily incur your displeasure; but I rejoice for *her* sake in your honourable intentions: allow me to say, that if you make Mrs. Andrews your lady, she will do credit to your choice, with all who see her, or come to know her; and for person and mind, you may challenge the county."

'In this manner,' said my master, 'did the parson and I confabulate; and I set him down at his lodgings in the village. But he kept your secret, Pamela: and would not own, that you gave any encouragement to his addresses.'

'Indeed Sir,' said I, 'he could not say that I did; and I hope you believe me.'—'I do,' said he: 'but it is still my opinion, that if, when I saw plots set up against my plots, I had not discovered the parson as I did, the correspondence between you might have gone to a length that would have put our present situation out of both our powers.'

'Sir,' said I, 'when you consider, that my utmost presumption could not make me hope for the honour you now seem to design me: that I was so hardly used, and had no prospect before me but dishonour, you will allow, that I should have seemed very little in earnest in my profession of honesty, not to endeavour to get away; but yet I resolved not to think of marriage; for I never saw the man I could love, till your goodness emboldened me to look up to you.'

'I should, my dear Pamela' said he, 'make a very ill compliment to my vanity, if I did not believe you: but justice calls upon me to say, that it is some things considered, beyond my *merit*.'

There was a sweet noble expression for your poor daughter, my dear father and mother! And from my master too!

I was glad to hear this account of the interview between Mr. Williams and himself; but I dared not to say so. I hope in time he will be reinstated in his good graces.

He was so good as to tell me, he had given orders for the chapel to be cleared. O how I look forward with inward joy, yet with fear and trembling!

FRIDAY.

About twelve o'clock came Sir Simon, his lady, and two daughters, and Lady Jones, and her sister-in-law, and Mr. Peters, with his spouse and niece. Mrs. Jewkes, who is more and more obliging, was much concerned I was not dressed in some of my best clothes, and made me many compliments.

They all walked into the garden, before dinner; and, I understood, were so impatient to see me, that my master took them into the largest alcove, after they had walked two or three turns, and stept himself to me. 'Come, my Pamela,' said he, 'the ladies can't be satisfied without seeing you, and I desire you'll come.' I said, I was ashamed, but I would obey him. Said he, 'the two young ladies are drest out in their best attire; but they make not such an appearance as my charming girl in this ordinary garb.—'Sir,' said I, 'shan't I follow you? For I can't bear you to do me so much honour.'—'Well,' said he, 'I'll go before you.' And he bid Mrs. Jewkes bring a bottle of sack, with some cake. So he went down to them.

This alcove fronts the longest gravel walk in the garden, so that they saw me most of the way I came; and my master told me af-

terwards, with pleasure, all they said of me.

Will you forgive the little vain slut, your daughter if I tell you all, as he was pleased to tell me? He said, 'spying me first. 'There, ladies, comes my pretty rustic!'—They all, I saw, which abashed me, stood at the windows, and in the door way, looking full at me.

My master told me, that lady Jones said, 'She is a charming creature, I see that at this distance.' And Sir Simon, it seems who has been a sad rake in his younger days, swore he never saw so easy an air, so fine a shape, and so graceful a presence. The Lady Darnford said, I was a sweet girl. And Mrs. Peters said very handsome things. Even the parson said, I should be the pride of the county. O dear Sirs! all this was owing to the light my good master's favour placed me in, which made me shine out in their eyes beyond my deserts. He said the young ladies blushed, and envied me.

When I came near, he saw me in a little confusion, and was so kind as to meet me: 'Give me your hand,' said he, 'my good girl; you walk too fast.' I did so, with a curt'sy; and he, leading me up the steps of the alcove, in a most gentleman-like manner, presented me to the ladies, who all saluted me, and said they hoped to be better acquainted with me: and Lady Darnford was pleased to say, I should be the flower of their neighbourhood. Sir Simon said, 'Good neighbour, by your leave;' and saluting me, added, 'Now will I say, that I have kissed the loveliest maiden in England.' But, for all this, methought I owed him a grudge for a tell-tale, though all had turned out so happily. Mr. Peters very gravely followed his example, and said, like a bishop, 'God bless you, fair excellence!' Said Lady Jones, 'Pray, dear Madam, sit down by me.' They all sat down; but I said I would stand, if they pleased, 'No, Pamela,' said my master; 'pray sit down with these good ladies, my neighbours:—They will indulge it to you, for *my* sake, till they know you better; and for *your own* when they are acquainted with you.'—'Sir,' said I 'I shall be proud to deserve their indulgence.'

They all so gazed at me, I could not look up; for I think it one of the distinctions of persons of condition and well bred, to put bashful bodies out of countenance. 'Well, Sir Simon,' said my master, 'what say you now to my pretty rustic?' He swore a great oath, that he should better know what to say, if he was as young as himself. Lady Darnford said, 'You will never leave off Sir Simon.'

Said my master, 'you are a little confused my good girl, and out of *breath*; but I have told all my kind neighbours here a good deal of your story and your excellence.'—'Yes,' said Lady Darnford, 'my dear neighbour, as I *will* call you; we that are here present have all heard of your uncommon story.'—'Madam,' said I, 'you have then heard what must make your kind allowance for me very necessary.'—'No,' said Mrs. Peters, 'we have heard what will always make you valued as an honour to our sex, and as a worthy pattern for all the young ladies in the county.'—'You are very good, Madam,' said I, 'to make me able to look up, and to be thankful for this honour.'

Mrs. Jewkes came in with the Canary, brought by Nan to the alcove, and some cake on a silver salver; and I said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, let me assist you in serving the ladies with the cake.'—I took the salver, and went round to the good compa-

ny with it, ending with my master. The Lady Jones said, she never was served with such a grace, and it was giving me too much trouble. 'O Madam,' said I, 'I hope my good master's favour will never make me forget it is my duty to wait upon his friends.'—'*Master*, sweet one!' said Sir Simon, 'I hope you won't always call Mr. B. by that name, lest it should become a fashion with all our ladies, through the county.'—'I, Sir,' said I, 'shall have many reasons to continue this style, which cannot affect your good ladies.'

'Sir Simon,' said Lady Jones, 'you are very arch upon us: but I see very well, that it will be the interest of all the gentlemen to bring their ladies into an intimacy with one, who can give them such a good example.'—'I am sure then, Madam,' said I, 'it must be after I am polished and improved by the honour of such an example as yours.'

They were all very good and affable; and the young Lady Darnford, who had wished to see me in this dress, said, 'I beg your pardon, dear Miss; but I had heard how sweetly this garb became you, and was told the history of it; and begged that you might favour us with your appearance in it.'—'I am much obliged to your Ladyship,' said I, 'that your kind prescription was so agreeable to my choice.'—'Why,' said she, '*was* it your choice then?—I am glad of that: though I am sure your person must *give*, and not *take* ornament from any dress.'

'You are very kind, Madam,' said I: 'but there will be the less reason to fear I should forget my high obligations to the kindest of gentlemen, when I can delight to show the humble degree from which his goodness has raised me.'—'My dear Pamela,' said he, '*if you proceed at this rate, I must insist* upon your first seven days. You know what I mean.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you are all goodness.'

They drank a glass of sack each, and Sir Simon made me do so too, saying, 'It will be a reflection, I think, upon all the ladies, if you do not as they do.'—'No, Sir Simon,' said I, 'that can't be, for the ladies' journey hither makes a glass of Canary a proper cordial for them: but I won't refuse, because I will do myself the honour of drinking good health to you, and all this worthy company.'

Said good Lady Darnford to my master, 'I hope, Sir, we shall have Mrs. Andrews's company at table,' He said, very obligingly, 'Madam, it is her time now; and I will leave it to her choice.'—'If the good ladies, then, will forgive me, Sir,' said I, 'I had rather be excused.' They all said, I must not be excused. I begged I might. 'Your reason for it, my dear Pamela?' said my master; 'since the ladies request it, I wish you would oblige them.'—'Sir,' replied I, 'your goodness will make me, every day, worthier of the honour the ladies do me; and when I can persuade myself that I am more worthy of it than at present, I shall with great joy embrace all the opportunities they will be pleased to give me.'

Mrs. Peters whispered Lady Jones, as my master told me afterwards, 'Did you ever see such excellence, prudence, and discretion!'—'Never in my life,' said the other good lady. 'She will adorn,' she was pleased to say, 'her distinction.'—'Ay,' says Mrs. Peters, 'she would adorn any station in life.'

My good master was highly delighted, generous gentleman as he is, with the favourable opinion of the ladies; and I took the more pleasure in it, because their favour seemed to lessen the disgrace of his stooping so much beneath himself.

Lady Darnford said, 'We will not oppress you; though we could almost blame your too punctilious exactness; but if we excuse Mrs. Andrews from dinner we must insist upon her company at the card table, and at tea; for we shall pass the whole day with you, Sir, as we told you.'—'What say you to that, Pamela?' said my master. 'Sir,' replied I; 'whatever you and the ladies please, I will cheerfully do.' They said I was very obliging. But Sir Simon rapt out an oath, and said, that *they* might dine together if they would; but *he* would dine with me, and nobody else. 'For,' said he, 'I say, Sir, as Parson Williams said,' (by which I found my master had told them the story,) 'you must not think you have chosen one that nobody can like but yourself.'

The young ladies said, if I pleased, they would take a turn about the garden with me. I answered I would very gladly attend them; and so we three, and Lady Jones's sister-in law, and Mr. Peters's niece, walked together. They were very affable, kind, and obliging; and we soon entered into a good deal of familiarity; and I found Miss Darnford a very agreeable person. Her sister was a little more on the reserve; and I afterwards heard, that, about a year before, she would fain have had my master make his addresses to her; but though Sir Simon is reckoned rich, she was not thought a sufficient fortune for him. And now, to have him look down so low as me, must be a sort of mortification to a poor young lady!—And I pitied her—Indeed I did!—I wish all young persons of my sex could be as happy as I am likely to be.

My master told me afterwards, that I left the other ladies, and Sir Simon and Mr. Peters, full of my praises; so that they could hardly talk of any thing else; one launching out upon my complexion, another upon my eyes, my hand, and in short, (for you'll think me sadly proud) upon my whole person and behaviour: and they all magnified my readiness and obligingness in my answers, and the like: and I was glad of it, as I said, for my good master's sake, who seemed quite pleased and rejoiced. God bless him for his goodness to me!

Dinner not being ready, the young ladies proposed a tune upon the spinnet. I said, I believed it was not in tune. They said, they knew it was but a few months ago. 'If it is,' said I, 'I wish I had known it.—Though, indeed, ladies,' added I, 'since you know my story, I must own, that my mind has not been long in tune, to make use of it.' So they would make me play upon it, and sing to it; which I did, a song my dear good lady made me learn, and used to be pleased with, and which she brought with her from Bath: and the ladies were much taken with the song, and were so kind as to approve my performance: and Miss Darnford was pleased to compliment me, that I had all the accomplishments of my sex. I said, I had had a good lady, in my master's mother, who had spared no pains nor cost to improve me. She said, she wished Mr. B. could be prevailed upon to give a ball on an approaching occasion, that we might have a dancing match, &c. But I can't say I do, though I did not say so; for these occasions, I think, are too solemn for the *principals*, at least of our sex, to take part in, especially if they have the same thoughts of the solemnity, that I have: for indeed, though I have before me, a prospect of happiness, which may be envied by ladies of high rank, yet I must own to you, my dear parents, that I have some-

thing very awful upon my mind, when I think of the matter; and shall more and more, as it draws nearer and nearer. This is the song:

Go, happy *paper*, gently steal,
And underneath her pillow lie;
There in *soft dreams*, my love reveal,
That love which I must still conceal,
And, wrapt in awful *silence*, die.

Should *flames* be doom'd thy hapless fate,
To *atoms* Thou wouldst quickly turn,
My *pains* may bear a longer date;
For should I *live*, and should she *hate*,
In *endless* torments I should *burn*.

Tell fair Aurelia, she has charms
Might in a *Hermit* stir desire,
T' attain the heav'n that's in her arms,
I'd quit the *world's* alluring charms,
And to a *cell*, content, retire.

Of all that pleas'd my ravished eye,
Her *beauty* should *supply* the place,
Bold *Raphael's strokes*, and *Titian's dye*,
Should but in vain presume to vie
With her inimitable face.

No more I'd wish for Phoebus' *rays*,
To gild the object of my *sight*;
Much less the *taper's* fainting blaze,
Her *eyes* should measure out my *days*;
And when she *slept*, it should be night.

About four o'clock.—My master just came up to me, and said, 'If you should see Mr. Williams below, do you think, Pamela, you should not be surprised?'—'No, Sir,' said I, 'I hope not. Why should I?'—'Expect,' said he, 'a stranger, then, when you come down to us in the parlour; for the ladies are preparing themselves for the card table, and they insist upon your company.'—'You have a mind, Sir,' said I, 'to try all my courage.'—'Why,' said he, 'does it want courage to see him?'—'No, Sir,' said I, 'not at all. But I was grievously abashed to see all those strange ladies and gentlemen; and now to see Mr. Williams before them, as some of them refused his application for me, when I wanted to get away, it will a little shock me to see them smile, in recollecting what has passed of that kind.'—'Well,' said he, 'guard your heart against surprises, though you shall see, when you come down, a man that I can allow you to love dearly, though hardly preferably to me.'

This surprises me much. I am afraid he begins to be jealous of me. What will become of me (for he looked very seriously) if any turn should happen now?—My heart aches! I know not what's the matter. But I will go down as brisk as I can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wish this Mr. Williams had not been there now, when they are all there; because of their fleers at him and me. Otherwise I should be glad to see the poor gentleman; for, indeed I think him a good man, and he has suffered for my sake.

So I am sent for down to cards. I'll go; but wish I may continue their good opinions of me; for I shall be very awkward. My master, by his serious question, and bidding me guard my heart against surprises, though I should see, when I came down, a man he can allow me to love dearly, though hardly better than himself, has quite alarmed me, and made me sad!—I hope he loves me!—But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over head and ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him; 'tis a folly to deny it. I can't love any man preferably to him. I shall soon know what he means.

Now, my dear mother, I must write to *you*. Well might my good master say so mysteriously about guarding my heart against surprises. I never was so surprised; and never could see a man I loved so dearly! O, it was my dear, dear father, not Mr. Williams, who was below ready to receive and bless your daughter. Both my master

and he enjoined me to write how the whole matter was, and my thoughts on this joyful occasion.

I will take the matter from the beginning that Providence directed his feet here, to this time, as I have had it from Mrs. Jewkes, my master, my father, the ladies, and my own heart and conduct, as far as I know of both; because they commanded it, and you will be pleased with my relation; and, as you know how I came by the connexion, will make one uniform relation of it.

It seems, my dear father and you were so uneasy to know the truth of the story from Thomas, that, fearing I was betrayed and undone, he got leave of absence; and set out the day after Thomas was there; on Friday morning he got to the neighbouring town; and there he heard that the gentry in the neighbourhood were at my master's, at a great entertainment. He put on a clean shirt and neck-cloth he had in his pocket, at an alehouse there, and got shaved; and, after he had ate some bread and cheese, and drank a can of ale, he set out for my master's house, with a heavy heart, in fear of being brow-beaten. He had, it seems, asked at the alehouse what family the squire had down here, in hopes to hear something of me; they said, a housekeeper, two maids, and, at present, two coachmen, two grooms, a footman and a helper. Was that all? he said. They told him, there was a young creature there, who *was*, or *was* to *be* his mistress, or somewhat of that nature; but had been his mother's waiting-maid. This, he said, grieved his heart, and confirmed his fears.

So he went on, and about three in the afternoon reached the gate; and, ringing there, Sir Simon's coachman came, when he asked *for the housekeeper*; though, from what I had written, in his heart he could not abide her. She sent for him, little thinking who he was, and asked him, in the hall, what was his business with her.—'Only, Madam,' said he, 'whether I cannot speak one word with the squire?' —'No, friend,' said she; 'he is engaged with several gentlemen and ladies.' Said he,—'I have business with his honour of greater consequence to me than either life or death;' and tears stood in his eyes.

At which she went into the great parlour, where my master was talking very pleasantly with the ladies; and she said—'Sir, here is a good old man, who wants to see you on business of life and death, he says, and is very earnest.'—'Aye,' said he, 'who can that be?—Let him stay in the little hall, and I'll soon come to him.' They all stared: and Sir Simon said, 'No more nor less, I dare say, my good friend, but a bastard child.' 'If it is,' said Lady Jones, 'bring it in to us.'—'I will,' said he.'

Mrs. Jewkes says, my master was much surprised when he saw who it was; and she much more, when my dear father said, 'Good God! give me patience! but great as you are, Sir, I must ask for my child!' and burst out into tears—(O what trouble have I given you both!)—My master said, taking him by the hand, 'Don't be uneasy, Goodman Andrews: your daughter is in the way to be happy!' This alarmed my dear father, and he said, 'What! then, is she dying!' And, trembling, could scarce stand. My master made him sit down by him and said, 'No, God be praised, she is very well: pray be comforted; I cannot bear to see you thus apprehensive; but she has written you a letter, to assure you that she has reason to be well satisfied and happy.'

'Ah, Sir!' said he, 'you told me once she was in London, waiting on a bishop's lady, but she was then a severe prisoner here.'—'That's all over now, Goodman Andrews,' said my master: 'the times are altered: for now the sweet girl has taken me prisoner: and in a few days I shall put on the most agreeable fetters that ever man wore.'

'O, Sir,' said he, 'you are too pleasant for my griefs. My heart's almost broken. But may I not see my poor child?'—'You shall presently,' said he; 'for she is coming down to us: and since you won't believe *me*, I hope you will *her*.'

'I will ask you, good Sir,' said he, 'but one question, that I may know how to look upon her when I see her. Is she honest? Is she virtuous?'—'As the new born babe, Mr. Andrews,' said my good master; 'and in twelve days time I hope, will be my wife.'

'O flatter me not, good, your honour,' said he, 'it cannot be! it cannot be!—I fear you have deluded her with strange hopes; and would make me believe impossibilities!'—'Mrs. Jewkes,' said he, 'do you tell my dear Pamela's good father, when I go out, all you know of me, and your mistress that is to be. Make much of him, set out what you have, and make him drink a glass of what he likes best. If this be wine,' added he, 'fill me up a bumper.'

She did so; and he took my father by the hand, and said, 'Believe me, good man and be easy; for I can't bear to see you tortured in this cruel suspense: your dear daughter is the beloved of my soul. I am glad you are come; for you'll see us all in the same story. Here's your dame's health; and God bless you both for being the happy means of procuring for me so great a blessing!' So he drank a bumper to this most obliging health.

'What do I hear? It cannot surely be,' said my father. 'And your honour is too good, I hope, to mock a poor old man. This ugly story, Sir, of the bishop runs in my head—But you say I shall see my dear child—and see her honest. If not, poor as I am, I would not own her.'

My master bid Mrs. Jewkes not let me know yet that my father was come; and went to the company, and said, 'I have been agreeably surprised: here is honest old Goodman Andrews, come full of grief to see his daughter: he fears she is seduced; and tells me, good honest man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her if she be not virtuous.'—'O,' said they all with one voice almost, 'Dear Sir! shall we not see the good old man you have so praised for his plain good sense and honest heart?'—'If,' said he, 'I thought Pamela would not be too much affected with the surprise, I would make you all witness to their first interview? for never did daughter love a father, or father a daughter, as they two do one another.' Miss Darnford, and all the ladies and gentlemen, begged it might be so. But was not this very cruel? For well might they think I should not support myself in such an agreeable surprise.

He said kindly—'I only fear, that the dear girl may be too much affected.'—'O,' said Lady Darnford 'we'll all help to keep up her spirits.' Says he, 'I'll go up and prepare her; but won't tell her of it.' So he came up to me, as I have said, and amused me about Mr. Williams, to half prepare me for some surprise; though that could not have been any thing to this; and he left me, as I said, in that suspense, at his mysterious words, saying, he would send to me when they were going to cards.

My master went from me to my father, and asked if he had eaten any thing. 'No,' said Mrs. Jewkes, 'the good man's heart's so full, he cannot eat, nor do any thing, till he has seen his dear daughter.'—'That shall soon be,' said my master. 'I will have you come in with me; for she is going to sit down with my guests, to a game at quadrille! and I will send for her down.'—'O, Sir,' said my father, don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your guests; let me see my daughter by myself, I beseech you.' Said he, 'They all know your honest character, Goodman Andrews, and long to see you, for Pamela's sake.'

He took my father by the hand, and led him in, against his will, to the company. They were all very good. My master kindly said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you one of the honestest men in England, my good Pamela's father.' Mr. Peters went to him, and took him by the hand, and said, 'We are all glad to see you, Sir; you are the happiest man in the world, in a daughter whom we never saw before to-day, but cannot enough admire.'

Said my master, 'This gentleman, Goodman Andrews, is the minister of the parish; but not young enough for Mr. Williams.' This airy expression, my poor father said, made him fear that all was a jest. Sir Simon also took him by the hand and said, 'Aye, you have a sweet daughter, Honesty; we are all in love with her.' And the ladies came and said very fine things; Lady Darnford particularly, that he might think himself the happiest man in England, in such a daughter.

If, and please you, Madam,' said he, 'she be but virtuous, 'tis all in all: for all the rest is accident. But *I doubt his honour has been too much upon the jest with me*,'—'No, said Mrs. Peters, 'we are all witnesses that he intends very honourably by her.'—'It's some comfort,' said he, and wiped his eyes, 'that such good ladies say so—But I wish I could see her.'

They would have had him sit down by them, but he would only sit behind the door in the corner of the room, so that, entering, one could not see him; because the door opened against him, and almost hid him. The ladies all sat down; and my master said, 'Desire Mrs. Jewkes to step up, and tell Miss Andrews the ladies wait for her.' So down I came.

Miss Darnford rose, and met me at the door, and said, 'Well, Miss Andrews, we long for your company,' I did not see my dear father; and it seems his heart was too full to speak; and he got up, and sat down, three or four times successively, unable to come to me, or to say any thing. The ladies looked that way; but I would not, supposing it was Mr. Williams. They made me sit down between Lady Darnford and Lady Jones; and asked me what I would play at. I said, 'At what your ladyships please.' I wondered to see them smile, and look upon me, and to that corner of the room; but I was afraid of looking, for fear of seeing Mr. Williams; though my face was that way too, and the table before me.

Said my master, 'Did you send your letter away to the post house, my good girl, for your father?'—'To be sure, Sir,' said I, 'I did not forget that: I took the liberty to desire Mr. Thomas to carry it.'—'What,' said he, 'I wonder, will the good old couple say to it?'—'O Sir,' said I, 'your goodness will be a cordial to their dear honest hearts!' At that, my dear father, not able to contain himself, nor yet to stir

from the place, gushed out into a flood of tears, which he, good soul, had been struggling with, it seems; and cried out, 'Oh, my dear child!'

I knew the voice, and, lifting up my eyes, saw my father. I gave a spring, and overturned the table, without regard to the company, and threw myself at his feet: 'O my father! my father!' said I, 'can it be? Is it you? Yes, it is!—O bless your happy'—daughter! I would have said, and down I sunk.

My master seemed concerned. 'I feared,' said he, 'that the surprise would be too much for her spirits;' and all the ladies ran to me, and made me drink a glass of water; and I found myself encircled in the arms of my dearest father. 'Oh tell me,' said I, 'every thing. How long have you been here?--When did you come? How does my honoured mother?' And half a dozen questions more, before he could answer one.

They permitted me to retire with my father; and then I poured forth all my vows and thanksgivings to God, for this additional blessing; and confirmed all my master's goodness to his scarce believing amazement. We kneeled together, blessing God, and one another, for several ecstatic minutes; and my master coming in soon after, my dear father said, 'O Sir, what a change is this! May God reward and bless you, both in this world and the next.'

'May God bless us all!' said he. 'But how does my sweet girl! I have been in pain for you.—I am sorry I did not apprise you beforehand'—'O Sir,' said I, 'it was you; and all you do must be good. But this was a blessing so unexpected!'

'Well,' said he, 'you have given pain to all the company. They will be glad to see you when you can; for you have spoiled all their diversion; and still painfully delighted them.—Mr. Andrews,' added he, 'do you make this house your own; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you'll be.—After you have a little composed yourself, my dear girl, step in to us again. I am glad to see you so well already.' And so he left us.

'See you, my dear father,' said I, 'what goodness there is in this once naughty master? O pray for him! and for me that I may deserve it!'

'How long has this happy change been wrought, my dear child?'—'O,' said I, 'several days! I have written down every thing: and you'll see, from the depth of misery, what God has done for me.'

'Blessed be his name!' said he, 'But, do you say, he will marry you? Can such a brave gentleman make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I? O the Divine goodness! How will your poor dear mother support these happy tidings? I will set out to-morrow, to acquaint her with them; for I am but half happy, till the dear good woman shares them with me!—To be sure, my child, we ought to go into some far country, to hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our poverty.'

'O my dear father,' said I 'now you are unkind for the first time. Your poverty has been my glory, and my riches. I ever thought it an honour, rather than a disgrace, because you were always so honest, that your child might well boast of such a parentage!'

In this manner, my dear mother, did we pass the happy moments, till Miss Darnford came to me and said, 'How do you, dear Madam? I rejoice to see you so well! Pray let us have your company—And your's too, good Mr. Andrews,' taking his hand. 'This was very obliging, I told her. We went to the

great parlour; and my master made my father sit down by him, and drink a glass of wine with him. Mean time, I made my excuses to the ladies, as well as I could, which they readily granted me. But Sir Simon, after his comical manner, put his hands on my shoulders: 'Let me see,' said he, 'where your wings grow: for I never saw any body fly like you.—Why,' said he, 'you have broken Lady Jones's shins with the table. Show her else, Madam.'

His pleasantry made them laugh. I said, I was very sorry for my extravagancy; and if it had not been my master's doings, I should have said it was a fault to permit me to be surprised, and put out of myself before such good company. They said, all was very excusable; and they were glad I suffered no more by it.

They were so kind, as to excuse me at cards, and played by themselves; and I went by my master's command, and sat on the other side, in the happiest place I ever was blest with, between two of the dearest men in the world to me, each holding one of my hands;—my father, every now and then, with tears, lifting up his eyes, and saying, 'Could I ever have hoped this!'

I asked him, if he had been so kind as to bring the papers with him? He said he had, and looked at me, as who should say, 'Must I give them to you now?' I said, 'Yes, if he pleased.' Pulling them from his pocket, I stood up, and, with my best duty, gave them to my master.—'Thank you, Pamela,' said he; 'your father shall take all with him, to see what a sad fellow I have been, as well as the present happier alteration. But I must have all again for the writer's sake.'

The ladies and gentlemen would *make me govern* the tea-table, *whatever I could* do; and Abraham attended me, to serve the company. My master and my father sat together, and drank a glass or two of wine instead of tea, and Sir Simon joked with my master, saying, 'I warrant you would not be such a woman's man, as to drink tea with the ladies. But your time's coming, and, I doubt not, you'll be made as comfortable as I.'

My master was very urgent with them to stay supper; and at last they complied, on condition that I would grace the table, as they were pleased to call it. I begged to be excused. My master said, 'Don't be excused, Pamela, since the ladies desire it: besides,' said he, 'we won't part with your father; so you may as well stay with us.'

I hoped my father and I might sup by ourselves, or only with Mrs. Jewkes. But Miss Darnford, a most obliging young lady, said, 'Indeed, we will not part with you.'

When supper was brought in, Lady Darnford took me by the hand, and said to my master, 'Sir, by your leave;' and would have placed me at the upper end of the table. 'Pray, Madam,' said I, 'excuse me; I cannot do it.'—'Pamela,' said my master, to the great delight of my father, as I saw by his looks, 'oblige Lady Darnford, since she desires it. It is but a little before your time.'

'Dear, good Sir,' said I, 'pray don't command it! Let me sit by my father, pray!'—'Why,' said Sir Simon, 'here's ado indeed! Sit down at the upper end, as you should do, and your father shall sit by you.' This put my dear father upon difficulties. And my master said, 'Come, I'll place you all: and so put Lady Darnford at the upper end, Lady Jones at her right hand, and Mrs. Peters on the other; placing me between the two young ladies; but very genteelly put Miss Darnford below her younger sister; saying, 'Come, Miss, I put you

here, because you shall edge in this little cuckow; for I notice, with pleasure, your goodness to her; besides, all you very young ladies should sit together.' This pleased both sisters; for had the youngest been put there, it might have piqued her, as matters were once, to be placed below me; whereas Miss Darnford giving place to her youngest sister, made it less odd she should to me; especially with that handsome turn of the dear man, as if I was a cuckow, and to be edged in.

My master kindly said, 'Come, Mr. Andrews, you and I will sit together,' taking his place at the bottom of the table, and setting my father on his right hand; and Sir Simon would sit on his left. 'For,' said he, 'parson, I think the petticoats should be together: so do you sit down by that lady,' (his sister.) A boiled turkey standing by me, my master said, 'Cut up that turkey, Pamela, if not too strong work for you, that Lady Darnford may have less trouble.' So I carved it in a trice, and helped the ladies. Miss Darnford said, 'I would give something to be so dexterous a carver.'—'O madam,' said I, 'my late good lady always made me do these things, when she entertained her female friends, on particular days.'

'Aye,' said my master, 'I remember my poor mother would often say, if I or any body at table happened to be a little out in carving, "I'll send up for my Pamela, to show you how to carve."' Said Lady Jones, 'Mrs. Andrews has every accomplishment of her sex. She is quite wonderful for her years.' Miss Darnford said, 'I can tell you, Madam, she plays sweetly upon the spinnet, and as sweetly sings to it; for she has a fine voice.'—'Foolish,' said Sir Simon: 'who, that hears her speak, knows not that? And who, that sees her fingers, believes not that *they were made to touch* any key?—O parson!' said he, 'tis well you're by, or I should have had a blush from the ladies.'—'I hope not, Sir Simon,' said Lady Jones; 'for a gentleman of your politeness would not say any thing that would make ladies blush.'—'No, no,' said he, 'not for the world: but if I had, it would have been as the poet says—

"They blush, because they understand."

When the company went away, Lady Darnford, Lady Jones, and Mrs. Peters, severally invited my master, and me with him, to their houses: and begged he would permit me, at least, to come before we left those parts. And they said, 'we hope when the happy knot is tied, you will induce Mr. B. to reside more among us.' 'We were always glad,' said Lady Darnford, 'when he was here; but now we shall have double reason.' O how grateful were these things to the ears of my good father!

When the company was gone, my master asked my father if he smoked. He answered, 'No.' He made us both sit down by him; and said, 'I have been telling this sweet girl, that in fourteen days, and two of them are gone, she must fix on one to make me happy. I have left it to her to choose either one of the first or last seven.' My father held up his hands and eyes; 'God bless your honour, said he, 'is all I can say!'—'Now, Pamela,' said my master, taking my hand, 'don't let a little wrong-timed bashfulness take place, without any other reason, because I should be glad to go to Bedfordshire as soon as I could; and I would not return till I carry my servants there a mistress, who should assist me to repair the mischiefs she has made in it.'

I could not look up for confusion. And my father said, 'My dear child

I need not, I am sure, prompt your obedience in whatever will most oblige so good a gentleman.' 'What says my Pamela?' said my master: 'she does not use to be at a loss for expression.'—'Sir,' said I, 'were I too sudden, it would seem I doubted whether you would hold in your mind, and was not willing to give you time to reflect; yet, to be sure, I ought to resign myself implicitly to your will.'

Said he, 'I want not time for reflection; for I have often told you, and that long ago, I could not live without you: my pride of condition made me both tempt and terrify you to other terms; but your virtue was proof against all temptations, and was not to be awed by terrors: wherefore, as I could not conquer my passion for you, I corrected myself, and resolved, since you would not be mine, upon my terms, you should upon your own; and now I desire you not on any other, I assure you: and I think the sooner it is done the better.—What say you, Mr. Andrews?'—'Sir,' said he, 'there is so much goodness on your side, and, blessed be God! so much prudence on my daughter's, that I must be quite silent. But when it is done, I and my poor wife shall have nothing to do, but to pray for you both, and so look back with wonder and joy, on the ways of Providence.'

'This,' said my master, 'is Friday night: and suppose, my girl, it be next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday morning?—Say, my Pamela.'

'Will you, Sir,' said I, 'excuse me till to-morrow for an answer?'—'I will,' said he, and touched the bell, and called for Mrs. Jewkes. 'Where,' said he, 'does Mr. Andrews lie to-night? You'll take care *of him; he's a very good man*; and *will bring a blessing* upon every *house he sets his foot in.*'

My dear father wept for joy; and I could not refrain keeping company. My master, saluting me, bid us good night, and retired. I waited upon my dear father, and was so full of prattle of my master's goodness, and my future prospects, that I believed afterwards I was turned all into tongue: but he indulged me, and was transported with joy; and went to bed, dreaming of Jacob's ladder, and angels ascending and descending, to bless him and his daughter.

SATURDAY.

I AROSE early in the morning; but found my father was up, and gone to walk in the garden; I went to him, and with what delight and thankfulness did we go over every scene of it, which had before been so dreadful to me! The fishpond, the back door, and every place: O what reason had we for thankfulness and gratitude!

About seven o'clock my good master joined us, in his morning gown and slippers; and looking a little heavy, I said, 'Sir, I fear you had not good rest last night.'—'That is your fault, Pamela,' said he: 'after leaving you, I must needs look into your papers, and could not but read them through; and so 'twas three o'clock before I went to sleep.'—'I wish, Sir,' said I, 'you had had better entertainment.'—'The worst part of it,' said he, 'was what I brought upon myself; and you have not spared me.'—'Sir—' said I. He interrupting me, said, 'Well, I forgive you. You had too much reason for it. But I find, that had you got away, you would soon have been Williams's wife.' 'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I had no notion of it; or of being any body's'—'I believe so,' said he, 'but it must have come as a thing of course; and I see your father was for it.' 'Sir,' said he,

'I little thought of the honour your goodness would confer upon her; and that would have been a match far above what we could do for her. But when I found she was not for it, I resolved not to urge her; but to leave all to her own prudence.'

'I see,' said he, 'all was sincere, honest, and open; I speak of it as a thing, if done, not well to be avoided; and I am satisfied. But,' said he, 'I must observe, as I have a hundred times, with admiration, what a prodigious memory, and easy and happy manner of narrative, this excellent girl has! And though she is full of her pretty tricks and artifices, to escape the snares I laid for her, yet all is innocent, lovely, and uniformly beautiful. You are exceedingly happy in a daughter; and I hope I shall be so in a wife.'—'Or,' said my father, 'may she not have that honour,'—'I fear it not,' said he; 'and I hope I shall deserve it of her.'

'But, Pamela,' said my master, 'I am sorry to find, in some parts of your journal, that Mrs. Jewkes carried her orders a little too far; and I the more take notice of it, because you have not complained of her behaviour, as she might expect for some parts of it; though a great deal was occasioned by my strict orders. But she had the insolence to strike my girl, I find.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I was a little provoking, I believe; but as we forgave one another, I was the less entitled to complain of her.'

'Well,' said he, 'you are very good; but if you have any particular resentment, I will indulge it so far as that she shall hereafter have nothing to do where you are.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you are so kind that I ought to forgive every body; and when I see that my happiness is brought about by the very means I once thought my greatest grievance, I ought to bless those means, and forgive all that was disagreeable to me at the same time, for the great good that hath issued from it.'—'That,' said he, kissing me, 'is sweetly considered; and it shall be my part to make you amends for what you have suffered, that you may still think lighter of the one, and have cause to rejoice in the other.'

My dear father's heart was full; and he said, with his hands folded, and lifted up, 'Pray, Sir, let me go—let me go—to my dear wife, and tell her all these blessed things, while my heart holds; for it is ready to burst with joy.'—'Good man,' said my master, 'I love to hear this honest heart of yours speaking at your lips. I enjoin you, Pamela, to continue your relation, as you have opportunity; and though your father be here, write to your mother, that this wondrous story be perfect, and we, your friends, may read and admire you more and more.'—'Aye, pray, pray do, my child,' said my father. And this is the reason that I write on, my dear mother, when I thought not to do it, because my father could tell you all that passed while he was here.

My master took notice of my psalm, and was pleased to commend it: he said that I had very charitably turned the last verses, which, in the original, were full of heavy curses, to a wish that proved I was not of an implacable disposition; though my then usage might have excused it; if I had. 'But,' said he, 'I think you shall sing it to me, to-morrow.'

'After breakfast,' added he, 'if you have no objection, Pamela, we'll take an airing together; and it shall be in the coach, because we'll have your father's company.' He would have excused himself; but my master would have it so; but

he was much ashamed because of the meanness of his appearance.

My master would make us both breakfast with him on chocolate; and he said, 'I would have you, Pamela, begin to dress as you used to do; for now, at least, you may call your *two other bundles* your own; and if you want any thing against the approaching occasion, private as I design it, I'll send to Lincoln for it, by a special messenger.' I said, My good lady's bounty, and his own, had set me much above my degree, and I had very good things of all sorts; and I did not desire any other, because I would not excite the censure of the ladies.' That would be a different thing, he was pleased to say, when he publicly owned his nuptials, after we came to the other house. But, at present, if I was satisfied, he would not make words with me.

'I hope, Mr. Andrews,' said he to my father, 'you'll not leave us till you see the affair over, and then you'll be *sure* I mean honourably; besides, Pamela will be induced to set the day sooner.'—'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'I bless God, I have no reason to doubt your meaning honourably; and I hope you'll excuse me if I set out on Monday morning, very early, to my dear wife, to make her as happy as I am.'

'Why, Pamela,' says my good master, 'may it not be performed on Tuesday? And then your father, may be, will stay. I should have been glad to have had it to-morrow,' added he; 'but I have sent Monsieur Colbrand for a license, that you may have no scruples unanswered; and he can't very well be back before to-morrow night, or Monday morning.

'This was most agreeable news. I said, 'Sir, I know my dear father *will want to* be at home; and as *you was so good* as to give me a fortnight from last Thursday, I should be glad if you would indulge me still to some day in the second seven.'

'Well,' said he, 'I will not be too urgent; but the sooner you fix, the better.—Mr. Andrews we must leave something to these Jeptha's daughters, in these cases. I suppose the little bashful folly, which, in the happiest circumstances, may give a kind of regret to quit the maiden state, and an awkwardness at the entrance into a new one, is a reason with Pamela: and so she shall name her day.'—'Sir,' said he 'you are all goodness.'

I went up soon after, and new dressed myself, taking possession, in a happy moment, I hope, of my *two bundles*, as my master was pleased to call them (alluding to my former division of those good things my lady and himself bestowed upon me;) and put on fine linen, silk shoes, and fine white cotton stockings, a fine quilted coat, a delicate green Mantua silk gown and coat, a French necklace, a lace cambric handkerchief, and clean gloves; and, taking my fan, I, like a little proud hussy, looked in the glass and thought myself a gentlewoman once more; but I forgot not to return due thanks, for being able to put on this dress with so much comfort.

Mrs. Jewkes would help to dress me; and complimented me highly, saying, that I now looked like her lady indeed; and as, she said, the little chapel was ready, and divine service would be read in it to-morrow, she wished the happy knot might then be tied. Said she, 'Have you not seen the chapel, Madam, since it has been cleaned out?'—'No,' said I: 'but are we to have service in it to-morrow, do you say? I am glad of that; for I have been a sad heathen lately, sore against my

will!—But who is to officiate?'—'Somebody,' replied she, 'Mr. Peters will send.'—'You tell me very good news,' said I, 'Mrs. Jewkes: I hope it will never be a lumber room again.'—'Aye,' said she, 'I can tell you more good news; for the two Miss Darnfords and Lady Jones, are to be here at the opening of it; and will stay and dine with you.'—'My master,' said I, 'has not told me that.'—'You must alter your style, Madam,' said she; 'it must not be *master* now sure!'—'O,' returned I, 'that is a language I shall never forget: he shall always be my master; and I shall think myself more and more his servant.'

My poor father did not know I went up to dress myself; and he said his heart misgave him, when he saw me first, for fear I was made a fool of, and that here was some fine lady who was to be my master's true wife. He stood in admiration, and said, 'O my dear child, how well will you become your happy condition. Why you look like a lady already!'—'I hope, my dear father,' said I, 'I shall always be your dutiful daughter, whatever my condition be.'

My master sent me word he was ready; and when he saw me, said, 'Dress as you will, Pamela, you're a charming girl;' and so handed me to the coach, and would make my father and me sit both on the fore side, and sat himself over against me, and bid the coachman drive to the meadow; that is, where he once met Mr. Williams.

The conversation, as we went, was most agreeable to me and my dear father: and he more and more exceeded in goodness and generosity. While I was gone up to dress, he had presented my father with twenty guineas, desiring him to buy himself and my mother such apparel as they should think proper; *but I knew not this* till after we came home, my father having no opportunity to tell me of it.

He was pleased to inform me of the chapel being in tolerable order: and said, it looked very well, and against he came down next, it should be all new white-washed, painted, and lined; and a new pulpit cloth, cushion, desk, &c. and be kept in order for the future. He told me the two Miss Darnfords and Lady Jones would dine with him on Sunday: 'With their servants, and mine,' said he, 'we shall make a tolerable congregration. And,' added he, 'have I not well contrived to show you that the chapel is really a little house of God, and has been consecrated, before we solemnize our nuptials in it?'—'O, Sir,' replied I, 'your goodness to me is inexpressible!'—'Mr. Peters,' said he, 'offered to officiate in it, but would not stay dinner, because he has company at his own house: and so I intend that divine service shall be performed by one, to whom I shall make some yearly allowance, as a sort of chaplain. You look serious, Pamela,' added he: 'I know you think of your friend Williams.'—'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'if you won't be angry, I did, poor man! I am sorry I have been the cause of his disobliging you.'

On coming to the meadow, where the gentry sometimes walk, the coach stopt, and my master alighting, led me to the brook-side, a very pretty summer walk. He asked my father, if he chose to walk out, or go on in the coach to the further end? He, poor man, chose to go on in it, for fear, he said, any gentry should be walking there; and he told me, he was most of the way upon his knees in the coach, thanking God for his gracious mercies; and begging a blessing upon my good master and me.'

I was quite astonished, when we came into the shady walk, to see

Mr. Williams. 'See there,' said my master, 'poor Williams taking his solitary walk again, with his book.' It seems, it was so contrived; for Mr. Peters had been, as I since find, desired to tell him to be in that walk at such an hour in the morning.

'So, old acquaintance,' said my master, 'again have I met you in this place? What book are you now reading?' He said, it was Boileau's Lutrin. Said my master, 'You see I have brought with me my little fugitive, that would have been; while you are perfecting yourself in French, I am trying to learn English; and hope soon to be master of it.'

'Mine, Sir,' said he, 'is a very beautiful piece of French: but your English has no equal.'

'You are very polite, Mr. Williams,' said my master; 'and he that does not think as you do, deserves no share in her.—Pamela,' added he, very generously, 'why so strange, where you was once so familiar? I do assure you both, I meant not by this interview to insult Mr. Williams, or confound you.' Then I said, 'Mr. Williams, I am very glad to see you well; and though the generous favour of my good master has happily changed the scene, since our last interview, I am very glad of an opportunity to acknowledge, with gratitude, your good intentions not so much to serve me, as *me*, but as a person that then had great reason to believe herself in distress.—And I hope, Sir,' added I to my master, 'your goodness will permit me to say this.'

'You, Pamela,' said he, 'may make what acknowledgments you please to Mr. Williams's good intentions; and I would have you *speak as you think*; but I do not *apprehend myself* to be quite so *much obliged to those* intentions.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Williams, 'I beg leave to say, I knew that, by education, you was no libertine; nor had I reason to think you so by inclination: and when you came to reflect, I hoped you would not be displeased with me. And this was no small motive with me to do at first as I did.'

'Aye, but, Mr. Williams,' said my master, 'could you think, I should have had reason to thank you, if, loving one person above all her sex, you had robbed me of her, and married her yourself?—And,' said he, 'you are to consider that she was an old acquaintance of mine, but quite a new one to you; that I had sent her down to my own house, for better securing her; and that you, who had access to my house, could not effect your purpose, without being guilty, in some sort, of a breach of the laws of hospitality and friendship. As to my designs upon her, I own they had not the best appearance; but still I was not answerable to Mr. Williams for these; much less could you be excused to invade a property so very dear to me, and to endeavour to gain an interest in her affections, when you could not be certain that matters would not turn out as they have actually done.'

'I own,' said he, 'some parts of my conduct seem exceptionable, as you state it. But, Sir, I am but a young man. I meant no harm. I had no interest, I am sure, to incur your displeasure; and when you think of every thing, the inimitable graces of person, and perfections of mind, that adorn this excellent lady (so he called me,) your generosity will allow something as an extenuation of a fault which your anger would not permit as an excuse.'

'I have done,' said my master; 'nor did I meet you here to be angry with you. Pamela knew

not that she should see you; and, as you are both present, I would ask you Mr. Williams, if, now you know my honourable designs towards this good girl, you could really be *almost*, I will not say *quite*, as well pleased with the friendship of my wife, as with the favour of Miss Andrews?'

'Sir,' said he, 'I will answer you truly. I think I could have preferred with her any condition that befell me, had I considered only *myself*. But, Sir, I was very far from having any encouragement to expect her *favour*; and I had much more reason to believe, that, if she could have hoped for your goodness, her heart would have been too much pre-engaged to think of any body else. And give me leave further to say, Sir, that, though I tell you sincerely my thoughts, were I only to consider *myself*: yet when I consider *her good*, and *her merit*, I should be highly ungenerous, were it put to my *choice* if I could not wish her in a condition so much superior to what I could raise her to, and so very answerable to her merit.'

'Pamela,' said my master, 'you are obliged to Mr. Williams, and ought to thank him: he has distinguished well. But as for *me*, who might have lost you by his means, I am glad it was not left to his *choice*.—Mr. Williams,' added he, 'I give you Pamela's hand, because I know it will be pleasing to her, in token of her friendship and esteem for you; and I give you mine, that I will not be your enemy; but yet I must say, that I think I owe this proper manner of your thinking more to your disappointment, than to the generosity you talk of.'

Mr. Williams kissed my hand; and my master said, 'Sir, you will go home and dine with me, and I'll show you my little chapel;—and, do you, Pamela, look upon yourself at liberty to number Mr. Williams in the list of your friends.'

How generous, how noble, was this! Mr. Williams had tears of pleasure in his eyes; I was silent: but Mr. Williams said, 'Sir, I shall be taught by your generosity, to think myself inexcusably wrong, in all that could give you offence; and my future life shall show my respectful gratitude.'

We walked on till we came to the coach, where was my dear father. 'Pamela,' said my master, 'tell Mr. Williams who that good man is.'—'O, Mr. Williams!' said I, 'it is my dear father:' and my master added, 'one of the honestest men in England: Pamela owes every thing that she is to be, as well as her being, to him: for, I think, she would not have brought me to this; nor made so great resistance, but for the good lessons, and religious education, she had imbibed from him.'

Mr. Williams said, taking my father's hand, 'You see, good Mr. Andrews, with inexpressible pleasure, no doubt, the fruits of your pious care: and will, with your beloved daughter, soon reap its happy effects.'—'I am overcome,' said my dear father 'with his honour's goodness: I can only say, I bless *God*, and bless *him*.'

Mr. Williams and I being nearer the coach than my master, and he offering to draw back to give way to him, he kindly said, 'Pray, Mr. Williams, oblige Pamela with your hand, and step in yourself.' He bowed and took my hand; and my master made him step in, and sit next me, all that ever he could do; and sat himself over against him, next my father, who sat against me.

And he said, 'Mr. Andrews, I told you yesterday, that the divine you saw was not Mr. Williams: I now tell you this gentleman is

and though I have been telling him, I think not *myself* obliged to his intentions, yet I will own that Pamela and *you* are; and though I won't promise to love him, I would have you.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Williams, 'you have a way of overcoming, which all my reading scarcely affords an instance of; and it is the more noble, as it is on this side, as I presume, of the happy ceremony; which, great as your fortune is, will lay you under an obligation to so much virtue and beauty, when the lady becomes yours; for you will then have a treasure that princes might envy you.'

Said my generous master, (God bless him!) 'Mr. Williams, it is impossible that you and I should long live at variance, when our sentiments so well agree on subjects the most material.'

I was quite confounded; and my master seeing it, took my hand, and said, 'Look up, my good girl, and collect yourself. Don't injure Mr. Williams and me so much, as to think we are capping compliments, as we used to do verses at school. I dare answer for us both, that we say not a syllable we don't think.'

'O, Sir,' said I, 'how unequal am I to all this goodness! Every moment that passes adds to the weight of the obligations you oppress me with.'

'Think not too much of that,' said he, most generously. 'Mr. Williams's compliments to you have great advantage of mine: for though equally sincere, I have much to say, and to do, to compensate the sufferings I have made you undergo; and at last must sit down dissatisfied, because those will never be balanced by all I can do for you.'

He saw my dear father quite unable to support these affecting instances of his goodness and he let go my hand, to take his: and said, seeing his tears, 'I wonder not, my dear Pamela's father that your honest heart springs thus to your eyes, to see all her trials at an end. I will not pretend to say, that I had formerly either power or will to act thus; but since I began to resolve on the change you see, I have reaped so much pleasure in it, that my own *interest* will keep me steady: for, till within these few days, I knew not what it was to be happy.'

Poor Mr. Williams, with tears of joy in his eyes, said, 'How happily, Sir, have you been touched by the Divine grace before you have been hurried into the commission of sins that the deepest penitence could hardly have atoned for! God has enabled you to stop short of the evil; and you have nothing to do but to rejoice in the good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward reproach.'

'You do well,' said he, 'to remind me, that I owe all this to the grace of God. I bless him for it; and I thank this good man for his excellent lessons to his daughter: and I hope, from *her* good example, and *your* friendship, Mr. Williams, in time to be half as good as my tutoress: and that,' said he, 'I believe you'll own, will make me, without disparagement to any man, the best fox hunter in England.' Mr. Williams, was going to speak; and he said, 'You put on so grave a look, Mr. Williams, that, I believe what I have said, with you practical good folks, is liable to exception: but I see we are become quite grave; and we must not be too serious neither.'

What a happy creature, my dear mother, is your Pamela?—O may my thankful heart, and my good use of the blessings before me, continue this delightful prospect to a long date, for the sake of the dear good gentleman who thus becomes the

happy instrument in the hand of Providence to bless all he smiles upon! To be sure, I shall never enough acknowledge the value he is pleased to express for my unworthiness, in that he has prevented my wishes, and, unasked, sought the occasion of being reconciled to a good man, who, for my sake, had incurred his displeasure; and whose name he could not, a few days before, permit to pass through my lips!—But see the wonderful ways of Providence! The very things I most dreaded his seeing or knowing, the contents of my papers, have, as I hope, satisfied all his scruples, and been a means to promote my happiness.

Henceforth let not us poor short-sighted mortals pretend to rely on our own wisdom; or vainly think, that we are absolutely to direct for ourselves. I have great reason to say, that, when I was most disappointed, I was nearer my happiness: for had I made my escape, which was so often my chief point in view, and what I placed my heart upon, I had escaped the blessings now before me, and fallen, perhaps headlong into the miseries I would have avoided. And yet after all, it was necessary, I should take the steps I did, to bring on this wonderful turn: O the unsearchable wisdom of God! —And how much ought I to adore the Divine Goodness, and humble myself, who am made a poor instrument, as I hope, not only to magnify his graciousness to this gentleman and myself, but also to dispense benefits to others! Which God of his mercy grant!

In this agreeable manner did we pass the time in our second happy tour; and I thought Mrs Jewkes would have sunk into the ground, when she saw Mr. Williams brought in the coach with us, and treated so kindly. We dined together, in a most pleasant, easy, and frank manner; and I found, I needed not, from my master's generosity, to be under any restraint, as to my conduct to this good clergyman: for he, when he fancied me reserved, moved me to be free, and often called upon me to help my father and Mr. Williams; and seemed to take delight in seeing me carve, as he does in every thing I do.

After dinner we went and looked into the chapel, which is a very decent one; and when finished, as he designs it against his next coming down, will be a very pretty place. My heart, my dear mother, on first entering, throbbed with awful joy, at the thoughts of the solemnity, which I hope will in a few days be performed here. When I came up towards the little pretty altar-piece, while they were admiring a communion picture, I gently stept into a corner, out of sight, and poured out my soul to God on my knees, in supplication and thankfulness, that, after having been so long absent from divine service, the first time I entered into a house dedicated to his honour, should be with such blessed prospects before me; and begging of God to continue me humble, and make me worthy of his mercies; and that he would be pleased to bless the *next* author of my happiness, my good master.

I heard my master say, 'Where's Pamela?' So I broke off sooner than I would, and went up to him.

He said, 'Mr. Williams, I hope I have not so offended you by my past conduct (for I ought to be ashamed of it) that you will refuse to officiate, and give us your instructions here to morrow. Mr. Peters was so kind, for the first time to offer it; but I knew it would be inconvenient for him; and besides, I was willing to make this request to you an introduction to our reconciliation.'

'Sir,' said he, 'most willingly,

and most gratefully will I obey you: though, if you expect a discourse, I am wholly unprepared for the occasion.'—'I would not have it,' replied he, 'pointed to any particular occasion; but if you have one upon the text—*There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance;* and if it make me not such a sad fellow as to be pointed at by mine and the ladies' servants we shall have here, I shall be well content. 'Tis a general subject,' added he, 'makes me speak of that; but any one you please will do; for you cannot make a bad choice, I am sure.'

'Sir,' said he, 'I have one upon that text: but I am ready to think that a thanksgiving one, which I made on a great mercy to myself, if I may be permitted to make my own acknowledgments of your favour the subject of a discourse, will be suitable to my grateful sentiments. It is on the text—*Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*'

'That text,' said I, 'will be a very suitable one for me.'—'Not so, Pamela,' said my master; 'because I don't let you *depart* in *peace;* but I hope you will *stay here* with *content.*'

'O but, Sir,' said I, 'I have seen *God's salvation!* and if any body ever had reason, I have, to say, with the blessed Virgin—*My soul doth magnify the Lord; for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, and exalted one of low degree.*'

Said my good father, 'I am sure, if there were time for it, the book of *Ruth* would afford a fine subject for the honour done my dear child.'—'Why, good Mr. Andrews,' said my master, 'should you say so?—I know that story; and Mr. Williams will confirm what I say, that my good *girl here* will confer as much honour *as she will receive.*'

'*Sir,*' *said I,* '*you* are inexpressibly generous: but I shall never think so.'—'Why, my Pamela,' said he, 'that's another thing: it will be best for me to think you *will;* and kind in you to think you *shan't;* and then we shall always have an excellent rule to regulate our conduct to one another.'

Was not this nobly, wisely said? —O what a blessed thing to be matched to a man of sense and generosity!—How edifying! How!—But what shall I say?—I am at a loss for words.

Mr. Williams said, when we came out of the little chapel, he would look over his discourses, for one for the next day. My master said, 'I have one thing to say before you go.—When my jealousy, on account of this good girl, put me upon such a vindictive conduct to you, I took a bond for the money I had caused you to be troubled for: I really am ashamed of the matter, as I never could intend, when I presented it to you, to have it again, but I knew not how far matters might have gone between you; and so I was willing to have that in awe over you. I think it is no extraordinary present, therefore, to return you the bond cancelled.' So he took it from his pocket, and gave it him. 'I think,' added he, 'all the charges attending it, and the trouble you had, were defrayed by my attorney; I ordered that they should.' —'They were, Sir,' said he, 'and ten thousand thanks to you for this goodness. and the kind manner in which you do it!'—'If you will go, Mr. Williams,' said he, 'shall my chariot carry you home?'—'No, Sir,' answered he, 'I thank you. My time will be so well employed all the way, in thinking of your favours, that I choose to meditate upon them, as I walk home.'

My dear father was a little uneasy about his habit, for appearing at chapel next day, because of the

Miss Darnfords, and the servants, for fear, poor man, he should disgrace my master; and he told me, when he was mentioning this, of my master's kind present of twenty guineas for clothes for you both; which made my heart truly joyful. But oh, to be sure I can never deserve the hundredth part of his goodness! It is almost a hard thing to lie under the weight of such deep obligations on one side, and such a sense of one's own unworthiness on the other, O! what a godlike power is that of doing good! I envy the rich and the great for nothing else.

My master coming to us just then, I said, 'Oh, Sir, will your bounty know no limits? My dear father has told me what you have given him.'—'A trifle, Pamela,' said he, 'a little earnest only of my kindness. Say no more of it. But did I not hear the good man expressing a sort of concern for somewhat? Hide nothing from me, Pamela.'—'Only, Sir,' said I, 'he knew not how to absent himself from divine service, and yet is afraid of disgracing you by appearing.'

'Fie, Mr. Andrews,' said he; 'I thought you knew that the outward appearance was nothing. I wish I had as good a habit *inwardly*, as you have. But I'll tell you, Pamela, your father is not much thinner than I am, nor much shorter; he and I will walk up together to my wardrobe; though it is not so well stored here, as in Bedfordshire.

'And so,' said he, pleasantly, 'don't you pretend to come near us, till I call you; for you must not yet see how men dress and undress themselves.'—'O Sir,' said my father, 'I beg to be excused. I am sorry you were told.'—'So am not I,' said my master: 'pray come along with me.'

He carried him up stairs, and showed him several suits, and would have had him take his choice. My poor father was quite confounded: for my master saw not any he thought too good, and my father none that he thought bad enough. And my good master, at last (he fixing his eyes upon a fine drab, which he thought looked the plainest) would help him to try the coat and waistcoat on himself; and, indeed, one would not have thought it because my master is taller, and rather plumper, as I thought; but, as I saw afterwards, they fitted him very well: and being plain, and lined with the same colour, and made for travelling in a coach, pleased my poor father much. He gave him the whole suit, and, calling up Mrs. Jewkes, said, 'Let these clothes be well aired against to-morrow morning. Mr. Andrews brought only with him his common apparel, not thinking to stay Sunday with us. And pray see for some of my stockings, and whether any of my shoes will fit him: and see also for some of my linen; for we have put the good man quite out of his course, by keeping him Sunday over.' He was then pleased to give him the silver buckles out of his own shoes. So, my good mother, you must expect to see my dear father a great beau. 'Wig,' said my master, 'he wants none; for his own venerable white locks are better than all the perukes in England. But I am sure I have hats enow somewhere.'—'I'll take care of every thing, Sir,' said Mrs. Jewkes. And my poor father, when he came to me, could not refrain tears. 'I know not how,' said he, 'to comport myself under these great favours. O my child! it is all owing to the Divine goodness, and your virtue.'

SUNDAY.

This blessed day all the family seemed to take delight to equip them

selves for the celebration of the Sabbath, in the little chapel; and Lady Jones and Mr. Williams came in her chariot, and the two Miss Darnfords in their own. And we breakfasted together in a most agreeable manner. My dear father appeared quite spruce and neat, and was greatly caressed by the three ladies. As we were at breakfast, my master told Mr. Williams, we must let the Psalms alone, he doubted, for want of a clerk; but Mr. Williams said, 'No, nothing should be wanting that he could supply.' My father said, if it might be permitted him, he would, as well as he was able, perform that office; for it was always what he had taken delight in. And as I knew he had learned psalmody formerly, in his youth, and had constantly practised it in private, at home, on Sunday evenings (as well as endeavoured to teach it in the little school he so unsuccessfully set up, at the beginning of his misfortunes, before he took to hard labour) I was in no pain for his undertaking it in this little congregation. They seemed much pleased with this; and so we went to chapel, and made a pretty tolerable appearance; Mrs. Jewkes, and all the servants, attending, but the cook: and I never saw divine service performed with more solemnity, nor assisted at with greater devotion, and decency; my master, Lady Jones, and the two Misses, setting a lovely example.

My good father performed his part with great applause, making the responses, as if he had been a practised parish clerk; and giving the 23d psalm* which consisting of but three staves, we had it all; he read the line, and began the tune with a heart so entirely affected with the duty, that he went through it distinctly, calmly, and fervently at the same time; so that Lady Jones whispered me, that good men were fit for all companies, and present to every laudable occasion: and Miss Darnford said, 'God bless the dear good man.' You must think how I rejoiced in my mind.

I know, my dear mother, you can say most of the shortest psalms by heart; so I need not transcribe it, especially as your chief treasure is a Bible, of which I know nobody makes more, or better use.

Mr. Williams gave an excellent discourse on liberality and generosity, and the blessings attending the right use of riches, from the xith chapter of Proverbs, ver. 24, 25.—'*There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself.*' And he treated the subject so handsomely, that my master's delicacy, who at first feared some personal compliments, was not offended, Mr. Williams judiciously keeping to generals; and it was an elegant and sensible discourse, as my master said.

My father was in the clerk's

* The Lord is only my support,
And he that doth me feed:
How can I then lack any thing,
Whereof I stand in need?
In pastures green he feedeth me,
Where I do safely lie;
And after leads me to the streams
Which run most pleasantly.

And when I find myself near lost,
Then home he doth me take;
Conducting me in his right paths,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.
And though I were e'en at death's door,
Yet would I fear no ill;
For both thy rod and shepherd's crook,
Afford me comfort still.

Thou hast my table richly spread
In presence of my foe:
Thou hast my head with balm refresh'd
My cup doth overflow.
And finally, while breath doth last,
Thy grace shall me defend,
And in the house of God will I
My life for ever spend.

place, just under the desk: and Lady Jones by her footman, whispered him to favour us with another psalm, when the sermon ended.—He thinking that the former was rather of the longest, chose the shortest in the book, which, you know, is the cxviith.*

My master and the ladies thanked Mr. Williams for his excellent discourse, and so did I, most heartily: he was pleased to take my dear father by the hand, as did also Mr. Williams, and thanked him. The ladies likewise made him their compliments: and the servants all looked upon him with countenances of respect and pleasure.

At dinner, do what I could, I was forced to take the upper end of the table, my master sat at the lower end, between Mr. Williams and my father. Said he, 'Pamela, you are so dexterous, I think you may help the ladies yourself; and I will help my two good friends.' I had dressed myself in a flowered satin, which was my lady's, and looked quite fresh and good, and was given me, at first, by my master; the ladies, who had not seen me out of my homespun before, made me abundance of fine compliments.

Talking of the psalms just after dinner, my master said to my father, 'Mr. Andrews I think in the afternoon, as we shall have only prayers, we may have one longer psalm; what think you of the cxxxviith?'—'O good Sir,' said I, 'pray, pray, not a word more!'—'Say what you will, Pamela,' said 'you shall sing it to us, according to your own version, before these good ladies go away.' My father smiled, but was half concerned for me, and said, 'Will it bear, and please your honour?'—'O ay,' said he, 'never fear it; so long as Mrs Jewkes is not in the hearing.'

This excited all the ladies' curiosity; and Lady Jones said, she should be loth to desire to hear any thing that would give me concern, but should be glad I would give leave for it. 'Madam,' said I, 'I must beg you won't insist upon it. I cannot bear it.'—'You shall see it, indeed, ladies,' said my master; 'and pray, Pamela, not always as *you* please, neither.'—'Then, Sir,' said I, 'not in my hearing I hope.'—'Sure Pamela,' returned he, 'you would not write what is not fit to be heard.'—'Sir,' said I, 'there are particular cases and occasions that may make a thing passable at one time, but not tolerable at another.'—'O,' said he, 'let me judge of that as well as you, Pamela. These ladies know much of your story; and what they do know is more to your credit than mine; so if I am not averse to revive the occasion, you may very well bear it.' Said he, 'I will put you out of your pain, Pamela: here it is;' and took it out of his pocket.

I stood up and said, 'Really, Sir, I can't bear it! I hope you'll allow me to leave the room a minute, if you will read it.'—'Indeed, but I won't,' answered he. Lady Jones said, 'Pray, good Sir, don't let us hear it, if Miss Andrews be so unwilling,'—'Well, Pamela, 'said my master, 'I will put it to your choice, whether I shall read it now, or you will sing it by-and-by.' 'That's very hard, Sir,' said I. 'It must be one, I assure you,' said he. 'Why, then, Sir, replied I, 'You must do as you please; for I cannot sing it.'

'Well, then,' said my master, 'I find I must read it; and yet,' added he, 'after all, I had as well not,

* O all ye nations of the world,
Praise ye the Lord always:
And all ye people every where,
Set forth his noble praise.

For great his kindness is to us;
His truth doth not decay;
Wherefore praise ye the Lord our God,
Praise ye the Lord alway.

for it is no great reputation to myself.—'O then,' said Miss Darnford, 'pray let us hear it, to choose.'

'Why then,' proceeded he, 'the case was this: Pamela, I find, during her confinement (that is,' added he, 'when she was taken prisoner, in order to make me one; for that is the upshot of the matter,) in the journal she kept, and intended for nobody's perusal, but her parents, tells them, that she was importuned, one Sunday, by Mrs. Jewkes, to sing a psalm; but her spirits not permitting, she declined it. After Mrs. Jewkes was gone down, she says, she recollected, that the cxxxviith Psalm was applicable to her own case; and Mrs. Jewkes having often, on other days, in vain, besought her to sing a song, she turned it more to her own supposed case; and, believing she had a design against her honour, and looking upon her as her gaoler, she thus gives her version of this psalm. Pray, Mr. Williams, do you read one verse of the common translation, and I will read one of Pamela's.' Then Mr. Williams, pulling out his little common prayer-book, read the two first stanzas:

I
When we did sit in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
Then in remembrance of Sion,
The tears for grief burst out.

II
We hang'd our harps and instruments
The willow trees upon;
For in that place, men, for that use,
Had planted many a one.

My master then read:

I
When sad I sat in B——n hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev'ry absent friend,
The tears for grief burst out.

II
My joys and hopes all overthrown,
My heart-strings almost broke,
Unfit my mind for melody,
Much more to bear a joke.

The ladies said it was pretty: and Miss Darnford, that somebody else had more need to be concerned than the versifier.

'I knew,' said my master, 'I should get no credit by showing this. But read on, Mr. Williams.'

III
Then they to whom we pris'ners were,
Said to us tauntingly,
Now let us hear your Hebrew songs,
And pleasant melody.

'Now, this,' said my master, 'is very near:' and read,

III
Then she to whom I pris'ner was,
Said to me tauntingly,
'Now cheer your heart, and sing a song,
And tune your mind to joy.'

'Mighty sweet,' said Mr. Williams. 'But let us see how the next verse is turned. It is this:'

IV
'Alas!' said we, 'who can once frame
His heavy heart to sing
The praises of our living God,
Thus under a strange king.'

'Why,' said my master, 'it is turned with beautiful simplicity, thus:'

IV
'Alas,' said I, 'how can I frame
My heavy heart to sing,
Or tune my mind while thus enthrall'd
By such a wicked thing!'

'Very pretty,' said Mr. Williams. Lady Jones said, 'O dear madam, could you wish that we should be deprived of this new instance of your genius and accomplishments?

'O!' said my dear father, 'you will make my good child proud.'—'No,' said my master, very generously, 'Pamela can't be proud. For no one is proud to hear themselves praised, but those who are not used to it.—But proceed Mr. Williams. He read:

V
But yet, if I Jerusalem
Out of my heart let slide,
Then let my fingers quite forget
The warbling harp to guide.

'Now,' said my master, 'for Pamela's version!'

V
But yet, if from my innocence
I, e'en in thought, should slide
Then let my fingers quite forget
The sweet spinnet to guide.

Mr. Williams read:

VI
And let my tongue within my mouth
Be tied for ever fast,
If I rejoice before I see
My full deliv'rance past.

'This also,' said my master, 'is very near:'

VI
And let my tongue within my mouth
Be locked for ever fast,
If I rejoice, before I see
My full deliv'rance past.

'Now good Sir,' said I, 'Oblige me; don't read any further.'—'O pray, Madam,' said Mr. Williams, 'Let me beg to have the rest read; for I long to know whom you make the sons of Edom, and how you turn the Psalmist's execrations against the insulting Babylonians.'

'Well, Mr. Williams,' replied I, 'you should not have said so.' 'O,' said my master, 'that is one of the best of all. Poor Mrs. Jewkes stand's for Edom's sons: and we must not lose this, because I think it one of my Pamela's excellencies that though thus oppressed, she prays for no harm upon the oppressor.—Read, Mr. Williams, the next stanza.' So he read:

VII
Therefore, O Lord, remember now
The cursed noise and cry,
That Edom's sons against us made,
When they ras'd our city.

VIII
Remember, Lord, their cruel words,
When, with a mighty sound,
They cried—'*Down, yea, down with it,*
Unto the very ground.'

'Here seems,' said my master, 'in what I am going to read, a little bit of a curse, but I think it makes no ill figure in the comparison.'

VII
And thou, Almighty, recompense
The evils I endure
From those that seek my sad disgrace,
So causeless to procure.

'And now,' said he, 'for Edom's sons: though a little severe in the imputation.'

VIII
Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes
When, with a mighty sound,
She cried, 'down with her chastity,
Down to the very ground.'

'Sure, Sir,' said I, 'This might have been spared!' but the ladies and Mr. Williams said, 'No, by no means!' And I see the poor wicked woman has no favourers among them.

'Now,' said my master, 'read the Psalmist's heavy curses.' And Mr. Williams read.

IX
Ev'n so shalt thou, O Babylon,
At length to dust be brought:
And happy shall that man be call'd,
That our revenge hath wrought.

X
Yea, blessed shall that man be call'd
That takes thy little ones,
And dashes them in pieces small
Against the very stones.

'Thus,' said he, very kindly, 'as *my* Pamela turned these lines:'

IX
E'en so shalt thou, O wicked one,
At length to shame be brought:
And happy shall all those be call'd
That my deliv'rance wrought.

X
Yea, blessed shall the man be call'd
That shames thee of thy evil,
And saves me from thy vile attempts,
And thee, too, from the devil.

'I fancy this blessed man,' said my master, smiling, 'was, at that time, hoped to be you, Mr. Williams, if the truth was known.'—'Sir,' said he, 'whoever it was intended

for *then*, it can be nobody but your good self *now*.'

I could hardly hold up my head for the praises the kind ladies were pleased to heap upon me. I am sure, by this, they are very partial in my favour; all because my master is so good to me, and loves to hear me praised; for I see no such excellence in these lines as they would make me believe, but what is borrowed from the Psalmist.

We all as before, and the cook-maid too, attended the prayers of the church in the afternoon; and my dear father concluded with the following stanzas of the cxlvth Psalm; suitably magnifying the holy name of God for all mercies: but did not observe altogether the method in which they stand; which was the less necessary, he thought, as he gave out the lines:

The Lord is just in all his ways:
His works are holy all:
And he is near all those that do
In truth upon him call.

He the desires of all of them
That fear him will fulfil;
And he will hear them when they cry,
And save them all he will.

The eyes of all who wait on thee
Thou dost them all relieve:
And thou to each sufficient food
In season due dost give.

Thou openest thy plenteous hand,
And bounteously dost fill
All things whatever, that do live,
With gifts of thy good-will.

My thankful mouth shall gladly speak
The praises of the Lord:
All flesh, to praise his holy name,
For ever shall accord.

We walked in the garden till tea was ready; and as he went by the back door, my master said to me, '*Of all the flowers in the garden, the sun-flower is the fairest!*'—'O, *Sir*,' *said I*, '*let that now be forgot!*' *Mr. Williams heard him say so, and seemed a little out of countenance*: whereupon my master said, I mean not to make you serious, Mr. Williams; but we see how strangely things are brought about. I see other scenes hereabouts that, in my Pamela's dangers, give me more cause of concern, than any thing you ever did should give you.'—'Sir,' said he, 'you are very generous.'

My master and Mr. Williams afterwards walked together for a quarter of an hour, and talked about general things, and some scholastic subjects; and joined us, very well pleased with one another's conversation.

Lady Jones said, putting herself on one side me, as my master was on the other, 'But pray, Sir, when is the happy time to be? We want it over, that we may have you with us as long afterwards as you can.' Said my master, 'I would have it to-morrow, or next day at farthest, if Pamela will: for I have sent for a license, and the messenger will be here to-night, or early in the morning, I hope. But,' added he, 'pray, Pamela, do not take beyond Thursday.' She was pleased to say, 'Sure it will not be delayed by you, Madam more than needs!'—'Well,' said he, 'Now you are on my side, I will leave you with her to settle it: and I hope she will not let little bashful niceties be important with her;' and so he joined the two Misses.

Lady Jones told me I was to blame, she would take upon her to say, if I delayed it a moment; because she understood Lady Davers was very uneasy at the prospect that it would be so; and if any thing should happen, it would be a sad thing!—'Madam,' said I, 'when he was pleased first to mention it, he said it should be in fourteen days; and afterwards asked me if I would have it in the first or the second seven. I answered, (for how could I do

otherwise!) "In the second." He desired it might not be the last day of the second seven. And as he was then pleased to speak his mind, no doubt, I would not, for any thing, seem too forward.'

'Well, but,' said she, 'as he now urges you in so gentlemanly a manner for a shorter day, I think, if I was in your place, I would agree to it.' She saw me hesitate and blush, and said, 'Well, you know best; but I say only what I would do.' I said, I would consider of it; and if I saw he was very earnest, I should think I ought to oblige him.

Miss Darnfords were begging to be at the wedding, and to have a ball; and they said, 'Pray, Miss Andrews, second our requests, and we shall be greatly obliged to you.' —'I cannot,' said I, 'promise that, if I might.'—'Why so?' said they, Because,' answered I, 'I know not what! But I think one may with pleasure celebrate an *anniversary* of one's nuptials, but the *day itself*—Indeed, ladies, I think it too solemn a matter for the *parties* of our sex to be very gay upon; it is a serious and awful affair; and I am sure, in your own cases, you would be of my mind.'—'Why, then,' said Miss Darnford, 'the more need one has to be light-hearted and merry.'

'I told you,' said my master,' what sort of an answer you'd have from Pamela.' The younger Miss said she never heard of such grave folks in her life on such an occasion: 'Why, Sir,' said, she, 'I hope you'll sing psalms all day, and Miss will fast and pray! Such sackcloth and ashes doings, for a wedding, I never heard of!' She spoke a little spitefully I thought, and I returned no answer, I shall have enough to do, I reckon, in a while, if I am to answer every one that will envy me.

We went in to tea, and all the ladies could prevail upon my master for, was a *dancing match before* he left this country; but Miss Darnford said, it should then be at her house; for truly if she might not be at the wedding she would be affronted, and come no more hither, till we had been there.

When they were gone, my master would have had my father stay till the affair was over; but he begged to set out as soon as it was light in the morning; for, he said, my mother would be doubly uneasy at his stay, and he burned with impatience to let her know all the happy things that had befallen her daughter. When my master found him so desirous to go, he called Mr. Thomas, and ordered him to get a particular bay horse ready early in the morning for my father, and a portmanteau to put his things in, and to attend him a day's journey. 'If,' said he, 'Mr. Andrews chooses it, see him safe to his own home:—and,' added he, 'since that horse will serve you, Mr. Andrews, to ride backwards and forwards to see us, when we go into Bedfordshire, I make you a present of it, with the accoutrements.' Seeing my father going to speak, he added, 'I won't be said nay.' O how good was this!

He also said many kind things at supper time, and gave him all my papers; but desired, when he and my mother had read them that he would return them to him again. And then he said, 'So affectionate a father and daughter may perhaps be glad to be alone together; therefore remember me to your good wife, and tell her I hope, before long, to see you together on a visit to your daughter at my other house: so I wish you good night, and a good journey, if you go before I see you.' Then he shook hands, and left my dear father almost unable to speak, through the sense of his favours and goodness.

You may believe my dear mother,

how loth I was to part with my father; who was also unwilling to part with me; but he was so impatient to see you, and tell you the blessings with which his heart overflowed, that I could not detain him.

Mrs. Jewkes brought two bottles of cherry brandy, two of cinnamon-water, and some cake; they were put up in the portmanteau with my father's newly presented clothes; for he said he would not, for any thing, be seen in them in his neighbourhood till I was publicly known to be married; nor would he lay out any part of the twenty guineas till then, for fear of reflections, and would consult me as to what he should say. 'Well,' said I, 'as you please, my dear father; and I hope now we shall often have the pleasure of hearing from one another without needing any art or contrivance.'

He said he would go to bed betimes, that he might be up as soon as it was light; and so he took leave of me, and said he would not love me, if I got up in the morning to see him go, which would but make us the more loath to part, and grieve us both all day.

Mr. Thomas brought him a pair of boots, and told him he would call him up at peep of day, and put up every thing at night; and so I received his blessing, and his prayers, and his kind promises of procuring the same from you, my dear mother, and went up to my closet with a heavy heart, yet a half pleased one, if I may so say; for that, as he must go, he was going to the best of wives, and with the best of tidings. But I begged he would not work so hard as he had done; for I was sure my master would not have given him twenty guineas for clothes, if he had not designed to do something else for him; and that he should be the less concerned at receiving benefits from my good master, because he, who had so many persons to employ in his large possessions, could make him serviceable to a degree equivalent, without hurting any body else.

He promised me fair; and pray, dear mother, see he performs. I hope my master will not see this, for I will not send it you, till I can send you the best of news: and the rather, as my dear father can supply the greatest part of what I have written *since* the papers he carries you, by his own observation. So good night, my dear mother; and God send my father a safe journey, and a happy meeting to you both.

MONDAY.

Mr. Colbrand being returned; my master came up to my closet, and brought me the license. O how my heart fluttered at the sight of it! 'Now, Pamela,' said he, 'tell me, if you can oblige me with the day, Your word is all that's wanting.' I made bold to kiss his dear hand: and, though unable to look up, said, 'I know not what to say, Sir, to all your goodness: I would not, for any consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an honour, that all the duty of a long life, were it to be lent me will not be sufficient to enable me to be grateful for. I ought to resign myself, in every thing I may or can implicitly to your will.'—'But what? said he, with a kind impatience. 'Why, Sir,' said I, 'when from last Thursday you mentioned fourteen days, I had reason to think that term your choice; and my heart is so wholly yours, that I am afraid of nothing, but being forwarder than you wish.'—'Impossible, my dear creature!' said he, folding me in his arms; 'impossible! If this be all, it shall be set about this moment, and this happy day shall make you mine!—I'll send away instantly,' said the dear gentleman; and was going.

I said, 'No, pray, Sir, pray, Sir, hear me! Indeed it cannot be to-day!'—'Cannot!' said he. 'No, indeed, Sir!' said I; and was ready to sink, to see his generous impatience! 'Why flattered you then my fond heart,' replied he, 'with the hope that it might?'—'Sir!' said I, 'I will tell you what I had thought, if you'll vouchsafe me your attention.'—'Do, then,' said he—'I have, Sir, a great desire, that whenever the day is, it may be on a Thursday. On a Thursday my dear father and mother were married, and, though poor, they are a very happy pair: on a Thursday your poor Pamela was born; on a Thursday my dear good lady took me from my parents into her protection: on a Thursday, Sir, you caused me to be carried away to this place, to which I now, by God's goodness, and your favour, owe so amazingly all my present prospects; and on a Thursday it was you named to me that fourteen days from that you would confirm my happiness. Now, Sir, if you please, to indulge my superstitious folly, you will greatly oblige me; I was sorry, Sir, for this reason, when you bid me not defer till the last day of the fourteen, that Thursday in next week was that last day.'

'This, Pamela, is a little superstitious, I must needs say; and I think you should begin now to make another day in the week a happy one: as, for example, on a Monday, may you say, my father and mother concluded to be married on the Thursday following. On a Monday so many years ago, my mother was preparing all her matters to be brought to bed on the Thursday following. On a Monday seven weeks ago, it was that you had but two days more to stay, till you was carried away on Thursday. On a Monday, I myself,' *said he*, 'well *remember it was that I wrote you* the letter which prevailed on you so kindly to return to me; and on the same day, you *did* return to my house here; which, I hope, my girl; will be as propitious an æra as any you have named! and now, lastly, will you say, which will crown the work; and, on a Monday, I was married. Come, come, my dear,' added he, 'Thursday has reigned long enough o'conscience; let us now set Monday in its place, or, at least, on equality with it, since you see it has a very good title, and as we now stand in the week before us, claims propriety; then, I hope, we shall make Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, as happy days as Monday and Thursday; and so, by God's blessing, move round, as the days move, in a delightful circle, till we are at a loss what day to prefer to the rest.'

O how charming was this said! —And how sweetly kind!

'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'you rally my folly very agreeably; but don't let a little matter stand in the way, when you are so generously obliging in greater; indeed I like Thursday best, if I may choose.'

'Well, then,' said he, 'if you can say you have a better reason than this, I will oblige you; else I'll send away for the parson this moment.'

And so, I protest, he was going! Dear Sirs, how I trembled! 'Stay, stay, Sir,' said I: 'we have a great deal to say first; I have a deal of silly prate to trouble you with!'—'Well, say then, in a minute,' replied he, 'the most material; for all we have to say may be talked of while the parson is coming.'—'O but indeed,' said I, 'It cannot be to-day!' 'Well, then, shall it be to-morrow?' said he. 'Why, Sir, if it must not be on a Thursday, you have given so many pleasant distinctions for a Monday, let it then be next Monday?'—'What, a week still!' said he. 'Sir,' answered I,

if you please, for that will be as you enjoined within the second seven days.'—'Why, girl,' said he, ''twill be seven months till next Monday. Let it,' said he, 'if not to-morrow, be on Wednesday; I protest I will stay no longer.'

'Then, Sir,' returned I, 'please to defer it for *one* day more, and it will be my beloved Thursday.'—'If I consent to defer it till then, may I hope, my Pamela,' said he, 'that next Thursday shall *certainly* be the happy day?'—'*Yes, Sir*,' said I; and I am sure I looked very foolishly. Yet my dear father and mother, why should I, with such a fine gentleman, whom I so dearly love, and so much to my honour too? But there is something greatly awful upon my mind, in the solemn circumstance, and a change of condition never to be recalled, though all the prospects are so desirable. And I can but wonder at the thoughtless precipitancy with which most young folks run into this important change of life!

So now, my dear parents, have I been brought to fix so near a day as next Thursday; and this is Monday. O dear, it makes me out of breath almost to think of it. This was a great cut off; a whole week out of ten days. I hope I am not too forward! Yet, if it obliges my dear master, I am justified; for he deserves of me all things in my power.

After this he rode out on horseback, attended by Abraham, and did not return till night. How, by degrees, things steal upon one. I thought even this small absence tedious, and the more, as we expected him to dinner. I wish I may not be too fond, and make him indifferent: but you, my dear father and mother, were always fond of one another, and never indifferent, let the world run as it would.

When he returned, he said he had a pleasant ride, and was led out to a greater distance than he intended. At supper he told me, that he had a great mind Mr. Williams should marry us; because he said, it would show a thorough reconciliation on his part.

'But,' said he, most generously, 'I am apprehensive, from what passed between you, the poor man would take it hardly, and as a sort of insult, which I am not capable of. What says my girl? Do you think he would?'—'I hope not, Sir,' said I: 'as to what he *may* think, I can't answer; but as to any reason for his thoughts, I can: for indeed, Sir,' said I, 'you have been already so generous, that he cannot, I think, mistake your goodness.' He then spoke with resentment of Lady Davers' behaviour, and I asked if any thing new had occurred, 'Yes,' said he, 'I have had a letter from her impertinent husband, professedly at her instigation, that amounted to little less than a piece of insolent bravery, on supposing I was about to marry you. I was so provoked,' added he, 'that after I had read it, I tore it in a hundred pieces, scattered them in the air, and bid the man who brought it let his master know what I had done with his letter, and would not permit him to speak to me, as he would fain have done.—I think the fellow talked somewhat of his lady coming hither: but she shall not set a foot within my doors; and I suppose this treatment will hinder her.'

I was much concerned at this: and he said, 'Had I a hundred sisters, Pamela, their opposition should have no weight with me: I did not intend you should know it; but you must expect a little difficulty from the pride of my sister, who has suffered so much from that of her brother; and we are too nearly allied in mind, as well as blood, I find. But this is not her business; and if

she would have it so, she should have done it with more *decency*. Little occasion had *she* to boast of her birth, that knows not what belongs to good manners.'

I said, 'I am very sorry, Sir, to be the unhappy occasion of a misunderstanding between so good a brother and so worthy a sister.'—'Don't say so, Pamela, because this is an unavoidable consequence of the happy prospect before us. Only bear it well yourself, because she is my sister; and leave it to me to make her sensible of her own rashness.'

'If, Sir,' said I, 'the most lowly behaviour, and humble deportment, and in every thing showing a dutiful regard to good Lady Davers, will have any weight with her ladyship, assure yourself of all in my power to mollify her.'—'No, Pamela,' returned he, 'don't imagine, when you are my wife, I will suffer you to do any thing unworthy of that character. I know the duty of a husband, and will protect your gentleness to the utmost, as much as if you were a princess by descent.'

'You are inexpressibly good, Sir,' said I, 'but I am far from taking a gentle disposition to show a meanness of spirit; this is a trial I ought to expect; and well may I bear it, that have so many benefits to set against it, which all spring from the same cause.'—'Well,' said he, 'all the matter shall be this: we will talk of our marriage as a thing to be done next week. I find I have spies upon me wherever I go, and whatever I do: but now I am on so laudable a pursuit, that I value them not, nor those who employ them. I have already ordered my servants to have no conference with any body for ten or twelve days to come. And Mrs. Jewkes tells me every one names Thursday come seven-night for *our nuptials*. So I will get Mr. Peters, who wants to see my little chapel, to assist Mr. Williams, under the notion of breakfasting with me next Thursday morning, since you won't have it sooner; and there will nobody else be wanting; and I will beg of Mr. Peters to keep it private, even from his own family, for a few days. Has my girl any objection?'

'O Sir,' answered I, 'you are so generous in all your ways, I *can* have no objection! But I hope Lady Davers and you will not proceed to irreconcileable lengths, and when her ladyship comes to see you, and to tarry with you two or three weeks, as she used to do, I will keep close up, so as not to disgust her with the sight of me.'—'Well,' said he, 'we will talk of that afterwards. You must do then as I shall think fit: and I shall be able to judge what both you and I ought to do. But what still aggravates the matter is, that she should instigate the titled ape, her husband, to write to me, after she had so little succeeded herself. I wish I had kept his letter, that I might have shown you how a man, that generally *acts* like a fool, can take upon him to *write* like a lord. But I suppose it is of my sister's penning, and he, poor man! is the humble copier.'

TUESDAY.

Mr. Thomas is returned from you, my dear father, with the good news of your health, and your proceeding in your journey to my dear mother. My master has just now been making me play upon the spinnet, and sing to it; and commended me for both. But he does so in all I do, so partial does his goodness make him to me.

ONE O'CLOCK.

We are just returned from an airing; and I have been delighted with

his conversation upon English authors, poets particularly. He entertained me also with a description of some of the curiosities he had seen in Italy and France, when he made what the polite world call the grand tour. He said he wanted to be at his other seat; for he knew not well how to employ himself here, having not purposed to stay half the time. 'Pamela,' said he, 'you will hardly be troubled with so much of my company after we are settled there; for I have many things to adjust: and I must go to London: having accounts run on longer than ordinary with my banker. I don't know,' added he, 'but the ensuing winter I may give you a taste of the diversions of the town for a month or so.' I said his will and pleasure should determine mine; and I never could have a desire after those or any other entertainments that were not in his own choice.

He was pleased to say, 'I make no doubt of being very happy in you; and hope you will be so in me: for,' said he, 'I have no very enormous vices to gratify, though I pretend not to the greatest purity neither.' —'Sir,' said I, 'If you can account to your own mind, I shall always be easy in whatever you do. Our greatest happiness here, Sir, is of very short duration; and this life, at the longest, is a poor transitory one; and I hope we shall be so happy as to be enabled to look forward, with comfort, to another, where our pleasures will be everlasting.'

'You say well, Pamela; and I shall, by degrees, be more habituated to this way of thinking, as I more and more converse with you; but you must not be over serious with me, all at once: though I charge you never forbear to mingle your sweet divinity in our conversation, whenever it can be brought in a propos, and with such a cheerfulness of temper, as shall not throw a gloomy cloud over our innocent enjoyments.'

I was abashed at this, and silent, fearing I had offended: but he said, 'If you attend rightly to what I said, I need not tell you again, Pamela, not to be discouraged from suggesting to me, on every proper occasion, the pious impulses of your own amiable mind.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you will be always indulgent, I make no doubt, to my imperfections so long as I mean well.'

My master made me dine with him, and would eat nothing but what I helped him to; my heart is, every hour, more enlarged with his goodness and condescension. But, still—what ails me, I wonder; a strange sort of weight hangs upon my mind, as Thursday draws on, which makes me often sigh involuntarily, and damps the pleasures of my delightful prospects! I hope this is not ominous, but only the foolish weakness of an overthoughtful mind, on an occasion the most solemn and important of one's life, next to the last scene, which shuts up all.

I could be very serious! But I will commit all my ways to that blessed Providence, which hitherto has so wonderfully conducted me, through real evils, to this hopeful situation. I only fear that I shall be too unworthy to hold the affections of so dear a gentleman!—God teach me humility, and to know my own demerit! And this will be, next to his grace, my surest guide in the state of life to which, though most unworthy, I am going to be exalted. Don't cease your prayers for me, my dear parents; for, perhaps, this new condition may be subject to still worse hazards than those I have escaped; should conceitedness, vanity, and pride, take hold of my frail heart; and if I was for my sins, to be left to my own conduct

a frail bark in a tempestuous ocean, without ballast, or other pilot than my own inconsiderate will. But my master said, on another occasion, that those who doubted most, always erred least: and I hope I shall always doubt my own strength, my own unworthiness.

I will not trouble you with twenty sweet agreeable things that passed in conversation with my excellent benefactor; nor with the civilities of Mr. Colbrand, Mrs. Jewkes, and all the servants, who seem to be highly pleased with my conduct to them: and as my master, hitherto, finds no fault that I go too low, nor they that I carry it too high, I hope I shall continue to have every body's good will. Yet I will not seek to gain any one's by little meannesses or debasements; but aim at a uniform and regular conduct, willing to conceal involuntary errors, as I would have my own forgiven; and not too industrious to discover real ones, or to hide such, if any appear, as might encourage bad hearts, or unclean hands, in cases, where my master should receive damage, or the morals of the transgressors seem wilfully and habitually corrupt. In short, I will endeavour, all I can, that good servants shall find in me a kind encourager; indifferent ones be made better, by inspiring them with a laudable emulation; and bad ones, if not too bad in nature, and quite irreclaimable, reformed by kindness, expostulation, and even proper menaces, if necessary, but most by a good example: all this, if God pleases.

WEDNESDAY.

Now, my dear parents; I have but this *one* day, between me and the most solemn rite that can be performed. My heart cannot yet *shake off this heavy weight*. Sure I am ungrateful to the Divine goodness, and the favour of the best of benefactors! Yet I hope I am not! —For at times, my mind is all exultation, with the prospect of what good to-morrow's happy solemnity may, by the leave of my generous master, put it into my power to do. O how shall I find words to express, as I ought, my thankfulness, for all the mercies before me!

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

My dear master is all love and tenderness! He sees my weakness, and generously pities and comforts me! I begged to be excused supper; but he brought me down himself from my closet, and placed me by him, bidding Abraham not wait. I could not eat, and yet I tried, lest he should be angry. He kindly forbore to hint any thing of the dreadful, yet delightful to-morrow! and put, now and then, a little bit on my plate, and guided it to my mouth. I was concerned to receive his goodness with so ill a grace. 'Well,' said he, 'if you won't eat, drink at least with me.' I drank two glasses, by his over persuasions, and said, 'I am really ashamed of myself.'—'Why, indeed,' said he, 'my dear girl, I am not a very dreadful enemy, I hope! I cannot bear any thing that is the least concerning to you.' —'Oh! Sir,' said I, 'all is owing to my sense of my own unworthiness! To be sure, it cannot be any thing else.'

He rang for the things to be taken away, and then reaching a chair, sat down, and with his arms about me, said the most generous and affecting things that ever dropt from the honey-flowing mouth of love. All I have not time to repeat: some I will.—And oh! indulge your foolish daughter, who troubles you with her weak nonsense; because

what she has to say, is so affecting to her; and if she went to bed, instead of scribbling, she could not sleep.

'This sweet confusion and thoughtfulness in my beloved Pamela,' said he, 'on the near approach of our happy union, when I hope all doubts are cleared up, and nothing of dishonour apprehended, show me plainly, what a wretch I was to attempt such purity with a worse intention; no wonder that one so virtuous should find herself deserted of life itself on a violence so dreadful to her honour, and seek a refuge in the shadow of death. But now my dearest Pamela, that you have seen a purity on my side, as nearly imitating your own, as our sex can show to yours; and since I have, all this day, suppressed even the least intimation of the coming day, that I might not alarm your tender mind; why all this concern? why all this affecting yet sweet confusion? You have a generous friend, my dear girl, in me; a protector now, not a violator of your innocence: why then, once more I ask, this strange perplexity, this sweet confusion?'

'O, Sir,' said I, and hid my face in his arms, 'expect not reason from a foolish creature: you should have still indulged me in my closet: I am ready to beat myself for this ungrateful return to your goodness. But I know not what!—I am, to be sure, a silly creature.—O had you but suffered me to stay by myself above, I should have made myself ashamed of so culpable a behaviour! —But goodness added to goodness every moment, and the sense of my own unworthiness, quite overcome my spirits.'

'Now,' said the generous man, 'will I, though reluctantly, make a proposal to my sweet girl.—If I have been too pressing for the day; if another will still be more obliging; if you have fears that will not then be, say but the word, and I'll submit. Yes, my Pamela; for though I have these three days past, thought every tedious hour a day, till Thursday comes, if you earnestly desire it, I will postpone it. Say my dear girl, *freely* say: but accept not my proposal without great reason, which yet I will not ask for.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I can expect nothing but superlative goodness from you. This is a most generous instance of it: but I fear—yes, I fear it will be too much the same thing, some days hence, when the happy, yet, fool that I am! dreaded time shall be equally near.'—'Kind, lovely charmer!' said he, 'now do I see you are to be trusted with power, from the generous use you make of it:—not one offensive word or look, from me, shall wound your nicest thoughts; but pray try to subdue this over-scrupulousness, and unseasonable timidity, I persuade myself you will if you can.'

'Indeed, Sir, I will,' said I; 'for I am quite ashamed of myself, with all these lovely views before me!—The honour you do me, the kindness you show me!—I cannot forgive myself!—For oh! if I know the least of this idle foolish heart of mine, it has not a misgiving thought of your goodness; and I should abhor it if it were capable of the least affectaion. But, dear good Sir, leave me a little to myself, and I will take myself to a severer task than your goodness will let *you* do: and present my heart before you, a worthier offering than its wayward follies will now let it seem to be.—But one thing is, having no kind friend, of one's own sex, to communicate my foolish thoughts to, and to be strengthened by their comfortings, I am left to myself, and, oh! what a weak silly thing I am!'

He kindly withdrew, for me to recollect myself, and in about half

an hour, returned; and then, that he might not begin at once upon the subject, but say something agreeable to me, said. 'Your father and mother have had a great deal of talk by this time about you, Pamela.'—'O Sir,' returned I, 'your goodness has made them quite happy. But I can't help being concerned about Lady Davers.'

He said, 'I am vexed I did not hear the footman out, because it runs in my head he talked somewhat about her coming hither. She will meet with but an indifferent reception from me, unless she comes resolved to behave better than she writes.'

'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'be pleased to bear with my good lady, for two reasons.'—'What are *they?*' said he. 'Why, first, Sir,' answered I, 'because she is your sister; and may very well think, what all the world will, that you have much undervalued yourself in making me happy. Next, because, if her ladyship finds you out of temper with her it will aggravate her still more against me, and every time that any warm words used between you, come into her mind, she will disdain me more'

'Don't con ern yourself about it,' said he; 'for we have more proud ladies than she in our other neighbourhood, who, perhaps, have still less reason to be punctilious about their descent, and yet will form themselves upon her example, and say, "Why, his own sister will not forgive him, nor visit him!" If I can subdue her spirit, which is more than her husband ever could, or indeed any body else, it is a great point gained; and if she gives me reason, I'll try for it, I assure you.

'Well, but my dear girl,' continued he, 'since the subject is so important, may I not say one word about to-morrow?'—'Sir,' said I, 'I hope I shall be less a fool: I have talked as harshly to my heart as Lady Davers can do; and it suggests to me a better and more grateful behaviour.'

He smiled and kissing me, said, 'I took notice, Pamela, of what you observed, that you have none of your own sex with you: I think it is a little hard; and I should like you to have had Miss Darnford; but then her sister must have been asked; and I might as well make a public wedding, which, you know, would require clothes, and other preparations. Besides,' added he, 'a foolish proposal was once made me of that second sister, who has two or three thousand pounds more than the other, left her by her grandmother, and she can't help being a little piqued: though,' said he, 'they could not expect it to succeed; for there is nothing in her person nor mind: and her fortune, the only inducement, would not do by any means; so I discouraged it at once.'

'I am thinking, Sir,' said I, 'of another mortifying thing too; that were you to marry a lady of birth and fortune answerable to your own, all the eve to the day would be taken up in reading, signing, and sealing settlements, and portions, and such like: but now the poor Pamela brings you nothing at all; and the very clothes she wears are entirely the effects of your bounty, and that of your good mother: this makes me a little sad; for, alas! Sir, I am so much oppressed by your favours, and a sense of my obligations, that I cannot look up with the confidence I otherwise should on this awful occasion.'

'There is, my dear Pamela,' said 'he, 'where the power is wanting, as much generosity in the will as in the action. To all that know your story, and your merit, it will appear that I cannot recompense you for what I made you suffer. You have had too many hard struggles and ex-

ercises; and have nobly overcome; and who shall grudge you the reward of the hard-bought victory?—This affair is so much the act of my own will, that I glory in being capable of distinguishing so much excellence, and my fortune is the more pleasurable to me, as I hope to make you some satisfaction for the past.'

'This, Sir,' said I, 'is all goodness, unmerited on my side; and makes my obligations the greater! I can but wish for more worthiness!—But how poor is it to offer words only for such generous deeds! and to say I *wish*—For what is a wish but the acknowledged want of power to oblige, and a demonstration of one's poverty in every thing but *will*.'

'And that, my dear girl,' said he, 'is every thing: 'tis all I want: 'tis all that heaven itself requires of us: but no more of these little doubts, though they are the natural impulses of a generous and grateful heart. I want not to be employed in settlements. Those are for such to regard, who make convenience and fortune the prime considerations.—I have possessions ample enough for us both; you deserve to share them with me; and you shall do it, with as little reserve as if you had brought me what the world reckons an equivalent: for you bring me what is infinitely more valuable—an experienced truth and well tried virtue, and a wit and behaviour more than equal to the station you will be placed in: to say nothing of this sweet person, that itself might captivate a monarch; and of the meekness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, which makes you superior to all the women I ever saw.'

Thus kind and soothing, and honourably affectionate, was the dear gentleman, to the unworthy, doubting, yet assured Pamela; and thus patiently did he indulge, and generously pardon, my impertinent weakness. He offered to go himself to Lady Jones in the morning, and reveal the matter to her, and desire her secrecy and presence; but I said that would disoblige the young Lady Darnfords. 'No, Sir,' said I, 'I will cast myself upon your generous kindness; for why should I fear the kind protector of my weakness, and the guide and director of my future steps?'—'You cannot,' said he, 'forgive Mrs. Jewkes, for *she* must know it, and suffer her to be with you?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'I can: she is very civil to me now; and her former wickedness I will forgive, for the sake of the happy fruits that have attended it, and because *you* mention her.'

'Well,' said he, 'I will call her in, if you please.'—'As you please, Sir,' said I. And he rang for her: and when she came in he said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, I am going to entrust you with a secret.'—'Sir,' answered she, 'I will be sure to keep it as such.'—'Why,' said he, 'we intend to-morrow, privately as possible, for our wedding day, and Mr. Peters, and Mr. Williams are to be here, as to breakfast with me, and to show Mr. Peters, my little chapel. When the ceremony is over, we will take a little airing in the chariot, as we have done before; so it will not be wondered that we are dressed. The two parsons have promised secresy, and will go home. I believe you cannot well avoid letting one of the maids into the secret; but that I'll leave to you.'

'Sir,' replied she, 'we all concluded it would be in a few days; and I doubt it won't be long a secret.'—'No,' said he, 'I don't desire it should; but you know we are not provided for a public wedding, and I shall declare it when we go to Bedfordshire, which won't be long. But the men, who lie in the outhouses, need not know it; for, by

some means or other, my sister Davers is acquainted with all that passes.'—'Do you know, Sir,' said she, 'that her ladyship intends to be down here with you, in a few days? Her servant told me so, who brought you the letter you was angry at.'—'I hope,' said he, 'we shall be set out for t'other house first; and shall be pleased she loses her labour.'—'Sir,' continued she, 'her ladyship proposes to be here time enough to hinder your nuptials, which she takes, as we did, will be the latter end of next week.' 'Well,' said he, 'let her come; but yet I desire not to see her.'

Mrs. Jewkes said to me, 'Give me leave, Madam, to wish you all manner of happiness; but I am afraid I have too well obeyed his honour to be forgiven by you.'—'Indeed, Mrs. Jewkes,' returned I, 'you will be more your own enemy than I. I shall not presume, so much as by a whisper, to set my good master against any one he pleases to approve of: and as to his old servants, I shall always value them, and never offer to dictate to his choice, or influence it by my own caprices.'

'Mrs. Jewkes,' said my master, 'you find you need to apprehend nothing. My Pamela is very placable; and as we have both been sinners together, we must both be included in one act of grace.'

'Such an example of condescension as I have before me, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I, 'may make you very easy; for I must be highly unworthy, not to forego all my little resentments, if I had any, for the sake of so much goodness to myself.'

'You are very kind, Madam,' said she; 'and depend upon it, I will atone for all my faults by my duty and respect to you, as well as to my master.'

'*That's well said on both sides*,' said he; 'but, Mrs. Jewkes, to assure you that my good girl here has no malice, she chooses you to attend her in the morning at the ceremony, and you must keep up her spirits.'—'I shall,' replied she, 'be very proud of the honour: yet I cannot but wonder, Madam, to have seen you so very low spirited, these two or three days past, with so much happiness before you.'

'Why, Mrs. Jewkes,' answered I, 'there can be only one reason; which is, that I am a sad fool! I am not ungrateful neither; nor would I put on a foolish affectation: but my heart, at times, sinks within me; I know not why, except at my own unworthiness, and because this honour is too high for me to support myself under, as I should do.—It is an honour Mrs. Jewkes,' added I, 'I was not born to; and no wonder then, I behave so awkwardly.' She made me a fine compliment upon it, and withdrew, repeating her promises of care, secresy, &c.

He parted from me very tenderly; and I came up, and, to amuse my thoughts, wrote thus far. Mrs. Jewkes is come up, and it being past twelve, I will go to bed; but not one wink, I fear, shall I get this night.—I could beat myself with anger. Sure there is nothing ominous in this strange folly!—But I suppose all young maidens are the same, so near so great a change of condition, though they carry it off more discreetly than I.

THURSDAY, SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

I MIGHT as well have not gone to bed last night, for what sleep I had. Mrs. Jewkes said several things that would have been well enough from any body else of our sex; but the poor woman has so little purity of heart, that it is all say from her, and goes no further than the ear.

I fancy my master has not slept much neither; for I heard him up, and walking about his chamber, ever since break of day. He must have some concern, as well as I; for he is going to marry a poor foolish unworthy girl, brought up on the charity, as one may say, (at least bounty) of his worthy family! And this foolish girl must be, to all intents and purposes, after twelve o'clock this day, as much his wife, as if he were to marry a dutchess!—And here he must stand the shocks of common reflection: 'The great Mr. B. has done finely! he has married his poor servant *wench!*' will some say. The ridicule, and rude jests of his equals, and companions too, he must stand: and the disdain of his relations, and indignation of Lady Davers, his lofty sister. Dear good gentleman, he will have enough to do!—O how shall I merit all these things at his hands? I can only do the best I can, and pray to God to reward him; and resolve to love him with a pure heart, and serve him with a sincere obedience. I hope he will continue to love me for *this;* for, alas! I have nothing else to offer! But, as I can hardly expect so great a blessing, if I can be secure from his contempt, I shall not be unfortunate: and must bear his indifference, if his rich friends should inspire him with it, and proceed in my duty with cheerfulness.

HALF AN HOUR PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK.

My good dear master, my kind friend, my generous benefactor, my worthy protector, and oh! all the good words in one, my affectionate husband, that is soon to be, (be *curbed in,* my proud heart, know *thyself, and be conscious* of thy un*worthiness!) has just* left me, with *the kindest,* tenderest expressions, and gentlest behaviour that ever blest a happy maiden. He approached me with a sort of reined-in-rapture. 'My Pamela,' said he, 'may I just ask after your employment?—Don't let me chide my dear girl this day, however. The two parsons will be here to breakfast with us at nine; and yet you are not a bit dressed! Why this absence of mind, and sweet irresolution?'

'Sir,' said I, 'I will set about a reformation this instant.' He saw the Common Prayer Book lying in the window. 'I hope,' said he, 'my lovely maiden has been conning the lesson she is by and by to repeat. Have you not, Pamela?' and kissed me. 'Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I have been reading over the solemn service.'—'And what thinks my fairest (for so he called me) of it?'—'Oh, Sir, 'tis very awful, and makes one shudder, to reflect upon it.'—'No wonder,' said he, 'it should affect my sweet Pamela: I have been looking into it this morning, and I can't say but I think it a solemn, but very suitable service. This I tell my dear love,' continued he, and again clasped me to him, 'there is not a tittle in it I cannot joyfully subscribe to: and *that,* my dear Pamela, should make you easy, and join cheerfully in it with me.' I kissed his dear hand; 'O my generous kind protector,' said I, 'how gracious is it to confirm thus the doubting mind of your poor servant, which apprehends nothing so much as her own unworthiness of the honour and blessing that await her!'—He was pleased to say, 'I know well, my dearest creature, that according to the liberties we people of fortune generally give ourselves, I have promised a great deal, when I say so. But I would not have said it, if deliberately I could not with all my heart. So banish from your mind all doubt and uneasiness; let a

generous confidence in me take place; and let me *see* it does, by your cheerfulness in this day's solemn business; and then I will love you for ever.'

'May God Almighty, Sir,' said I, 'reward all your goodness to me! Oh, how kind it is in you to supply the want of the presence and comfortings of a dear mother, of a living sister, or of the kind companions of my own sex, which most maidens have, to soothe their anxieties on the near approach of so awful a solemnity!—You, Sir, are all these tender relations in one to me! Your kindness shall, if possible, embolden me to look up to you without that sweet terror that must confound poor bashful maidens on such an occasion, when surrendered up to a more doubtful happiness, and to half-strange men, whose good faith and good usage of them, must be less experienced, and is all involved in the dark bosom of futurity, and only to be proved by the trial.'

'This, my dear Pamela,' said he, 'is very kindly said! It shows that you enter gratefully into my intention. For I would, by my conduct, supply all these dear relations to you: and I voluntarily promise from my heart, to you, what I think I could not, with such assured resolutions of performance to the highest born lady in the kingdom; for, let me tell my sweet girl, that, after having been long tossed by the boisterous winds of a more culpable passion, I have now conquered it, and am not so much the victim of your beauty, all charming as you are, as of your virtue: and therefore may more boldly promise for myself, having so stable a foundation for my affection, which, should this outward beauty fail, will increase with your virtue, and shine forth the brighter, as that is more illustriously displayed by the augmented opportunities your future condition will afford you.'—O the dear charming man, how nobly, how encouragingly kind was all this!

I could not suitably express myself, and he said, 'I see my girl is at a loss for words! I doubt not your good acceptance of my declarations. And when I have acted too much the part of a libertine formerly, for you to look back without some anxiety, I ought not, being now happily convicted, to say less But why loses my girl her time? I will now only add, that I hope, for many happy years, to make good, by my conduct, what so willingly flows from my lips.'

He kissed me again, and said, 'But whatever you do, Pamela, be cheerful; for else, may be, of the small company we shall have, some one, not knowing how to account for your too nice modesty, will think there is *some other* person in the world, whose addresses would be still *more* agreeable to you.'

This he said with an air of sweetness and pleasantry; but it alarmed me exceedingly, and made me resolve to appear as calm and as cheerful as possible; for this was, indeed, a most affecting expression, and enough to make me, if any thing can, behave as I ought, and to force my idle fears to give way to hopes so much better grounded. I began almost, on this occasion, to wish Mr. Williams were not to marry me, lest I should behave like a fool, and so be liable to an imputation I should be most unworthy to deserve.

I set about dressing instantly, and he sent Mrs. Jewkes to assist me. But I am never long dressing; and my master has now given me a hint, that will, for half an hour more, at least, keep my spirits brisk. Yet it concerns me a little, lest he should have any the least shadow of a doubt, that I am not, mind and person, entirely his.

Being now ready, and not called to breakfast, I sat down and writ thus far.

I dressed myself in a rich white satin night-gown that was my good lady's, and my best head-clothes, &c. I have got such a knack of writing, that when by myself, I cannot sit without a pen in my hand.—But I am now called to breakfast, I suppose the gentlemen are come!—Now courage, Pamela: remember thou art upon thy good behaviour.—Fie upon it! my heart begins to flutter again! 'Foolish heart! lie still!' Never, surely, was any maiden's perverse heart under so little command as mine!—It gave itself away, at first, without my leave; it has been, for weeks, pressing me with its wishes; yet now, when it should be happy itself, and make me so, it is throb, throb, throb, like a little fool; and filling me with such unseasonable misgivings, as abate the rising comforts of all my better prospects.

THURSDAY, NEAR THREE O'CLOCK.

I THOUGHT I should have found no time nor heart to write again this day; but here are three gentlemen come, unexpectedly, to dine with my master; and so I shall not appear. He has done all he could, civilly, to send them away; but they still stay. And so I have nothing to do but to write till I go to dinner myself with Mrs. Jewkes: for my master was not prepared for this company, and it will be a little latish to-day. So I will begin with my happy story where I left off.

When I came down to breakfast, Mr. Peters and Mr. Williams were both there: and as soon as my master heard me coming, he met me at the door; and led me in with great tenderness. He had kindly spoken to them, as he told me afterwards, to mention no more of the matter to me than needs must. I paid my respects to them, I believe, a little awkwardly, and was almost out of breath; but, said I had come down a little too fast.

When Abraham came in to wait, my master said, (that the servants should not mistrust,) ''Tis well, gentlemen, you came as you did, for my good girl and I were going to take an airing till dinner time. I hope you'll stay and dine with me.'—'Sir,' said Mr. Peters, 'we won't hinder your airing. I only came to see your chapel; but must be home to dinner; and Mr. Williams will dine with me.'—'Then,' said my master, 'we will pursue our intentions, and ride out for an hour or two, as soon as I have showed Mr. Peters my little chapel. Will you, Pamela, after breakfast, walk with us to it?' '*If, if*,' said I, and had like to have stammered, foolish that I was!—'*If* you please, Sir.' I could look none of them in the face. Abraham looking at me—'Why, child,' said my master, you have hardly recovered your fright yet 'how came your foot to slip! 'Tis well you did not hurt yourself.' Said Mr. Peters, improving the hint, 'You ha'nt sprained your ankle, Madam, I hope.'—'No, Sir,' said I, 'I believe not; but 'tis a little *painful* to me.' And so it was, for I meant my foolishness! 'Abraham,' said my master, 'bid Robin put the horses to the coach, instead of the chariot; and if these gentlemen *will* go, we can set them down.'—'I had as leave walk,' said Mr. Peters, 'if Mr. Williams chooses it.'—'Well, then, said my master, let it be the chariot, as I told him.'

I could eat nothing, though I attempted it; and my hand shook so, I spilled some of my chocolate, and so put it down again; they were all very good, and looked another way. My master said, when Abraham was out, 'I have a quite plain ring here, Mr. Peters: and I hope

the ceremony will dignify the ring: and that I shall give my girl reason to think it, for that cause, the most valuable one that can be presented her.' Mr. Peters said, he was sure I should value it more than the richest diamond in the world.

I had bid Mrs. Jewkes not to dress herself, lest she should give cause of mistrust; and she took my advice. When breakfast was over, my master said, before Abraham, 'Well, gentlemen, we will step into the chapel; and you must advise me as to the alterations I design.—I am in the more haste, as the survey you are going to take of it, for the alterations, will take up a little time; and we shall not have much between that and dinner, for my little tour.—Pamela, you'll give us your opinion, won't you?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I; 'I'll come after you.'

So they went out, and I sat down in the chair again, and fanned myself: 'I am sick at heart,' said I, 'Mrs. Jewkes,' Said she, 'shall I fetch you a little cordial?'—'No,' said I, 'I am a sad fool! I want spirits, that's all.' She took her smelling bottle, and would have given it me; but I said, 'Keep it in your hand: may-be, I shall want it; but I hope not.'

She gave me very good words, and begged me to go: I got up: but my knees beat so against one another, I was forced to sit down again. At last I held by her arm, and passing by Abraham, I said, 'This ugly slip, coming down stairs, has made me limp; so I must hold by you Mrs. Jewkes. Do you know what alterations there are to be in the chapel, that we must give our opinions on them?'

Nan, she said, was let into the secret, and she had ordered her to stay at the chapel-door, to see that nobody came in. My dear master came to me, at entering the chapel, and took my hand, and led me up to the altar.—'Remember, my dear girl,' whispered he, 'and be cheerful.'—'I am, I will, Sir,' said I; but hardly knew what I said; and so you may believe, when I said to Mrs. Jewkes, 'Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, don't leave me;' as if I had all confidence in her, and none where it was most due. God forgive me; but I never was so absent in my life, as at first: even till Mr. Williams had gone on his service, so far as to the awful words about '*requiring us, as we shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment;*' and then the solemn words, and my master's whispering, 'Mind this, my dear,' made me start. Said he, still whispering, 'Know *you* any impediment?' I blushed, and said, softly, 'None, Sir, but my great unworthiness.'

Then followed the sweet words, '*Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife,*' &c. and I began to take heart a little, when my dearest master answered audibly to this question, '*I will.*' But I could only make a curtsey, when they asked me; though I am sure my *heart* was readier than my *speech*, and answered to every article of *obey*, *serve*, *love*, and *honour*.

Mr. Peters gave me away, and I said after Mr. Williams, as well as I could, as my dear master did, with a much better grace, the words of betrothment; and the ceremony of the ring passing next, I received the dear favour at his worthy hands with a most grateful heart: and he told me afterwards, that when he had done saying, *With this ring I thee wed,*' &c. I curtsied, and said, 'Thank you, Sir.' May-be I did; for it was a most grateful part of the service, and my heart was overwhelmed with his goodness, and the tender grace wherewith he performed it. I was very glad the next part was the prayer, and kneeling; for I trembled so, I could hardly stand, betwixt fear and joy.

The joining of our hands, and declaration of our being married, to the few witnesses present; for reckoning Nan, whose curiosity would not let her stay at the door, there were but Mr. Peters, and Mrs. Jewkes, and she; the blessing, the psalm, and prayers, and the concluding exhortation, were so many beautiful, welcome, and lovely parts of this divine office, that my heart was delighted with them, and my spirits a little freer.

Thus, my dearest parents, is your happy, thrice happy Pamela, at last married; and to whom?—Why, to her beloved, gracious master! the lord of her wishes! and thus the once naughty assailer of her innocence, by a blessed turn of Providence, is become the kind, the gracious protector and rewarder of it. God be evermore blessed and praised! and make me not wholly unworthy of such transcendant honour! and bless and reward the dear good gentleman: who has thus exalted his unworthy servant, unto a place, which the greatest ladies would think themselves happy in!

My master saluted me most ardently, and said, 'God give you, my dear love, as much joy on this occasion as I have.' He presented me to Mr. Peters, who saluted me; and said, 'You may excuse *me*, dear Madam; for I gave you away, and you are my daughter.' And Mr. Williams modestly withdrawing a little way, 'Mr. Williams,' said my master, 'pray accept my thanks, and wish your *sister* joy.' So he saluted me too; and said, 'Most heartily, Madam, I do. And I will say, that to see so much innocence and virtue so eminently rewarded, is one of the greatest pleasures I have ever known.' This my master took very kindly.

Mrs. Jewkes would have kissed my hand at the chapel door; but I had got a new recruit of spirits, just then; and kissed her, and said, 'Thank you, Mrs. Jewkes, for accompanying me. I have behaved sadly.'—'No, Madam,' said she, 'pretty well, pretty well!'

Mr. Peters walked out with me Mr. Williams and my master came out after us, talking together.

Mr. Peters, when he came into the parlour, said, 'I once more, Madam, must wish you joy on this happy occasion. I wish every day may add to your comforts; and may you very long rejoice in one another! for you are the loveliest couple I ever saw joined.' I told him, I was highly obliged to his kind opinion, and good wishes; and hoped my future conduct would not make me unworthy of them.

My good benefactor came in with Mr. Williams: 'So, my dear life,' said he, 'how do you do? A little more composed, I hope! Well, you see this is not so dreadful an affair as you apprehended.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Peters, very kindly, ''tis a very solemn circumstance; and I love to see it so reverently and awfully entered upon It is a most excellent sign: for the most *thoughtful* beginnings make the most *prudent* proceedings.'

Mrs. Jewkes, of her own accord, came in with a large silver tumbler, filled with sack, and a toast, nutmeg, and sugar; and my master said, 'That's well thought of, Mrs. Jewkes, for we have made but sorry breakfastings.' And he would make me take some of the toast; as they all did, and drank pretty heartily; and I drank a little, and it cheered my heart, I thought, for an hour after.

My master took a fine diamond ring from his finger, and presented it to Mr. Peters, who received it very kindly. To Mr. Williams he said, 'My old acquaintance, I have reserved for you, against a variety of solicitations, the living I always

designed for you; and I beg you'll prepare to take possession of it; and as the doing it may be attended with some expense, pray accept of this towards it:' so he gave him (as he told me afterwards) a bank note of 50*l*.

Thus did this generous good gentleman bless us all, and me in particular; for whose sake he was as bounteous as if he had married one of the noblest fortunes.

So he took his leave of the gentlemen, recommending secrecy again, for a few days, and they left him; and none of the servants suspected any thing, as Mrs. Jewkes believes. Then I threw myself at his feet, blessed God, and blessed *him* for his goodness; and he overwhelmed me with kindness, calling me his sweet bride, and twenty lovely epithets, that swell my grateful heart beyond the power of utterance.

He afterwards led me to the chariot; and we took a delightful tour round the neighbouring villages: he did all he could, to dissipate those still perverse anxieties that dwell upon my mind, and, do what I can, spread too thoughtful an air, as he tells me, over my countenance.

We came home by half past one; and he was pleasing himself with thinking, not to be an hour out of my company this blessed day, that (as he was so good as to say) he might inspire me with a familiarity which should improve my confidence in him, when he was told a footman of Sir Charles Hargrave had been here, to say that his master and two other gentlemen were on the road to take a dinner with him, in their way to Nottingham.

He was heartily vexed at this, and said to me, he should have been glad of their companies at any other time; but it was a barbarous intrusion now; and he *wished* they had been told he would not be at home at dinner: 'Besides,' said he, 'they are horrid drinkers; and I mayn't be able to get them away to-night; for they do nothing but travel round the country, and beat up their friend's quarters all the way; and 'tis all one to them, whether they stay a night or a month at a place. But,' added he, 'I'll find some way, if I can, to turn them off, after dinner. Confound them,' said he, in a violent pet, 'that they should come this day, of all the days in the year!'

We had hardly alighted, and got in, before they came; three mad rakes they seemed to be, setting up a hunting note, as soon as they came to the gate, that made the court yard echo again: and smacking their whips in concert.

So I went up to my chamber, and saw (what made my heart throb) Mrs. Jewkes's officious pains to put the room in order for a guest, that, however welcome, as now my duty teaches me to say, is yet dreadful to me to think of. So I took refuge in my closet, and had recourse to pen and ink, to divert my anxiety of mind. If one's heart is so sad, and one's apprehensions so great, where one so extremely loves, and is so extremely obliged; what must be the case of those poor maidens, who are forced, for sordid views, by their tyrannical parents or guardians, to marry the man they almost hate, and, perhaps, to the loss of the man they most love? O that is a sad thing, indeed!—And what have not such cruel parents to answer for? And what do not such poor innocent victims suffer?—But, blessed be God, this lot is so far from being mine!

My good master (for I cannot yet have the presumption to call him by a more tender name) came up to me, and said, 'I came to ask my dear bride,' (O the charming word!) 'how she does? I see you are writ

ing, my dear.' said he. 'These confounded rakes are half mad, I think, and will make me so! However,' said he, 'I have ordered my chariot to be got ready, as if under an engagement five miles off, and will see them out of the house, if possible; then ride round, and return as soon as I can get rid of them. I find,' said he, 'Lady Davers is full of our affairs. She has taken great freedoms with me, before Sir Charles: and they have all been at me, without mercy; and I was forced to be very serious, or else they would have come up to have seen you, since I would not call you down.' He kissed me, and said, 'I shall quarrel with them if I can't get them away; for I have lost two or three precious hours with my soul's delight;' and so he went down.

Mrs. Jewkes asked me to dinner in the little parlour. I went down, and she was so complaisant as to offer to wait upon me: and was with difficulty persuaded to sit down with me. But I insisted she should: 'For,' said I, 'it would be very extraordinary, if one should so soon go into such distance, Mrs. Jewkes. Whatever my new station may require of me,' added I, 'I hope I shall always conduct myself, so that pride and insolence shall bear no part in my character.'

'You are very good, Madam,' said she; 'but I will always know my duty to my master's lady.'—'Why, then,' replied I, 'if I must take state upon me so early, Mrs. Jewkes, let me exact from you what you call your duty; and sit down with me when I desire you.'

This prevailed upon her; and I made a shift to get down a bit of apple pie, and a little custard; but that was all.

My good master came in again, and said, 'Well, thank my stars, these rakes are going now; but I must set out with them; I choose my chariot, for if I took horse, I should have difficulty to part with them; for they are like a snow ball, and intend to gather company as they go, to make a merry tour of it for some days together.

We both got up, when he came in; 'Fie, Pamela!' said he; 'why this ceremony now?—Sit still, Mrs. Jewkes.'—'Nay, Sir,' said she, 'I was loth to sit down; but my lady would have me.'—'She is very right, Mrs. Jewkes,' said my master, and tapped me on the cheek; 'for we are yet but half married; so she is not above half your lady yet!—Don't look so down, don't be so silent, my dearest,' said he; 'why, you hardly spoke twenty words to me all the time we were out together. Something I will allow for your bashful sweetness; but not too much.—Mrs. Jewkes, have you no pleasant tales to tell my Pamela, to make her smile till I return?'—'Yes, Sir,' said she, 'I could tell twenty pleasant stories; but my lady is too nice to hear them.'—'Ah! poor woman!' thought I: thy chastest stories will make a modest person blush, if I know thee; and I desire to hear none of them.'

My master said, 'tell her one of the shortest you have, in my hearing.'—'Why, Sir,' said she, 'I knew a bashful young lady, as Madam may be, married to—' —'Dear Mrs. Jewkes,' interrupted I, 'no more of your story, I beseech you; I don't like the beginning of it.'—'Go on, Mrs. Jewkes,' said my master. 'No, pray, Sir, don't require it,' said I.—'Then we'll have it another time, Mrs. Jewkes,' said he.

Abraham coming in to tell him the gentlemen were going, and that his chariot was ready—'I am glad of that,' said he, and went and set out with them. I took a turn in the garden, with Mrs. Jewkes, after they were gone; and, having walked

awhile, I said, I should be glad of her company down the elm walk, to meet the chariot; for, oh! I know not how to look up at him, when he is with me, nor how to bear his absence, when I have reason to expect him; what a strange contradiction is there in this unaccountable passion!

What a different aspect every thing in and about this house bears now, to my thinking, to what it once had! The garden, the pond, the alcove, the elm walk. But, O! my prison is become my palace! and no wonder every thing wears another face! We sat down upon the broad stile, leading towards the road: and Mrs. Jewkes was quite another person to me, to what she was the last time I sat there.

At last my best beloved returned, and alighted there. 'What, my Pamela,' (and Mrs. Jewkes then left me) 'what,' (said he, and kissed me) 'brings you this way? I hope to meet me.'—'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'That's kind, indeed,' said he; 'but why that averted eye?—that downcast countenance, as if you was afraid of me?'—'You must not think so, Sir,' said I. 'Revive my heart then,' said he, 'with a more cheerful aspect; and let that over anxious solicitude which appears in the most charming face in the world, be chased from it.—Have you, my dear girl, any fears that I can dissipate; any doubts that I can obviate; any hopes that I can encourage; any request that I can gratify'—Speak, my dear Pamela; and if I have power, *but* speak, and to purchase one smile, it shall be done!'

'I cannot, Sir,' said I, 'have any fears, any doubts, but that I shall never be able to deserve all your goodness. I have no hopes, but that my future conduct may be agreeable to you, and my determined duty well accepted. Nor *have I any* request to make, but that you will forgive all my imperfections: and among the rest, this foolish weakness, that makes me seem to you, after all that has passed, to want this further condescension, and these kind assurances. But, Sir, I am oppressed by your bounty; my spirits sink under the weight of it: and the oppression is still the greater, as I see not how, possibly, in my whole future life, by all I can do, to merit the least of your favours.'

'I know your grateful heart,' said he; 'but remember, my dear, what the lawyers tell us, that marriage is the highest consideration which the law knows. This, my sweet bride, has made you mine, and me your's; and you have the best claim in the world to share my fortune with me. But, set that consideration aside, what is the obligation you have to me? Your mind is pure as that of an angel, and as much transcends mine. Your wit, and your judgment, to make you no compliment, are more than equal to mine: you have all the graces that education can give a woman, improved by a genius which makes those graces natural to you, you have a sweetness of temper, and a noble sincerity, beyond all comparison: and in the beauty of your person, you excel all the ladies I ever saw. Where, then, is the obligation, if not on my side, to you?—But let us talk of nothing henceforth but equality; although if the riches of your mind, and your unblemished virtue, be set against *my* fortune, (which is but an accidental good, and all I have to boast of,) the condescension will be your's; and I shall not think I can possibly deserve you, till, after your sweet example, my future life shall become nearly as blameless as your's.'—'O Sir,' said I, 'what comfort do you give me, that, instead of the danger of being ensnared by the high condition to

which your goodness has exalted me, you make me hope, that I shall be confirmed and approved by you; and that we may have a prospect of perpetuating each other's happiness, till time shall be no more!—But, Sir, I will not, as you once cautioned me, be too serious. I will resolve, with these sweet encouragements, to be every thing you would have me: and I hope I shall, more and more, show you that I have no will but your's.' He kissed me very tenderly, and thanked me for this kind assurance, as he called it.

And so we entered the house together.

EIGHT O CLOCK AT NIGHT.

Now these sweet assurances, my dear father and mother, you will say, must be very consolatory to me; and being voluntary on his side, were all that could be wished for on mine; and I was resolved, if possible, to subdue my idle fears and apprehensions.

TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

As we sat at supper he was generously kind to me, as well in his actions as expressions. He took notice, in the most delicate manner, of my endeavour to conquer my foibles; and said, 'I see with pleasure, my dear girl strives to comport herself suitably to my wishes. I see, even through the sweet tender struggles of your over-nice modesty, how much I owe to your intentions of obliging me. As I have once told you, that I am the conquest more of your virtue than your beauty, so not one alarming word or look shall my beloved Pamela hear or see, to give her reason to suspect the truth of what I aver. You may the rather believe me,' continued he, 'as you may see the pain I have to behold any thing that concerns you, even though your concern be causeless. Yet I will indulge my dear girl's bashful weakness so far, as to own, that so pure a mind may suffer from apprehension, on so important a change as this: and I can therefore be only displeased with such part of your conduct, as may make your sufferings greater than my own; when I am resolved, through every stage of my future life, in all events to study to make them less.'

After supper, of which, with all his sweet persuasions, I could hardly taste, I drank two glasses of champaign, and afterwards a glass of sack; which he kindly forced upon me, by naming your healths: and as the time of retiring drew on, he noticed, but in a very delicate manner, how my colour went and came, and how foolishly I trembled. Nobody, surely, in such delightful circumstances, ever behaved so silly! And he said, 'My dearest girl, I fear you have had too much of my company for so many hours together: and would better recollect yourself if you retired for half an hour to your closet.'

I wished for this, but durst not say so much, lest he should be angry; for as the hours grew on, I found my apprehensions increase, and my silly heart was the unquieter, every time I could lift up my eyes to his dear face; so sweetly terrible did he appear to my apprehensions. I said, 'You are all goodness, dear Sir: and I boldly kissed his dear hand, and pressed it to my lips with both mine. And saluting me very fervently he gave me his hand, seeing me hardly able to stand, and led me to my chamber door, and then most generously withdrew.

I went to my closet and on my knees thanked God for the blessing of the day; and besought his divine goodness to conduct my future life in such a manner, as should

make me a happy instrument of his glory. After this, being now left to my own recollection, I grew a little more assured and lightsome; and the pen and my paper being before me, amused myself with writing thus far.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, THURSDAY NIGHT.

Mrs. Jewkes being come up with a message, desiring to know whether her master may attend upon me in my *closet;* and hinting to me, that however, he did not expect to find me *there;* I have sent word, that I beg he would indulge me one quarter of an hour.—So, committing myself to the mercies of the Almighty, who has led me through so many strange scenes of terror and affrightment, to this happy, yet awful moment. I will wish you, my dear parents, a good night; and though you will not see this in time, yet I know I have your hourly prayers, and therefore cannot fail of them now. So good night; God bless you and me. Amen, if it be his blessed will, subscribes *your ever dutiful daughter!*

FRIDAY EVENING.

O how this dear excellent man indulges me in every thing! Every hour he makes me happier, by his sweet condescension, than the former.

He pities my weakness of mind, allows for all my little foibles, and endeavours to dissipate my fears; his words are so pure, his ideas so chaste, and his whole behaviour so sweetly decent, that never, surely, was so happy a creature as your Pamela! I never could have hoped such a husband could have fallen to my lot; and much less, that a gentleman, who had allowed himself in attempts, that I now will endeavour *to forget for ever,* should have behaved with so very delicate and unexceptionable a demeanour. No light frothy jests drop from his lips; no alarming railleries: no offensive expressions, nor insulting airs, reproach or wound the ears of your happy, thrice happy daughter. In short, he says every thing that may embolden me to look up with pleasure, upon the generous author of my happiness.

At breakfast when I knew not how to see him, he emboldened me by talking of *you,* my dear parents: a subject he generously knew, I *could* talk of: and gave me assurances that he would make you both happy. He begged I would send you a letter, to acquaint you with my nuptials: and, as he could make business that way, Thomas should carry it purposely, as tomorrow. 'Nor will I,' said he, 'my dear Pamela, desire to see your writings, because I told you I would not; for now I will, in every thing, religiously keep my word with my dear spouse, (O the dear delightful word!) and you may send all your papers to them, from those they have, down to this happy moment; only let me beg they will preserve them for me when they have read them; as also those I have not seen; which, however, I desire not to see till then, but then, I shall take it as a favour, if you will grant it.'

'It will be my pleasure, as well as my duty, Sir,' said I, 'to obey you in every thing; and I will write up to the conclusion of this day, that they may see how happy you have made me.'

I know you will both join with me to bless God for his wonderful mercies and goodness to you, as well as to me: for he was pleased to ask particularly after your circumstances, and said, he had perceived from some of my first letters, that you owed money in the world: and

he gave me fifty guineas, and bid me send them to you in my packet, to pay your debts, as far as they would go; and that you would quit your present business, and put yourself, and my dear mother, into a creditable appearance; and he would find a better place of abode for you than you had, when he returned to Bedfordshire. O how shall I bear all these exceeding great and generous favours!—I send them, wrapt up, five guineas in a parcel, in double papers.

To me he gave no less than one hundred guineas more, and said, 'I would have you, my dear, give Mrs. Jewkes, when you go from hence, what you think fit out of these, as from yourself.'—'Dear Sir,' said I, 'let that be what you please.'—'Give her, then,' said he, twenty guineas, as a compliment on your nuptials. Give Colbrand ten guineas; give the two coachmen five guineas each; to the two maids, at this house, five guineas each; give Abraham five guineas; give Thomas five guineas; and give the gardeners, grooms, and helpers, twenty guineas among them. And when I return with you to the other house, I will make you a suitable present, to buy such ornaments as are fit for my beloved wife to appear in. For now, my Pamela, you are not to mind, as you once proposed, what other ladies will say, but to appear as my wife ought to do: else it will look as if what you thought of, as a means to avoid the envy of others of your sex, was a wilful slight in me, which I hope I never shall be guilty of: I will show the world that I value you as I ought, and as if I had married the first fortune in the kingdom; and why should it not be so, when I know none of the first quality that matches you in excellence?

He saw I was at a loss for words, and said, 'I see, my dearest bride! my spouse! my wife! my Pamela! your grateful confusion.'—And kissing me as I was going to speak, 'I will stop your dear mouth,' said he: 'you shall not so much as thank me; for when I have done ten times more than this, I shall but poorly express my love for so much beauty of mind, and loveliness of person which thus,' said he, and clasped me to his generous bosom, 'I can proudly now call my own!' O how my dear parents, can I think of any thing, but redoubled love, joy, and gratitude. Thus generously did he banish from my mind those painful reflections, and bashful apprehensions, that made me dread to see him for the first time this day, when I was called to attend him at breakfast; and made me all ease, composure, and tranquillity.

He then, thinking I seemed somewhat thoughtful, proposed a little turn in the chariot till dinner time; and this was another sweet relief: he diverted me with twenty agreeable relations, of what observations he had made in his travels; and gave me the characters of the ladies and gentlemen in his other neighbourhood; telling me whose acquaintance he would have me most cultivate. When I mentioned Lady Davers with apprehension, he said, 'To be sure I love my sister dearly, notwithstanding her violent spirit, and I know she loves me; and I can allow a little for her pride, as I know what my own so lately was: and because she knows not my Pamela, and her excellencies, as I do. But you must not, my dear, forget what belongs to your character, as my wife, nor meanly stoop to her though I know you will choose by softness, to try to move her to a proper behaviour. But it shall be my part to see that you do not yield too much.

'However,' continued he, 'as I would not publicly declare my mar-

riage here, I hope she won't come near us till we are in Bedfordshire; and then, when she knows we are married, she will keep away, if not willing to be reconciled; for she dares not surely, come to quarrel with me, knowing it is done, for that would have a hateful and wicked appearance, as if to try to make differences between man and wife. But we will have no more of this subject, nor talk of any thing,' added he, 'that shall give concern to my dearest.' So he changed the talk to a more pleasing subject, and said the kindest and most soothing things.

When we came home, which was about dinner time, he was the same obliging kind gentleman; and in short, is studious to show, on every occasion, his generous affection to me. After dinner, he told me he had already written to his draper in town, to provide him new liveries; and to his late mother's mercer, to send him patterns of the most fashionable silks, for my choice. I said, I was unable to express my gratitude for his favour and generosity; and as he knew best what befitted his own rank and condition, I would wholly leave myself to his good pleasure. But, by all his repeated bounties, of so extraordinary a nature, I could not but look forward with awe upon the condition to which he had exalted me; and now I feared I should hardly be able to act up to it, as to justify the choice he had condescended to make: yet I hoped I should have not only his general allowance for my imperfections, which I could only assure him should not be wilful ones, but his kind instructions; and that, as often as he observed any part of my conduct such as he could not entirely approve, he would let me know it; and I would think his reproofs of beginning faults most kind and most affectionate; for they would keep me from committing greater, and be a means to continue me the blessing of his good opinion.

He assured me, in the kindest manner, that nothing should ever lie upon his mind, which he would not reveal, and give me an opportunity, either of convincing him, or being convinced myself.

He then asked when I should be willing to go to the Bedfordshire house. I said, whenever he pleased. 'We will come down hither again before the winter,' said he, 'if you please, in order to cultivate your acquaintance with Lady Jones, and Sir Simon's family; and if it please God to spare us to one another, in the winter I will give you, as I promised, for two or three months, the diversions of London. I think,' added he, 'if my dear pleases, we will set out next week, about Tuesday, for t'other house,'—'I can have no objection, Sir,' said I, 'to any thing you propose; but how will you avoid Miss Darnford's solicitation for an evening to dance?'—'Why,' said he, 'we can make Monday evening do for that purpose, if they won't excuse us. But, if you please,' said he, 'I will invite Lady Jones, Mr. Peters and his family, and Sir Simon and his family, to my little chapel, on Sunday morning, and to stay dinner with me; and then I will declare my marriage to them, because my dear life shall not leave this country with the least reason for a possibility of any body's doubting that it is so.' O! how good was this! But his conduct is all of a piece, noble, kind, and considerate! What a happy creature am I!—'And then may be,' said he, 'they will excuse us till we return into this country again, as to the ball. Is there any thing,' added he, 'that my beloved Pamela has *still* to wish? If you have, freely speak.'

'Hitherto, my dearest Sir,' re-

plied I, 'you have not only prevented my wishes, but my hopes, and even my thoughts. And yet I must own, since your kind command of speaking my mind seems to show, that you expect me to say something: that I have only one or two things to wish more, and then I shall be too happy.'—'Say,' said he, 'what they are.'—'Sir,' proceeded I, 'I am indeed ashamed to ask any thing, lest it should not be agreeable to you, and lest it should seem I was taking advantage of your kind condescensions to me, and knew not when to be satisfied.'

'I will only tell you, Pamela,' said he, 'that you are not to imagine that these things, which I have done in hopes of obliging you, are the sudden impulses of a new passion for you; but, if I can answer for my own mind, they proceed from a regular and uniform desire of obliging you: which I hope, will last as long as your merit lasts; and that, I make no doubt, will last as long as I live. I can the rather answer for this, because I really find so much delight in myself in my present way of thinking, and acting, as infinitely overpays me, and which, for that reason, I am likely to continue for *both* our sakes. My beloved *wife*, therefore,' said he, 'for methinks I am grown fond of a name I once despised, may venture to speak her mind; and I will promise, that so far as it is agreeable to me, and I cheerfully can, I will comply; and you will not insist upon it, if that should not be the case.'

'To be sure, Sir,' said I, 'I ought not, neither will I. And now you embolden me to become an humble petitioner, and that, as I ought, upon my knees, for the reinstating such of your servants as I have been the unhappy occasion of their disobliging you.' He raised me up, and said, 'My beloved Pamela has too often been in this suppliant posture to me, to permit it any more. Rise, my fairest, and let me know, whom, in particular, you would reinstate;' and he kindly held me in his arms, and pressed me to his beloved bosom. 'Mrs. Jervis, Sir,' said I, in the first place, for she is a good woman; and the misfortunes she has had in the world will make your displeasure most heavy to her.'

'Well,' said he, 'who next?'—'Mr. Longman, Sir,' said I; and I am sure, kind as they have been to me, yet would I not ask it, if I could not vouch for their integrity, and if I did not think it was my dear master's interest to have such good servants.'

'Have you any thing further?' said he. 'Sir,' said I, 'your good old butler, who has so long been in your family, before the day of your happy birth, I would, if I might, become an advocate for!'

'Well,' said he, 'I have only to say, that had not Mr. Longman and Mrs. Jervis, and Jonathan too, joined in a bold appeal to Lady Davers, which has given her an insolent handle to intermeddle in my affairs, I could easily have forgiven all the rest of their conduct; though they have given their tongues no little license about me; because I desire every body should admire you; and it is with pride I observe not only their opinion and love, but that of every body else who knows you, justify my own. Yet I will forgive even this, because my Pamela desires it; and I will send a letter myself, to tell Longman what he owes to your interposition, if the estate he has made in my family does not set him above the acceptance of it. As to Mrs. Jervis, do you, my dear, write a letter to her, with your commands, instantly on the receipt of it, to go and take possession of her former charge; for now, my dearest girl, she will be

more immediately your servant: and I know you love her so well, that you will go thither with the more pleasure to find her there.—But don't think,' added he, 'that all this compliance is to be for nothing.'—'Ah! Sir,' said I, 'tell me but what I can do, poor as I am in power, but rich in will, and I will not hesitate one moment.'—'Why then,' said he, 'of your own accord, reward me for my cheerful compliance, with one sweet kiss.' I instantly said, 'Thus, then, dear Sir, will I obey; and oh! you have the most generous way in the world, to make that a condition, which gives me double honour, and adds to my obligations.' So I clasped my arms about his neck, and was not ashamed to kiss him once, and twice, and three times, once for every forgiven person.

'Now, my dearest Pamela,' said he, 'what other things have you to ask? Mr. Williams is already taken care of; and, I hope, will be happy. Have you nothing to say for John Arnold?'

'Why, dear Sir,' said I, 'you have seen the poor fellow's penitence in my letters.'—'Yes, my dear, so I have: but that is his penitence for his having served me, against you; and I think, when he would have betrayed me afterwards, he deserves nothing to be said or done for him by either.'

'But, dear Sir,' said I, 'this is a day of jubilee; and the less he deserves, poor fellow, the more will be your goodness. And as he was divided in his inclinations between his duty to you, and good wishes to me, and knew not how to distinguish the one from the other, when he finds us so happily united by your great goodness to me, he will have no more puzzles in his duty: for he has not failed in any other part of it; but, I hope, will serve you faithfully for the future.'

'Well, then, suppose I put Mrs. Jewkes in a good way of business, in some inn, and give her John for a husband? And then your gipsy story will be made out, that she will have a husband younger than herself.'

'You are all goodness, Sir,' said I. 'I can freely forgive poor Mrs. Jewkes, and wish her happy. But permit me, Sir, to ask, would not this look like a very heavy punishment to poor John? and as if you could not forgive him, when you are so generous to every body else?'

He smiled, and said, 'O my Pamela, this, for a forgiving spirit, is very severe upon poor Jewkes: but I shall never, by the grace of God, have any more such trying services to put him or the rest upon: and if *you* can forgive him, I think I may; and so John shall be at your disposal. And now let me know what my Pamela has further to wish?'

'O my dearest Sir,' said I, 'not one single wish more has your grateful Pamela. My heart is overwhelmed with your goodness! Forgive these tears of joy,' added I: 'you have left me nothing to pray for, but that God will bless you with life, health and honour, and continue to me the blessings of your esteem; I shall then be the happiest creature in the world.'

He clasped me in his arms, and said, 'You cannot, my dear life, be so happy in me, as I am in you. O how heartily I despise all my former pursuits, and headstrong appetites! What joys, what true joys, flow from virtuous love; joys which the narrow soul of the libertine cannot take in, nor his thought conceive!—And which I myself, whilst a libertine, had not the least notion of!

'But,' said he, 'I expected my dear Pamela had something to ask for herself: but since all her own good

is absorbed in the delight her generous heart takes in promoting that of others, it shall be my study to prevent her wishes, and to make her care for herself unnecessary, by my anticipating kindness.'

In this manner, my dear parents, is your happy daughter blessed in a husband? O how my exulting heart leaps at the dear, dear word!—And I have only to be humble, and look up with gratitude to the all-gracious dispenser of these blessings.

So, with a thousand thanks, I afterwards retired to my closet, to write to you thus far. And having completed what I purpose for this packet, and put up the kind obliging present, I have nothing more to say, but that I hope soon to see you both, and receive your blessings on this happy, thrice happy occasion. And so hoping for your prayers, that I may preserve an humble and upright mind to my gracious God, a dutiful gratitude to my dear master and husband, that I may long rejoice in the continuance of these blessings and favours, and preserve, at the same time, an obliging deportment to every one else, I conclude myself, *your ever dutiful, and most happy daughter,*

PAMELA B——

O think it not my pride, my dear parents, that sets me on glorying in my change of name. Yours will be always dear to me, and what I shall never be ashamed of, I am sure! But yet—for *such* a husband!—What shall I say, since words are too faint to express my gratitude, and my joy!

I have taken copies of my master's letter to Mr. Longman, and mine to Mrs. Jervis, which I will send, with the further occurrences, *when I go to the* other house, or *give you when I* see you, as I now *hope soon to do.*

SATURDAY MORNING, THE THIRD OF MY HAPPY NUPTIALS.

I MUST write on, till I come to be settled in the duty of the station to which I am so generously exalted, and to let you participate with me, the transporting pleasures that arise from my new condition, and the favours hourly heaped upon me by the best of husbands. When my packet for you was finished, I set about writing, as he had kindly directed me, to Mrs. Jervis, and had no difficulty till I came to sign my name: so I brought it down with me, when called to supper, unsigned.

My good master (for I delight, and always shall, to call him by that name) had been writing to Mr. Longman; and he said, pleasantly, 'See here, my dearest, what I have written to your *somebody*.' I read as follows:

MR. LONGMAN,

'I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you, that last Thursday I was married to my beloved Pamela. I have had reason to be disobliged with you, and Mrs. Jervis, and Jonathan, not for your kindness to, and regard for, my dear spouse, that now is, but to the manner in which you appealed to my sister Davers; which has made a very wide breach between her and me. But as it was one of her first requests, that I would overlook what had past, and reinstate you in all your former charges. I think myself obliged, without the least hesitation, to comply with it. So, if you please, you may enter again upon an office which you have always executed with unquestionable integrity, and to the satisfaction of *your's, &c.*

Friday Afternoon.

'I shall set out next Tuesday or Wednesday for Bedfordshire; and

desire to find Jonathan, as well as you, in your former offices; in which, I dare say, you'll have the more pleasure, as you have such an early instance of the sentiments of my dear wife, from whose goodness you may expect every agreeable thing. She writes herself to Mrs. Jervis.'

I thanked him most gratefully for his goodness, and afterwards took the above copy of it; and showed him my letter to Mrs. Jervis as follows:

MY DEAR MRS. JERVIS,

I HAVE joyful tidings to communicate to you. For yesterday I was happily married to the best of gentlemen, *your's* and *my* beloved master. I have only now to tell you, that I am inexpressibly happy: that my generous benefactor denies me nothing, and even anticipates my wishes. You may be sure I could not forget my dear Mrs. Jervis, and I made it my request, and had it granted, as soon as asked, that you might return to the charge which you executed with so much advantage to our master's interest, and so much pleasure to all under your direction. All the power that is put into my hands, by the most generous of men, shall be exerted to make every thing easy and agreeable to you: and as I shall soon have the honour of attending my beloved to Bedfordshire, it will be a very considerable addition to my delight, and to my unspeakable obligations to the best of men, to see my dear Mrs. Jervis, and to be received by her with that pleasure, which I promise myself from her affection. For I am, my dear good friend, and always will be, *your's very affectionately and gratefully*,

PAMELA ——.'

He read this letter, and said, 'Tis your's, my dear, and must be good: but don't you put your name to it?'—'Sir,' said I, 'your goodness has given me a right to a very honourable one: but as this is the first occasion of the kind, except that to my dear father, and mother I think I ought to show it you unsigned, that I may not seem over forward to take advantage of the honour you have done me.'

'However sweetly humble and requisite,' said he, 'this may appear to my dear Pamela's niceness, it befits me to tell you that I am every moment more pleased with the right you have to my name; and, my dear life,' added he, 'I have only to wish I may be half as worthy as you are of the happy knot so lately knit.' He then took a pen himself, and wrote, after Pamela, his most worthy surname; and I under wrote thus: 'O rejoice with me, my dear Mrs. Jervis, that I am enabled, by God's graciousness, and my dear master's goodness, thus to write myself.'

These letters, and the packet to you, were sent away, by Mr. Thomas, early this morning.

My dearest master is just gone to take a ride out, and intends to call upon Lady Jones. Mr. Peters, and Sir Simon Darnford, to invite them to chapel and dinner to-morrow; and says, he chooses to do it himself, because the time is so short, they will, perhaps, deny a servant.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. Williams was here yesterday to ask leave to go to see his new living, and to provide for taking possession of it; and seemed so pleased with my master's kindness and fondness for me, as well as his generous deportment to himself, that he left us in such a disposition, as showed he was quite happy. I am very glad of it; for it would rejoice me to be

an humble means of making all mankind so: and, oh! what returns ought I not to make to the Divine goodness! and how ought I to strive to diffuse the blessings I experience, to all within my knowledge!—For else, what is it for such a worm as I to be exalted? What is my *single* happiness, if I suffer it, niggard like, to extend no further than to myself? But then, *indeed*, do God Almighty's creatures act worthy of the blessing they receive, when they make, or endeavour to make, the whole creation, so far as in the circle of their power, happy!

Great and good God, as thou hast enlarged my opportunities, enlarge also my will, and make me delight in dispensing to others a portion of that happiness which I have myself so plentifully received at the hands of thy gracious Providence! Then shall I not be useless in my generation!—Then shall I not stand a *single* mark of thy goodness to a poor worthless creature, that, in herself, is of so small account in the scale of beings, a mere cipher on the wrong side of a figure, but shall be placed on the right side; and, though nothing worth in myself, shall give signification by my *place*, and multiply the blessings I owe to thy goodness, which has distinguished me by so fair a lot!

This, as I conceive, is the indispensable duty of a high condition; and how great must be the condemnation of poor creatures, at the great day of account, when they shall be asked what uses they have made of the opportunities put into their hands; and are only able to say, 'We have lived but to *ourselves;* we have circumscribed all the power thou hast given us into one *narrow selfish* compass: we have heaped up treasures for those who came after us, though we know *not whether they* would not make a still worse use of them than we ourselves did.' And how can such foolish pleaders expect any other sentence than the dreadful—'*Depart, ye cursed!*' But sure, my dear parents, such persons can have no notion of the exalted pleasures that flow from doing good, were there to be no after account at all!

There is something so satisfactory and pleasing to reflect on the being able to administer comfort and relief to those who stand in need of it, as infinitely, of itself, rewards the beneficent mind. How often have I experienced this in my good lady's time, though but the second hand dispenser of her benefits to the poor and sickly, when she made me her almoner!—How have I been affected with the blessings which the miserable have heaped upon her for her goodness, and upon me for being but the humble conveyer of her bounty to them!—And how delighted have I been, when the moving reports I have made of a particular distress have augmented my good lady's first intentions in relief of it!

This I recall with pleasure; for it is now, by the Divine goodness, become my part to do those good things she was wont to do; and oh! let me watch myself, that my prosperous state do not make me forget to look up with due thankfulness to Him who has entrusted me with the *power*, that I may not incur a terrible wo by the abuse or neglect of it!

Forgive me these reflections, my dear parents; and let me have your prayers, that I may not find my present happiness a snare to me, but consider, that more and more will be expected from me, in proportion to my power; and that I may not so unworthily act, as if I believed I ought to set up my rest in my *mean self*, and think nothing

further to be done, with the opportunities given me, by the Divine favour, and the best of men!

SATURDAY, SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

My master returned home to dinner, in compliment to me, though much pressed to dine with Lady Jones, as also by Sir Simon, to dine with him. Mr. Peters could not conveniently provide a preacher, for his own church to-morrow morning, at so short a notice, Mr. Williams being gone to his new living, but believed he could for the afternoon; so he promised to give us his company to dinner, and to read afternoon service; this made my master invite all the rest, as well as him, to dinner, and not to church: he made them promise to come; and told Mr. Peters, he would send his coach for him and his family.

Miss Darnford told him pleasantly, she would not come, unless he would promise to let her be at his wedding; by which I find Mr. Peters has kept the secret as my master desired.

He was pleased to give me an airing after dinner in the chariot, and renewed his kind assurances, and, if possible, is kinder than ever. This is sweetly comfortable, because it shows he does not repent of his condescensions to me: and it encourages me to look up to him with more satisfaction of mind, and less doubtfulness.

I begged leave to send a guinea to a poor body in the town, who, I heard by Mrs. Jewkes, lay very ill, and was very destitute. He said, 'Send two, my dear, if you please.' Said I, 'Sir, I will never do any thing of this kind without letting you know.' He most generously answered, 'I shall then, perhaps, have you do less good than you would otherwise do, from a doubt of me; though, I hope, your discretion, and my own temper, which is not avaricious, will make such doubts causeless.

'Now, my dear,' continued he, 'I'll tell you how we will order this point, to avoid even the shadow of uneasiness on one side, or doubt on the other.

'As to your father and mother, in the first place, they shall be quite out of the question; for I have already determined about them:—they shall go down, if they and you think well of it, to my little Kentish estate: which I once mentioned to you in such a manner, as made you reject it with a nobleness of mind, that gave me pain then, but pleasure since. There is a pretty little farm and house, untenanted, upon that estate, and tolerably well stocked, and I will further stock it for them; for such industrious folks won't know how to live without some employment: and it shall be theirs for both their lives, without paying any rent; I will allow them £50 per ann. besides, that they may keep up the stock, and be kind to any other of your relations without being beholden to you or me, for small matters; and for greater, where needful, you shall always have it in your power to accommodate them; for I shall never question your prudence. We will, as long as God spares our lives, go down once a year to see them; and they shall come up, as often as they please, it cannot be too often, to see us: for I mean not this my dear, to send them from us.—Before I proceed, does my Pamela like this?'

'O, Sir,' said I, 'the English tongue affords not words, or at least I have them not, to express, sufficiently, my gratitude. Teach me, dear Sir,' continued I, pressing his hands to my lips, 'teach me some

other language, if there be any, that abounds with more grateful terms; that I may not thus be choked with meanings, for which I can find no utterance.'

'My charmer!' says he, 'your language is all wonderful, as your sentiments: and you most abound, when you seem most to want!—All that I wish is, to find my proposals agreeable to you; and if my *first* are not, my *second* shall be, if I can but know what you wish.'

Did I say too much, my dearest parents, when I said, he was if *possible*, kinder and kinder? For my heart is overwhelmed with his goodness.

'Well,' said he, 'my dearest, let me desire you to mention it to *them* to see if they approve it. But, if it be your choice, and theirs, to have them nearer to you, or even under the same roof with you, I will freely consent to it.'

'O no, Sir,' said I, (and I fear almost sinned in my grateful flight,) 'I am sure they would not choose that; they could not, perhaps, serve God so well, if they lived with you; for, so constantly seeing the hand that blesses them, they might, as must be my care to avoid, be tempted to look no further in their gratitude, than to the dear dispenser of such innumerable benefits!'

'Excellent creature!' said he, 'my beloved wants no language, nor sentiment neither; her charming thoughts, so sweetly expressed, would grace any language; and this a blessing almost peculiar to my fairest.—Your so kind acceptance, my Pamela,' added he, 'repays the benefit with interest, and leaves me under obligation to your goodness.

'But now, I will tell you what we will do, with regard to points of *your own* private charity; for far be *it from me, to put* under that name, *the subject* we have been mentioning; because that, and more than that, is duty, to persons so worthy, and nearly related to my Pamela, and, as such, to myself.' O how the sweet man outdoes me, in thoughts, words, power and every thing!

'And this,' said he, 'lies in very small compass: for I will allow you two hundred pounds a year, which Longman shall constantly pay you, at fifty pounds a quarter, for your own use, and of which I expect no account; to commence from the day you enter into my other house: I mean,' said he, 'that the first fifty pounds shall then be due; because you shall have something to begin with. And,' added the dear generous man, 'if this be pleasing to you, let it, since you say you want words, be signified by such a sweet kiss as you gave me yesterday.' I hesitated not a moment to comply with these obliging terms; and threw my arms about his dear neck, though in the chariot, and blessed his goodness to me. 'Sir,' said I, 'I cannot bear this generous treatment!' He was pleased to say, 'Don't be uneasy, my dear, about these trifles: God has blessed me with a very good estate, and all of it in a prosperous condition, and generally well tenanted.

'I lay up money every year, and have besides, large sums in government and other securities; so that you will find, what I have hitherto promised, is very short of that proportion of my substance, which, as my dearest wife, you have a right to.'

Thus sweetly did we pass our time till evening, when the chariot brought us home, and our supper succeeded in the same agreeable manner. Thus, in a rapturous circle, the time moves on, every hour bringing with it something more delightful than the past!—Sure nobody was ever so blest as I!

SUNDAY THE FOURTH DAY OF MY HAPPINESS.

Not going to chapel this morning, the reason of which I told you, I bestowed the time, from the hour of my beloved's rising to breakfast, in prayer and thanksgiving, in my closet. I now begin to be quite easy, cheerful, and free in my spirits; and the rather, as I find myself encouraged by the tranquillity, and pleasing vivacity, in the temper and behaviour of my beloved, who thereby shows he does not repent of his goodness to me.

I attended him to breakfast with great pleasure and freedom, and he seemed quite pleased with me, and said, 'Now does my dearest begin to look upon me with an air of serenity and satisfaction: it shall be always my delight to give you occasion for this sweet becoming aspect of confidence and pleasure in me.'—'My heart, dear Sir,' said I, 'is quite easy, and has lost all its foolish tumults, which, combating with my gratitude, might give an unacceptable appearance to my behaviour, but now your goodness, Sir, has enabled it to get the better of its uneasy apprehensions, and my heart is all of *one* piece, and devoted to you, and grateful tranquillity. And could I be so happy as to see you and my good Lady Davers reconciled, I have nothing in this world to wish for more, but the continuance of your favour.' He said, 'I wish this reconciliation as well as you; and I do assure you, more for your sake than my own: and if she would behave tolerably, I would make the terms easier to her, for that reason.'

He said, 'I will lay down one rule for you, my Pamela, to observe in your dress; and I will tell you every thing I like or dislike, as it occurs to me: I would have you do the same, on your part; that nothing may lie upon either of our minds, that may occasion the least reservedness.

'I have often observed, in married folks, that the lady soon grows careless in her dress; which, to me, looks as if she would take no pains to secure the affection she had gained; and shows a slight to her husband, that she had not to her lover. Now, you must know, this has always given me great offence; and I should not forgive it even in my Pamela, though she would have *this* excuse for herself, which thousands could not make that she looks lovely in every thing. So, my dear, I shall expect of you always to be dressed by dinner time, except something extraordinary happens: and this, whether you are to go abroad, or stay at home. For this, my love, will continue to you that sweet ease in your dress and behaviour, which you are so happy a mistress of; and whomsoever I bring home to my table, you'll be in readiness to receive: and will not want to make those foolish apologies to unexpected visitors, which carry with them a reflection on the conduct of those who make them; and, besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your husband, as you would to persons less familiar to your sight.'

'This, dear Sir,' said I, 'is a most obliging injunction; and I most heartily thank you for it, and will always take care to obey it.'—'Why, my dear,' said he, 'you may better do this than half your sex; because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seemed to think it the privilege of birth and fortune, to turn day into night, and night into day, and are seldom stirring till 'tis time to sit down to dinner; and so all the good old family rules are reversed: for they break-

fast when they should dine; dine when they should sup; and sup when they should go to bed; and, by the help of dear quadrille, sometimes go to bed when they should rise.—In all things but these, my dear' continued he, 'I expect you to be a lady. My good mother was one of the old fashioned cut, and in all other respects, as worthy a lady as any in the kingdom. So you have not been used to the new way, and may the easier practise the other.'

'Dear Sir,' said I, 'pray give me more of your sweet injunctions.'—'Why, then,' continued he, 'I shall, in the usual course, and generally, if not hindered by company, like to go to bed with my dearest by eleven; and if I don't, sha'n't hinder you. I ordinarily now rise by six in summer. I will allow you to lie half an hour after me, or so. Then you'll have some time you may call your own, till you give me your company to breakfast; which may be always so, as that we may have done at a little after nine. And you will have several hours again, at your disposal, till two o'clock, when I should like to sit down at table.

'You will then have several useful hours more to employ yourself in, as you please; I would generally go to supper by eight. And when we are resolved to stick to these old fashioned rules, as near as we can, we shall make our visitors conform to them too, expect them from us, and suit themselves accordingly: for I have always observed, that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous jests at first, from such, generally, as are not the most worthy to be minded: and after a while *they will say*, "It signifies nothing *to ask him: he* will have his own *way. There is* no putting him out *of his bias.* He is a regular piece of clockwork!" And why, my dear, should we not be so? For man is as frail a piece of machinery, as any clockwork whatever: and, by irregularity, is as subject to be disordered.

'Then, my dear,' continued the charming man, 'when they see they are received at my *own* times, with an open countenance, and cheerful heart; when they see plenty and variety at my board, and meet a kind and hearty welcome from us both; they will not offer to break in upon my conditions, nor grudge me my regular hours: and as most of these people have nothing to do except to rise in a morning, they may as well come to breakfast with us at half an hour after eight, in summer, as at ten or eleven; to dinner at two, as at four, five, or six: and to supper at eight, as ten or eleven. Then our servants too will know, generally, the times of their business, and their hours of leisure; and we, as well as they, shall reap the benefit of this regularity. And who knows, my dear, but we may revive the good old fashion in our neighbourhood by this means? At least it will be doing our part towards it; and answering the good lesson I learned at school—"*Every one mend one.*" And the worst that will happen will be, that when some of my brother rakes, such as those who broke in upon us so unwelcomely last Thursday, are gone out of the way, and begin to consider whom they shall go to dine with in their rambles, they will only say, "We must not go to him, for his dinner time is over;" and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better; or perhaps, they will take a supper and a bed with me instead of it.

'Now, my dearest,' continued the kind man, 'you see here are more of my injunctions, as you call them; and though I will not be so set as

to quarrel if they are not always exactly complied with, yet as I know you won't think them unreasonable, I shall be glad they may, as often as they can; and you will give your orders accordingly, to *your* Mrs. Jervis, who is a good woman, and will take pleasure in obeying you.'

'O dearest, dear Sir,' said I, 'have you nothing more to honour me with? You oblige and improve me at the same time. What a happy lot is mine!'

'Why, let me see, my dearest,' said he—'But I think of no more at present: for it will be needless to say, how much I value you for your natural sweetness of temper, and that open cheerfulness of countenance which adorns you, when nothing has given my fairest apprehensions for her virtue; a sweetness and a cheerfulness, that prepossesses in your favour, at first sight the mind of every one that beholds you. I need not, I hope, say that I would have you diligently preserve this sweet appearance: let no thwarting accident, no cross fortune (for we must not expect to be exempt from such, happy as we now are in each other,) deprive this sweet face of this its *principal* grace: and when any thing unpleasing happens, in a quarter of an hour, at farthest, begin to mistrust yourself, and apply to your glass; and if you see a gloom arising, or arisen, banish it instantly; smooth your dear countenance; resume your former composure; and then my dearest, whose heart must always be seen in her face, and cannot be a hypocrite, will find this a means to smooth her passions also; and if the occasion be too strong for so sudden a conquest, she will know how to do it more effectually, by repairing to her closet, and begging that gracious assistance which *has never yet failed her*; and so shall I, who, as you once justly observed, was too much indulged by my good mother, have an example from you as well as a pleasure in you, which, will never be palled.

'I have frequently observed at the house of many a gentleman, that when we have unexpectedly visited, or broken in upon the family order laid down by the lady, and especially if any of us have lain under the suspicion of having occasionally seduced our married companion into bad hours, or given indifferent examples, the poor *gentleman* has been oddly affected at our coming; though the good breeding of the lady has made her just keep up appearances. *He* has looked so conscious; has been so afraid, as it were, to disoblige; has made so many excuses for some of us, before we have been accused, as have always shown me how unwelcome we have been, and how much he is obliged to compound with his lady for a tolerable reception of us; and perhaps she too, in proportion to the honest man's concern to court her smiles, has been more reserved, stiff and formal, and has behaved with an indifference and slight, that has made me wish myself out of *her* house; for too plainly have I seen, that it was not *his*. This, my dear, you may judge has afforded me subject for animadversion upon the married life: for a man may not (though he is willing to flatter himself that he is master of his house, and will assert his prerogative upon great occasions, when it is strongly invaded) be always willing to contend; and such women as I have described are always ready to take the field, and are worse enemies than the old Parthians, who annoy most when they seem to retreat; and never fail to return to the charge again, and carry on the offensive war, till they have tired our resistance, and made the husband willing, like a

vanquished enemy, to compound for small matters, in order to preserve something. At least, the poor man does not care to let his friends see his case; and so will not provoke a fire to break out, that he sees (and so do his friends too) the *meek* lady has much ado to smother; and which very possibly burns, with a most comfortable ardour, after we are gone.

'You smile, my Pamela,' said he, 'at this whimsical picture; and I am sure I never shall have reason to include you in these disagreeable outlines; but yet will I say, that I expect from you, whoever comes to my house, that you accustom yourself to one even uniform complaisance; that no frown take place on your brow; that however ill or well provided we may be for their reception, you show no flutter or discomposure; that whoever you may have in your company at the time, you signify not, by the least reserved look, that the stranger is come upon you unseasonably, or at a time you wish he had not. But be facetious, kind, and obliging to all; and if to any one more than to another, to such as have the least reason to expect it from you, or who are most inferior at the table; for thus will you, my Pamela, cheer the doubting mind, quiet the uneasy heart, and diffuse ease, pleasure and tranquillity, around my board.

'And be sure, my dear,' continued he, 'let no little accident ruffle your temper. I shall never forget once, that I was at Lady Arthur's, and a footman happened to stumble with a fine china dish, and broke it all to pieces: it was grievous to see the uneasiness of the poor lady; and she was so sincere in it, that she *suffered it to spread* all over the company, and it was a pretty large one too; and not a person in it, but turned either her consoler, or fell into stories of the like misfortunes, so we all became, during the evening, nothing but blundering footmen, and careless servants, or were turned into broken jars, plates, glasses, tea-cups, and such like brittle substances. And it affected me so much, that when I came home, I went to bed and dreamt, that Robin, with the handle of his whip broke the fore-glass of my chariot: and I was so solicitous, methought, to keep the good lady in countenance for *her* anger, that I broke his head in revenge, and stabbed one of my coach horses.—All the comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not exposed myself before company; and there were no sufferers but guilty Robin, and one innocent coach-horse.'

I was exceedingly diverted with these facetious hints, and the pleasant manner in which he gave them, and I promised to improve by the excellent lessons contained in them.

I then went up and dressed myself, like a bride, in my best clothes; and, on inquiry, hearing my dearest master was gone to walk in the garden, I went to him. He was reading in the little alcove; and I said, 'Sir, am I licensed to intrude upon you?'—'No, my dear,' said he, 'because you cannot *intrude*' I am so wholly your's, that wherever I am, you have not only a right to join me, but you do me a very acceptable favour at the same time.'

'I have, Sir,' said I, 'obeyed your first kind injunctions, as to dressing myself before dinner. But, may be you are busy, Sir?' He put up the papers he was reading, and said, 'I can have no business or pleasure of equal value to your company, my dear. What were you going to say?'—'Only, Sir, to know if you have any more kind injunctions to give me? I could hear you talk a whole day together.'—'You are

very obliging, Pamela,' said he; 'but you are so perfectly what I wish, that I might have spared those I gave you; but I was willing you should have a taste of my freedom with you, to put you upon the like with me: for I am confident there can be no friendship lasting without freedom, and communicating to one another even the little caprices, if my Pamela can have any such, which may occasion un-uneasiness to either.

'Now, my dear,' said he, 'be so good as to find some fault with me, and say what you would wish me to do, to appear more agreeable to you.' —'O, Sir,' said I, and I could have kissed him, but for shame, (to be sure I shall grow a sad fond hussy!) 'I have not one single thing to wish for; no, not one!' He saluted me very kindly, and said, he should be sorry if I had, and forebore to speak it. 'Do you think, my dear Sir,' said I, 'that your Pamela has no conscience? Do you think that, because you kindly oblige her, and delight in obliging her, that she must rack her invention for trials of your goodness, and knows not when she's happy? O, my dearest Sir,' added I, 'less than one half of the favours you have so generously conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmost wishes.'

My dear angel,' said he, and kissed me again, 'I shall be troublesome to you with my kisses, if you continue thus sweetly obliging in your actions and expressions.'—'O Sir,' said I, 'I have been thinking, as I was dressing myself, what excellent lessons you teach me.

'When you command me, at your table, to cheer the doubting mind, comfort the uneasy heart, and behave most kindly to those who have least reason to expect it, and are most inferior; how sweetly, in every instance that *could possibly* occur, *have you done this yourself*, by your poor, unworthy Pamela, till you have diffused, in your own dear words, ease, pleasure and tranquillity around my glad heart!

'Then again, Sir, when you bid me not be disturbed by little accidents, or by strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, how noble an instance did you give me of this, when on our happy wedding day, the coming of Sir Charles Hargrave, and the other two gentlemen, (for which you was quite unprovided, and which hindered our happiness of dining together on that chosen day,) did not so disturb you, but that you entertained the gentlemen pleasantly, and parted with them civilly and kindly? What charming instances are these, I recollect with pleasure, of your pursuing the doctrine you deliver!'

'My dear,' said he, 'these observations are very kind in you, and much to my advantage; but if I do not always (for I fear these were too much accidents) so well pursue the doctrines I lay down, my Pamela must not expect my imperfections to be a plea for her non-observance of my lessons, as you call them; for, I doubt, I shall never be half so perfect as you; so I cannot permit you to recede in your goodness, though I may find myself unable to advance, as I ought, in my duty.'

'I hope, Sir,' said I, 'by God's grace, I never shall.'—'I believe it, said he; 'but I only mention this, knowing my own defects, lest my future lessons should not be so well warranted by my practice, as in the instances you have kindly recollected.'

He was pleased to take notice of my dress, and spanning my waist with his hands, said, 'What a sweet shape is here! It would make one regret to lose it; and yet, my beloved Pamela, I shall think nothing but that loss wanting to com-

plete my happiness.' I put my bold hand before his mouth, and said, 'Hush, hush! O fie, Sir! The freest thing you have ever yet said, since I have been your's!' He kissed my hand, and said, 'Such an innocent wish, my dearest, may be permitted me, because it is the end of the institution. But say, would such a case be unwelcome to my Pamela?'—'I will say, Sir,' said I, and hid my blushing face on his bosom, 'that your wishes in every thing shall be mine: but, pray, Sir, say no more.' He kindly saluted me, and thanked me, and changed the subject. I was not too free, I hope.

Thus we talked till we heard the coaches: and then he said, 'Stay here in the garden, my dear, and I'll bring the company to you.' When he was gone, I passed by the back door, kneeled down against it, and blessed God for not permitting my then so much desired escape. I went to the pond, and kneeled down on the mossy bank, and again blessed God there, for his mercy in my escape from myself, my then worst enemy; though I thought I had none but enemies, and no friend near me. And so I ought to do in almost every step of this garden, and every room of this house! I was bending my steps to the dear little chapel, to make my acknowledgment there: but I saw the company approaching.

Miss Darnford said, 'So Miss Andrews, how do you now? O, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your wedding, for I shall long to be there.' Lady Jones was pleased to say I looked like an angel: and Mrs. Peters said, I improved upon them every time they saw me. Lady Darnford also made me a fine compliment, and said I looked freer and easier every time she saw me. Dear heart! I wish,' thought I, 'you will spare these compliments! for I shall have some joke, I doubt, passed on me by and bye, that will make me suffer for all these fine things.'

Mr. Peters said, softly, 'God bless you, dear daughter, but not so much as my wife knows it.' Sir Simon came in last, and took me by the hand, and said, 'Mr. B. by your leave;' and kissed my hand five or six times as if he was mad; and held it with both his, and made a very free jest by way of compliment, in his way. Well, I think, a *young rake*, is hardly tolerable; but an *old rake*, and an *old beau*, are two very sad things! All this before daughters women grown! I whispered my dearest, a little after, and said, 'I fear I shall suffer much from Sir Simon's rude jokes by and bye, when you reveal the matter.'—'Tis his way, my dear,' said he; 'you must now grow above these things.' Miss Nanny Darnford said, with a sort of half grave, ironical air—'Well, Miss Andrews, if I may judge by your easy deportment now, to what it was when I saw you last, I hope you will let my sister, if you won't me, see the happy knot tied; for she is quite wild about it.' I curtseyed, and only said, 'You are all very good to me, ladies.' Mr. Peters's niece said, 'Well, Miss Andrews, I hope, before we part, we shall be told the happy day.' My good master heard her; and said, 'You shall, you shall, Madam.'—'That's pure,' said Miss Darnford.

He took me aside, and said softly, 'Shall I lead them to the alcove, and tell them there, or stay till we go in to dinner?'—'Neither, Sir, I think,' said I, 'I fear I sha'n't stand it.'—'Nay,' said he, 'they must know it; I would not have invited them else.'—'Why, then, Sir' said I, 'let it alone till they are going away.'—'Then,' replied he

'you must pull off your ring.'—'No, no, Sir,' said I, 'that I must not.'—'Well,' said he, 'do you tell Miss Darnford of it yourself.'—'Indeed, Sir, answered I, 'I cannot.'

Mrs. Jewkes came officiously to ask my master, just then, if she should bring a glass of Rhenish and sugar before dinner, for the gentlemen and ladies: and he said, 'That's well thought of; bring it, Mrs. Jewkes.'

And she came, a man attending her, with two bottles and glasses, and a salver; and must needs, making a low curtesy, offer first to me, saying, 'Will your ladyship begin?' I coloured like scarlet, and said, 'No; my master, to be sure.'

But they all took the hint; and Miss Darnford said, 'I'll be hanged if they have not stolen a wedding.' Said Mrs. Peters, 'it must certainly be so!—Ah! Mr. Peters.'

'I'll assure you,' said he, 'I have not married them.'—'Where were you,' said she, 'and Mr. Williams, last Thursday morning?'—Said Sir Simon, 'Let me alone, let me alone; if any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out: I am a justice of the peace, you know.' And so he took me by the hand, and said, 'Come, Madam, answer me, by the oath you have taken: Are you married or not?'

My master smiled to see me look so like a fool; and I said, 'Pray, Sir Simon!'—'Ay, ay,' said he, 'I thought you did not look so smirking upon us for nothing.'—'Well, then, Pamela,' said my master, 'since your blushes discover you, don't be ashamed, but confess the truth.'

'Now,' said Miss Darnford, 'I am quite angry;' and said Lady Darnford, 'I am quite pleased;—let me give you joy, dear Madam, if it be so.' And so they all said, and saluted me round. I was vexed it was before Mrs. Jewkes; for she shook her fat sides, and seemed highly pleased to be a means of discovering it.

'Nobody,' said my master, 'wishes me joy.'—'No,' said Lady Jones, very obligingly, 'nobody need; for, with such a peerless spouse, you want no good wishes!' And he saluted them; and when he came last to me, said, before them all, 'Now, my sweet bride, my Pamela, let me conclude with you, for here I began to love, and here I desire to end loving, but not till my life ends.'

This was sweetly said, and taken great notice of, and it was doing credit to his own generous choice, and vastly more than I merited.

But I was forced to stand many more jokes afterwards: for Sir Simon said, several times, 'Come, come, Madam, now you are become one of us, I shall be a little less scrupulous than I have been, I'll assure you.'

When we came in to dinner, I made no difficulty of what all offered me, the upper end of the table; and performed the honours of it with pretty tolerable presence of mind, considering. And, with much ado, my good benefactor promising to be down again before winter, we got off the ball; but appointed Tuesday evening, at Lady Darnford's, to take leave of all this good company, who promised to be there, my master designing to set out on Wednesday morning for Bedfordshire.

We had prayers in the little chapel, in the afternoon; but they all wished for the good clerk again, with great encomiums upon you, my dear father; and the company staid supper also, and departed exceedingly well satisfied, and with abundance of wishes for the continuance of our mutual happiness; and my master desired Mr. Peters to answer for him to the ringers, at the

town, if they should hear of it till our return into this country; and that then he would be bountiful to them, because he would not publicly declare it till he had first done so in Bedfordshire.

MONDAY, THE FIFTH DAY.

I HAVE had very little of my dear friend's company this day; for he only staid breakfast, and rode out to see a sick gentleman, about eighteen miles off, who begged (by a man and horse on purpose) to speak with him, believing he should not recover, and upon part of whose estate my master has a mortgage. He said, 'My dearest, I shall be very uneasy, if obliged to tarry all night from you; but lest you should be alarmed, if I don't come home by ten, don't expect me; for poor Mr. Carlton and I have pretty large concerns together; and if he should be very ill, and would be comforted by my presence, (as I know he loves me, and his family will be more in my power if he dies, than I wish for) charity will not let me refuse.'

It is now ten o'clock at night, and I fear he will not return. I *fear* for the sake of his poor sick friend, who I doubt is worse. Though I know not the gentleman, I am sorry for his own sake, for his family's sake, and for my dear master's sake, who, by his kind expressions, I find, loves him; and methinks, I should be sorry any grief should touch his generous heart; yet there is no living in this world, without too many occasions for concern, even in the most prosperous state. And it is fit it should be so; or else, poor wretches as we are! we should look no further, but be like sensual travellers on a journey homeward, *who, meeting with good entertainment at some inn in the way, rest there, and never think of pursuing* their journey to their proper home. —This, I remember, was often a reflection of my good lady's, to whom I owe it.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

MRS. JEWKES has been with me, and asked if I will have her for a bed fellow, in want of a better? I thanked her; but I said I would see how it was to lie by myself one night.

I might have mentioned, that I made Mrs. Jewkes dine and sup with me: and she was much pleased with it, and my behaviour to her. I could see by her manner, that she was a little struck inwardly at some of her former conduct to me. But, poor wretch! it is much I fear, because I am what I am: for she has otherwise very little remorse, I doubt. Her talk and actions are entirely different from what they used to be, quite circumspect and decent; and I should have thought her virtuous, and even pious, had I never known her in another light.

By this we may see, my dear father and mother, of what force example is; and what is in the power of the heads of families to do: and this shows that evil examples in superiors, are doubly pernicious, and doubly culpable, because such persons are bad *themselves*, and not only do no good, but much *harm* to others; and the condemnation of such must, to be sure, be so much the greater. And how much the greater still must my condemnation be, who have had such a religious education under you, and been so well nurtured by my good lady, if I should forget, with all these mercies, what belongs to my station! O how I long to be doing some good! For all that is past yet is my dear master's; God bless him! and return him safe to my wishes! for me-

thinks, already, 'tis a week since I saw him; if my love would not be troublesome and impertinent, I should be nothing else; for I have a true grateful spirit; and I had need to have such a one, for I am poor in every thing but will.

TUESDAY MORNING ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

My dear, dear—master (I am sure I should still say; but I will learn to rise to a softer epithet, now and then) is not yet come. I hope he is safe and well! So Mrs. Jewkes and I went to breakfast. But I can do nothing but talk and think of him, and all his kindness to me, and to you, which is still *me* more intimately! I have just received a letter from him, which he wrote overnight, as I find by it, and sent early this morning. This is a copy of it.

'TO MRS. ANDREWS.

Monday Night.

'MY DEAREST PAMELA,

'I HOPE my not coming home this night will not frighten you. You may believe I cannot help it. My poor friend is so very ill, that I doubt he can't recover. His desires to have me stay with him are so strong, that I shall sit up all night with him, as it is now near one o'clock in the morning; for he can't bear me out of his sight; and I have made him and his distressed wife and children so easy, in the kindest assurances I could give him of my consideration for him and them, that I am looked upon (as the poor disconsolate widow, as she, I doubt, will soon be, tells me) as their good angel. I could have wished we had not engaged to the good neighbourhood at Sir Simon's for to-morrow night; but I am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other house, that, as well as in return for the civilities of so many good friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off. What I beg of you, therefore, my dear, is, that you would go in the chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the day the better, because you will be diverted with the company, who also much admire you; and I hope to join you there by your tea-time in the afternoon, which will be better than going home, and returning with you, as it will be six miles difference to me, and I know the good company will excuse my dress on the occasion. I count every hour of this little absence for a day: for I am, with the utmost sincerity, *my dearest love, for ever yours*, &c

'If you could go to dine with them, it will be a freedom that would be very pleasing to them; and the more as they don't expect it.'

I began to have a little concern, lest his fatigue should be too great, and for the poor sick gentleman and family; but told Mrs. Jewkes, that the least intimation of his choice, should be a command to me, and so I would go to dinner there; and ordered the chariot to be got ready to carry me: when a messenger came up, just as I was dressed, to tell her, she must come down immediately. I see at the window, that visitors are come; for there is a chariot and six horses, the company gone out of it, and three footmen on horseback; and I think the chariot has coronets. Who can it be I wonder!—But here I will stop; for I suppose I shall soon know.

Good Sirs! how unlucky this is! what shall I do? Here is Lady Davers come, and my kind protector a great many miles off.—Mrs. Jewkes out of breath, comes to tell me this, and says, she is inquiring for my master and me. She asked her, naughty lady as she is, if I was *whor'd* yet? There's a word for

lady's mouth! Mrs. Jewkes says, she knew not what to answer. And my lady said, 'she is not married, I hope.'—'And,' said she, 'I said, "No;" because you have not owned it yet publicly. My lady said, "That was well enough."' Said I, 'I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes; and let the chariot go to the bottom of the elm-walk, and I will steal out of the door unperceived.'—'But she is inquiring for you Madam,' replied she, and I said you was within, but going out; and she said she would see you presently, as soon as she could have patience.'—'What did she call me?' said I. '*The creature*, Madam, "*I will see the creature*," said she, "*as soon as I can have patience*."'—'Aye, but,' said I, '*the creature* won't let her, if she can help it.

'Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favour my escape for this once; for I am sadly frightened.'—Said she, 'I'll bid the chariot go down, as you order, and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall-door, that you may pass unobserved: for she sits cooling herself in the parlour, over-against the stair-case.' 'That's a good Mrs. Jewkes,' said I: 'but who has she with her?'—'Her woman,' answered she, 'and her nephew: but he has gone into the stables, and they have three footmen.'—'I wish, said I, 'they were all three hundred miles off.—What shall I do?' So I wrote thus far, and wait impatiently to hear the coast is clear.

Mrs. Jewkes tells me I must come down or she will come up.—'What does she call me now?' said I, '*Wench*, Madam. "*Bid the wench come down to me*." Her nephew and woman are with her.'

Said I, 'I can't go, and that's *enough!*—You might contrive it *that I might* get out, if you would.'—'*Indeed*, madam,' said she, 'I cannot, *for I* went to shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the stair-case.'—'Then,' said I, 'I'll get out of the window, I think;' (and fanned myself; 'for I am sadly frighted.'—'Laud, Madam,' said she, 'I wonder you so much disturb yourself.—You're on the right side the hedge, I'm sure; I would not be so discomposed for any body.'—'Aye,' said I, 'but who can help constitution? I dare say, you would no more be so discomposed, than I can help it.' Said she, 'Indeed, Madam, if it was to me, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you *are*, go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome.'—'Ay, ay,' replied I, 'fine talking! But how unlucky this is, your good master is not at home.'

'What answer shall I give her,' said she, 'to her desiring to see you?'—'Tell her,' said I, 'I am sick a-bed; I'm dying, and must not be disturbed; I'm gone out—or any thing.'

But her woman came up to me, just as I had uttered this, and said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Pamela! My lady desires to speak with you.' So I must go. Sure she won't beat me.—O that my dear protector was at home!

Well, now I will tell you all that happened in this frightful interview. And very bad it was.

I went down, dressed as I was, and my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, to be just ready to get into the chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling fits had been over now; but I was mistaken; for I trembled sadly: yet resolved to put on as good an air as I could.

So I went to the parlour, and said, making a low courtsey.—'Your servant, my good lady.'—'And your servant, again,' said she, '*my* lady; for I think you are dressed out like one.'

'A charming girl though,' said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath; 'dear aunt forgive me, but I must kiss her:' and was coming to me. I said, 'Forbear, uncivil gentleman! I won't be used freely.' —'Jackey,' said my lady, 'sit down, and don't touch the creature: she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air I'll assure you, since I saw her last.'

'Well, child,' said she, sneeringly 'how dost find thyself?—Thou'rt mightily come on, of late!—I hear strange reports about thee! Thou'rt almost got into fool's paradise, I doubt!—And wilt find thyself terribly mistaken in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family to humour thy baby-face!'

'I see,' said I, sadly vexed, (her woman and nephew smiling by) 'her ladyship has no very important commands for me; and I beg to withdraw.'—'Beck,' said she to her woman, 'shut the door; my young lady and I must not have done so soon.'

'Where's your well-mannered deceiver gone, child?' says she. Said I, 'When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly, I shall know how to answer.'

'Well, but, my dear child,' said she, in drollery, 'don't be too pert, neither, I beseech thee. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready to take thy freedoms, as he is!—So, a little of that modesty and humility that my mother's waiting maid used to show, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself, since my mother's son has taught thee to forget thyself.'

'I would beg,' said I, 'one favour of your ladyship, that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree.'—'Why, suppose, Miss Pert, I should forget my degree, wouldst thou not keep thy distance then?'

'If you, Madam,' said I, 'lessen the distance yourself, you will descend to my level, and make an equality which I don't presume to think of; for I can't descend lower than I am—at least in your ladyship's esteem.'

'Did I not tell you Jackey,' said she, 'that I should have a wit to talk to?' He, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapping out an oath, and said drolling, 'I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I hope there was no need of your information, so I can't thank you for it; and am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath to convince me of the truth of it.'

He looked more foolish than I, at this, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand.—and said, at last, 'Why, Mrs. Pamela, you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you seem quite a fine gentleman; and it will not be easily done, I dare say.'

'How now, pert one,' said my lady, 'do you know whom you talk to?'—'I think I do not, Madam,' replied I: 'and, for fear I should forget myself more, I'll withdraw. Your ladyship's servant!' said I; and was going: but she rose, and gave me a push, and pulled a chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

'Well,' said I, 'I can bear any thing at your ladyship's hands;' but I was ready to cry, though. And I went, and sat down, and fanned myself at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, 'Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence.' And my lady, though she did not hear *her*, said, 'You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave.'

So I stood up, and said, 'When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, one might be indulged to sit down.'—'But I asked you,' said she, 'whither your master is gone!'—'To one Mr. Carlton, Madam, about eighteen miles off, who is very sick.'—'And when does he come home?'—'This evening, Madam.'—'And where are you going?'—'To a gentleman's house in the town, Madam.'—'And how was you to go?'—'In the chariot.'—'Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure!—I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child!—Was you ever out in it with your master?'

'Pray, your ladyship,' said I, a little too pertly perhaps, 'be pleased to ask half a dozen such questions together; as one answer may do for all?'—'Why, Boldface,' said she, 'you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time.'

I could no longer refrain tears but said, 'Pray, your ladyship, let me ask, what I have done to be thus severely treated? I never did your ladyship any harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleased to hint, I should be more entitled to your pity than your anger.'

She arose, and led me to her chair; then sat down; and still holding my hand, said, 'Why, Pamela, I did indeed pity you, while I thought you innocent; and when my brother seized you, and brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concerned for you; and was still more concerned for you, and loved you, when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from *him*. But when, as I fear, you *have suffered* yourself to be *prevailed upon*, and have lost your *innocence*, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruined, (*This shocked me a little*,) 'I cannot help showing my displeasure to you.'

'Madam,' replied I, 'I must beg no hasty judgment: I have *not* lost my innocence.'—'Take care, take care, Pamela!' said she: 'don't lose your veracity as well as your honour! Why are you here when at full liberty to go whither you please?—I will make one proposal; and, if you are innocent, I'm sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me.—I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you'll go with me.—Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can.'

'I am innocent, Madam,' replied I, 'and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this.'—'Then,' said she, very mannerly, 'thou liest, child, that's all; and I give thee up!'

And so she arose, and walked about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, 'Your ladyship is very good, 'tis a plain case, a very plain case!'

I would have removed the chair to have gone out; but her nephew came and sat in it. This provoked me, for I thought I should be unworthy of the honour I was raised to, though I was afraid to own it, if I did not show some spirit; and I said, 'What, Sir, is *your* pretence in this house, to keep me a prisoner here?'—'Because,' said he 'I like it.'—'Do you so, Sir?' replied I: 'if that is the answer of a gentleman to such a one as I, it would not, I dare say, be the answer of a gentleman to a gentleman.'—'My lady! my lady!' said he, 'a challenge, a challenge, by God!'—'No, Sir,' said I, 'I am of a sex that gives no challenge; and you think so too, or you would not give this occasion for the word.'

Said my lady, 'Don't be surprised nephew; the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bedfellow Pamela, Pamela, said she, and tapped me on the shoulder, two or three times, in anger, 'thou hast lost thy innocence, girl; and thou hast got some of thy bold master's assurance, and art fit to go any whither.'—'Then, and please your ladyship,' said I, 'I am unworthy of your presence, and desire may quit it.'

No, replied she, 'I will know first what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent!'—'I can give,' said I, 'a very good one; but I beg to be excused.'—'I will hear it,' said she, 'Why, then,' answered I, 'I should perhaps have less reason to like this gentleman, than where I am.'

'Well, then,' said she, 'I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment to your parents, and give you up safe to them. What say you to that?'—'Ay, Mrs. Pamela,' said her nephew, 'now what does your innocence say to that?—Fore Gad, Madam, you have puzzled her now.

'Be pleased, Madam,' said I, 'to call off this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me baited.'—'I'll be d—,' said he, 'if she does not make me a bull-dog! Why, she'll toss us all by and bye!'—'Sir,' said I, 'you indeed behave as if you were in a bear-garden.'

'Jackey, be quiet,' said my lady, 'You only give her a pretence to evade my questions. Come, answer, me, Pamela.'—'I will, Madam,' said I; 'and it is thus: I have no occasion to be beholden to your ladyship for this honour; for I am to set out to-morrow morning to my parents.'—'Now again, thou liest wench.'—'*I am not of quality*,' said *I*, '*to answer such language*.'—'Once again,' said she, 'provoke me not, by these reflections, and this pertness; if thou dost, I shall do something by thee, unworthy of myself.'—'That,' thought I, 'you have done already;' but I ventured not to say so. 'But who is to carry you to them?' said she—'Who my master pleases, Madam' said I. 'Ay,' said she, 'I doubt not, thou wilt do every thing he pleases, if thou hast not already. Now tell me, Pamela, from thy heart, hast thou not been in bed with thy master? Ha, wench?' I was quite shocked at this, and said, 'I wonder how your ladyship can use me thus! I am sure you can expect no answer; my sex, and my tender years, might exempt me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality, and who, be the distance ever so great, is of the same sex with me.'

'Thou art a confident wench,' said she, 'I see!'—'Pray,' said I, 'let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in town to dinner.'—'No,' replied she, 'I can't spare you; and whomever you are to go to, will excuse you, when told 'tis *I* that command you not to go; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady Would-be, if you consider it is the unexpected coming of your late lady's daughter and your master's sister, that *commands* your stay.

'But a pre-engagement, your ladyship will consider is something?'—'Ay, so it is; but I know not why waiting maids should assume these airs of *pre-engagements!* Oh, Pamela, I am sorry for thy thus aping thy betters, and giving thyself such airs; I see thou art quite spoiled! A modest, innocent girl thou wast, and humble too, but now art fit for only what I fear thou art.'

'Why, please your ladyship,' said her kinsman, 'what signifies all you say? The matter is ov

with her, no doubt, and she likes it; she is in a fairy dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before it is out.'—'Bad as you take me to be, Madam,' said I, 'I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me; and I won't bear it.'

'Well, Jackey,' said she, 'be silent,' and shaking her head, 'Poor girl!' said she; 'what a sweet innocent is here destroyed!—A thousand pities! I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But she is quite lost, quite undone: and then has assumed a carriage upon it, that all those creatures are distinguished by.'

I cried sadly for vexation; and said, 'Say what you please, Madam, if I can help it, I will not answer another word.'

Mrs. Jewkes came in and asked, if her ladyship was ready for dinner? She said, 'Yes.' I would have gone out with her; but my lady said, taking my hand, she could not spare me. 'Miss,' said she, 'you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by, for you *sha'n't* go; and if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you.'

Mrs. Jewkes said to me, 'Madam, may I speak one word with you?'—'I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes,' said I: 'for my lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner.'

'What you have to say, Mrs. Jewkes,' said she, 'you may speak before me.' But she went out, and seemed vexed for me; and she says, I looked like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlour, and for *three* persons.—'Come, my little dear,' said she, *with a sneer*, 'I'll hand you in; and *I would have* you think it as well *as if it was my* brother.'

'*What* a sad case,' thought I, '*should I be in, if* I were as naughty as she thinks me! It was bad enough as it was.'

'Jackey,' said my lady, 'let us go to dinner.' She said to her woman, 'Do you, Beck, help Pamela to 'tend us; we will have no men fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves?'—'I have not, Madam,' said I, 'deserved this at your ladyship's hands.'

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said, 'Do you expect any body else, Mrs. Jewkes, that you lay the cloth for *three?*' Said she, 'I hoped your ladysip and Madam would have been reconciled.'—'What means the clownish woman?' said my lady, in great disdain: 'could you think the creature should sit down with me?'—'She does please your ladyship, with my master.'—'I doubt it not, good woman,' said she, 'and lies with him too, does she not? Answer me, Fat-face! How these ladies are privileged!

'If she does, Madam,' said she, 'there may be a *reason* for it, perhaps!' and went out. 'So!' said she, 'has the wench got thee over, too? Come, my little dear, pull off thy gloves;' and off she pulled my left glove herself, and spied my ring. 'O my dear God,' said she, 'if the wench has not got a ring! Well, this is a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably tricked? And so, poor innocent, thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble: and I'll warrant, my little dear has topped her part, and paraded like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition! Why,' said she, and turned me round, 'thou art as mincing as any bride? No wonder thou talkest of thy *pre-engagements*!—Pr'ythee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back, that I may see how finely thou canst act thy theatrical part!'

I was then resolved to try to be silent; although most sadly vexed. So I sat me down in the window, and she took her place at the upper end of the table, and her saucy Jackey, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her. Said he, 'Shall not the bride sit down by us, Madam!'—'Ay, well thought of!' said my lady: 'Pray, Mrs. Bride, your pardon for taking your place!' I said nothing.

Said she, with a poor pun, 'Thou hast some modesty, however, child! for thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit down*, though in my presence!' I still kept my seat, and said nothing. Thought I, 'This is a sad thing, that I am hindered too from showing my duty where most due, and shall have anger there too, may be, if my dear master arrive before me!' So she ate some soup, as did her kinsman: and then cutting up a fowl, said, 'if thou *long'st*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast, or any thing.'—'But, may be, child.' said he, 'thou likest the rump: shall I bring it thee;' and then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself: for he is the son of Lord ——; and his mother, who was Lord Davers's sister, being dead, he received his education from Lord Davers's direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! he'll never die for a plot at least of his own hatching. If I could then have got up, I would have given you his picture. But for one of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, much about the age of my dear master, he is a most odd mortal.

'Pamela,' said my lady, 'help me to a glass of wine. No, Beck,' said she, '*you* sha'n't:' for she was offering to do it. 'I will have my Lady Bride confer that honour upon me; and then I shall *see if she can stand up.*' *I was silent, and never stirred.*

'Dost hear, *Chastity?*' said she, 'help me to a glass of wine, when I bid thee. What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one.' Still I stirred not, and fanning myself, continued silent. Said she, 'When I have asked thee, meek one, half a dozen questions together, I suppose thou wilt answer them all at once! —Pretty creature, is not that.'

I was so vexed, I bit a piece of my fan out, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, and did nothing but flutter it, and fan myself.

'I believe,' said she, 'my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, modest one, I shall be entitled to an answer.'

He arose, and brought the bottle and glass, 'Come,' said he, 'Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help my lady, and I will be your deputy.'—'Sir,' replied I, 'It is in a good hand; help my lady yourself.'—'Why, creature,' said she, 'dost thou think thyself above it?' and then flew into a passion. 'Insolence!' continued she, 'this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine, or——'

So I took a little spirit then—Thought I, I can but be beat. 'If,' said I, 'to attend your ladyship at table, or even to kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received honours, that she thinks require her to act another part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I must say I *cannot* do it.'

She seemed quite surprised, and looked now upon her kinsman, and then upon her woman, 'I'm astonished! quite astonished!—Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you my brother's wife, would you not?'

'Your ladyship, said I, 'compels me to say this!'—'Well,' returned

she, 'but dost thou *thyself* think thou art so?'—'Silence,' said her kinsman, 'gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, Madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?'

'Tell me' said my lady, 'what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister.'—'Madam,' replied I, 'that is a question will better become your most worthy brother to answer, than me.'

She was rising in great wrath; but her woman said, 'Good, your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded so as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she'll deserve more your ladyship's pity than anger.'—'True, Beck,' said she; 'but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature in the mean time.'

I would have gone out at the door, but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I feared bad treatment from her pride, and violent temper; but this was worse than I expected. I said to him, 'Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behaviour, you may have cause to repent it;' and went and sat down in the window again.

'Another challenge, by Gad;' said he; 'but I am glad she says her *master!* You see, Madam, she herself does not believe she is married, and is not *so much* deluded as you think for;' and coming to me with a most barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, 'My new aunt, your *blessing* or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner.'

I gave him a most contemptuous look. 'Tinsell'd boy!' said I, (for *he was laced all over,*) 'twenty or *thirty years hence*, when you are *at age, I shall* know how to answer *you better*; mean time, sport with your footman, and not me!' so I removed to another window, nearer the door, and he look'd like a sad fool, as he is.

'Beck, Beck,' said my lady, 'this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard? Is my kinsman, and Lord Davers's to be thus used by such a slut?' She was coming to me; and indeed I began to be afraid, for I have but a poor heart after all. But Mrs. Jewkes, hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, 'Pray, your ladyship, don't so discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your good ladyship and your brother: for my master doats upon Madam.'

'Woman,' said she, 'do you be silent!—Sure, I that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants in it!'

'I beg pardon, Madam,' replied Mrs. Jewkes; and, turning to me, said, 'Madam, my master will take it very ill, to make him wait for you thus.' So I rose to go out; but my lady said, 'If it was only for *that* reason she sha'n't go.' And went to the door and shut it, and said to Mrs. Jewkes, 'Woman, don't come again till I call you;' and, coming to me, took my hand, and said, 'Find your legs, Miss, if your please.'

I stood up, and she tapped my cheek! 'O,' says she, 'that scarlet glow shows what a rancorous little heart thou hast, if thou durst show it;' and led me to her chair; 'Stand there,' said she, 'and answer me a few questions while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee till I call thy impudent master to account; then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravell'd; for, between you, I will come to the bottom of it.'

When she had sat down, I moved to the window on the other side,

looking into the private garden; and her woman said, 'Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry. Stand by her ladyship, as she bids you.' Said I, 'Pray let it suffice *you* to attend your *lady's* commands, and don't lay *your's* upon *me*.'—'Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela,' said she. 'Times are much alter'd with you, I'll assure you!' Said I. 'Her ladyship has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in: but you may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*.'—'Why, how now, Mrs. Pamela,' said she; 'since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.'—'Hush, hush, *good woman*,' said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes, 'my lady wants not your assistance:—besides, I can't scold.'

The woman was ready to flutter with vexation; and Lord Jackey laughed, as if he would burst his sides; 'G—d d—n me, Beck,' said he, 'you'd better let her alone to my lady here; for she'll be too many for twenty such as you and I.' And then repeated, 'I can't *scold*, quoth-a! —but, by Gad, Miss, you can speak d—d spiteful words, I can tell you that! Poor Beck, poor Beck!—'Fore Gad she's quite dumb-foundered!'

'Well, but, Pamela,' said my lady, 'come hither, and tell me truly, dost thou think thyself really married?' Said I, and approached her chair, 'My good lady, I'll answer all your commands, if you'll have patience with me, and not be so angry as you are; but I can't bear to be used thus by this gentleman, and your ladyship's woman.'—'Child,' said she, 'thou art very impertinent to my kinsman: thou canst not be civil to me; and my *ladyship's woman* is much thy betters. But that's not the thing!—Dost thou *think thyself* really married?'

'I see, Madam,' said I, 'you are resolved not to be pleased with *any* answer I shall return: if I should say, I am not, then you will call me hard names, and perhaps I shall tell a fib. If I should say, I am, your ladyship will ask how I have the impudence to be so?—and will call it a sham-marriage.'—'I will be,' said she, 'answered more directly.'—'Why, what, Madam, does it signify what I think? Your ladyship will believe as you please.'

'But can'st thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly,' said she, 'to think thyself actually married to *my* brother? He is no fool, child; and libertine enough of conscience; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots.'—'Well, well,' said I, (and was in a sad flutter;) 'as I am easy and pleased with my lot, pray, Madam, let me continue so, as long as I can. It will be time enough for me to know the worst, when the worst comes. And if it be so bad, your ladyship should pity, rather than thus torment me before my time.'

'Well,' said she, 'but dost not think I am concerned, that a young wench, whom my poor dear mother loved so well, should thus suffer herself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand as thou mad'st for so long a time!'

'I think myself far from being deluded and undone; and am as innocent and virtuous as ever I was in my life.'—'Thou liest, child,' said she.

'So your ladyship told me twice before.'

She gave me a slap on the hand for this: I made a low curtesy, and said, 'I humbly thank your ladyship;' but I could not refrain tears: and added, 'Your dear brother, Madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, though I do.'—'Come a little nearer me my dear,' said she, 'and thou sh

have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou think'st thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he was here I would serve thee worse, and him too.'—'I wish he was,' said I. 'Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?'

'Now, pray, Madam,' said I, (but got to a little distance) 'be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I had the *honour*, or rather *misfortune* to come into your presence; whether you have said one thing befitting your ladyship's degree, even supposing I was the wench and the creature you imagine me to be?'—'Come hither, my pert dear,' replied she; 'come but within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest.'

To be sure, she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot, if I could not show some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, 'I suppose I may now depart your presence, Madam.'—'I suppose not,' said she. 'Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou may'st fast, till thy mannerly master comes home.'

'Pray your ladyship,' said her woman, 'let the poor girl sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*.' Said I 'You are very kind, Mrs. Worden; but times, as you said, are much altered with me; and I have been of late so much honoured by better company, that I can't stoop to your's.'

'Was e~er such confidence!' said my lady. 'Poor Beck,' said her kinsman; 'why she beats you quite out of the pit!'—'Will your ladyship,' said I, 'be so good as to tell me how long I am to tarry! For you'll please to see by that letter that I am obliged to attend my master's commands.' So I gave her the dear gentleman's letter from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honour done me by him. 'Aye,' said she, 'this is my worthy brother's hand. It is directed to Mrs. Andrews—That's to you, I suppose, child' And so she read on, making remarks, as she went along, in this manner.

'"*My dearest Pamela.*"—Mighty Well!—"*I hope my not coming home this night will not frighten you!*" Vastly tender, indeed. And did it frighten you, child?—"*You may believe I can't help it?*" No, be sure! A person in thy way of life, is more tenderly used than an honest wife, but mark the end of it—"*I could have wished*"—Pr'ythee, Jackey, mind this—"*we*"—mind the significant *we*—"*had not engaged to the good neighbourhood, at Sir Simon's for to-morrow night.*"—Why, does the good neighbourhood, and does Sir Simon, permit thy visits child? They shall have none of mine, then—"*But I am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other house,*"—So Jackey, we but just nicked it, I find—"*that as well as in return for the civilities of so many good friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off.*"—Now mind Jackey—"*What I beg of you.*"—Mind the wretch that could use me and your uncle as he has done; he is turned beggar to this creature?—"*I beg of you, therefore, my dear*"—*My dear!* there's for you! I wish I may not be quite sick before I get through—"*what I beg of you, therefore, my dear,*" (and then she looked me full in the face) "*is, that you will go in the chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the day the better*"—Dear heart! and why so, when we were not expected till night? why, pray observe the reason—Hem!' (said she)—"because you will be diverted

with the company;"—Mighty kind, indeed!—"*who all*"—Jackey mind this—"*who all so much admire you.*"—Now he'd ha' been hang'd before he would have said so complaisant a thing, had he been married, I'm sure!'—'Very true, aunt,' said he: 'a plain case that?'—(Thought I, 'That's hard upon poor matrimony, though I hope my lady don't find it so.' But I durst not speak out.)—"*Who all so much admire you,*" (said she) I must repeat that—Pretty Miss!—I wish thou wast as *admirable* for thy virtue, as for that baby face of thine!—"*And I hope to join you there, by your tea-time, in the afternoon!*"—So you're in very good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all your important pre-engagements!—"*which will be better than going home, and returning with you; as it will be six miles difference to me; and I know the good company will excuse my dress on the occasion.*" Very true, any dress is good enough, I am sure, for such company as *admire* thee, child, for a companion in thy ruined state!—Jackey, mind again! more fine things still!—"*I count every hour of this little absence for a day!*"—There's for you! Let me repeat it—"*I count every hour of this little absence for a day!*" Mind too the wit of the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his deary; no less than, according to *his* amorous calculation, a dozen days and nights, at least! and yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a LITTLE ABSENCE. Well said, my good, accurate, and consistent brother! But wise men in love are always the greatest simpletons! But now comes the reason *why* this little absence, which at the same time, is SO GREAT an ABSENCE, is so *tedious*: for "*I am,*" *ay, now for it!* "*with the UTMOST sincerity, my dearest love*'—Out upon DEAREST love! I shall never love the word again! Pray bid your uncle never call me Dearest Love, Jackey!—"*For ever yours!*"—But, brother, thou knowest thou liest. And so my good Lady Andrews, or what shall I call you? your *dearest love* will be "*for ever yours!*" And hast thou the vanity to believe this?—But stay, here's a postscript. The poor man knew not when to have done to his *dearest love*. He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, his *dearest love*, you are mighty happy in such a lover! "*If you could go to dine with them*"—Cry your mercy, my *dearest love*, now comes the pre-engagement—"*it will be a freedom that will be very pleasing to them, and the more as they don't expect it.*"

'Well, so much for this kind letter! But you see you cannot honour this admiring company with this little expected, and, but in complaisance to his folly, I dare say little desired freedom. I *admire* you so much, my *dearest love*, that I will not spare you at all, this whole evening! for 'tis a little hard, if thy master's sister may not be blest a while with thy charming company.'

So I found I had showed her my letter to very little purpose, and repented it several times, as she read on. 'Well, then,' said I, 'I hope your ladyship will allow me to send my excuses to your good brother, and say, that you are come, and are so fond of me, that you will not let me go.'—'Pretty creature,' said she: 'and wantest thou thy good master to come and quarrel with his sister on thy account? But thou shalt not leave me; and I would now ask what it is thou meanest by showing me this letter?'—'Why, Madam,' said I, 'to show your ladyship how I was engaged for this day and evening.'—'And for nothing else?' said she. 'Why I can't tell Madam,' said I: 'but

you can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope I should not be the *worse* treated.'

I saw her eyes sparkling with passion; and she took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, 'I know, confident creature, that you showed it to insult me! To let me see that he could be civiller to a beggar born, than to me, or to my good Lord Davers! You showed it me, as if you'd have me be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe your marriage true, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* do too: and you showed it me, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and untainted beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee one hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot.'

Was not this very dreadful! To be sure, I had better have kept the letter from her, I was quite frightened; and this fearful menace, and her fiery eyes, and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage. So I said, weeping, 'Good your ladyship, pity me! Indeed I am honest: indeed I am virtuous: indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world.'

'Though I know,' said she, 'the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring here, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense: yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art married to *my* brother! I could not bear the thought! So take care, Pamela, take care, beggarly brat; take care.'

'Good Madam,' said I, 'spare my dear parents. They are honest and industrious; they were once in a very creditable way, and never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend any body; and I can bear the cruellest imputations on myself, because I know my innocence! but upon such honest, industrious parents, who went through the greatest trials, beholden to nothing but God's blessings, and their own hard labour, I cannot bear reflection.'

'What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art! God give me patience with thee! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness, will soon occasion a search at the Herald's office, to set out thy wretched obscurity. Provoke me, I desire thou wilt. One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou *thinkest* thou art married to my brother.'

'Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me: and since nothing I can say will please you, but your ladyship is resolved to quarrel with me; since I must not say what I think, on one hand, nor on another; whatever your ladyship designs by me, be pleased to do, and let me depart your presence.'

She gave me a slap on the hand, and reached to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes hearkening without, and her woman too, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us, 'Your ladyship knows not what you do: indeed you don't. My master would never forgive me, if I suffered, in this house, one he so dearly loves, to be so used; and it must *not* be, though you are Lady Davers.' Her woman too interposed, and told her I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But she was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go, and Mrs. Jewkes would have led me out: but her kinsman set his back to the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said, I should not go, till his aunt permitted it. He drew it half way, and I was so terrified, that I cried out, 'Oh the sword! the sword and, not knowing what I did, I ran

to my lady herself, and clasped my arms about her, forgetting just then how much she was my enemy, and said, sinking on my knees, 'Defend me, good your Ladyship! The sword! the sword!' Mrs. Jewkes said, 'Oh! my lady will fall into fits:' but Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carried so far; that she did not mind her words, and said, 'Jackey, don't draw your sword! You see, as great as her spirit is, she can't bear that.'

'Come,' said she, 'be comforted: he sha'n't fright you! I'll try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish.' Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose, and I did not faint. And my lady said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, if *you* would be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves!—And Jackey, do you withdraw;—only you, Beck, stay.'

So I sat down in the window, all in a fluster: for, to be sure, I was sadly frighted. Said her woman, 'You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela.'—'Yes, let her sit till she is a little recovered of her fright,' said my lady; 'and do you set my chair by her.' So she sat over against me, and said, 'To be sure, Pamela, you have been very provoking with your tongue; to be sure you have, as well upon my nephew (who is a man of quality too) as me.' And palliating her cruel usage, and beginning, I suppose, to think herself, she had carried it further than she could answer it to her brother, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. 'Own,' said she, 'that you have been very saucy; and beg mine, and Jackey's pardon, and I will try to pity you. For you are a sweet girl, after all; if you had but held out, and been honest.'

'*'Tis injurious to me, Madam,' said I, 'to imagine I am not honest!*' —Said she, 'Have you not been in bed with my brother? tell me that!' —'Your ladyship,' replied I, 'asks your questions in a strange way, and in strange words.'

'Oh! your delicacy is wounded, I suppose, by my plain question! This niceness will soon leave you, wench; it will, indeed. But answer me directly.'—'Then your ladyship's next question,' said I, 'will be, am I married? and you won't bear my answer to them, and will beat me again.'

'I ha'n't beat you yet;—have I, Beck?' said she. 'So you want to make out a story, do you? But, indeed, I can't bear thou shouldst so much as *think* thou art *my* sister. I know the whole trick of it; and so, 'tis my opinion thou dost. It is only thy little cunning, that it might look like a cloak to thy yielding, and get better terms from him. Thou see'st I know the world a little; almost as much at thirty-two, as thou dost at sixteen. Remember that!'

I rose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—'Beat me again, if you please,' said I, 'but I must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much married as your ladyship!'

At that she ran to me; but her woman interposed again, 'Let the vain wicked creature go from your presence, Madam,' said she. 'She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship,'—! 'Stand away, Beck,' said she. 'That's an assertion that I would not take from my brother. As much married as I! Is that to be borne?' —'But if the creature believes she is, Madam,' said her woman, 'she is to be as much pitied for her credulity, as despised for her vanity.'

I was in hopes to have slipt out of the door; but she pulled me back. 'Pray, your ladyship,' said I, 'don't kill me! I have done no harm

But locking the door she put the key in her pocket. So seeing Mrs. Jewkes at the window, I lifted up the sash, and said, 'Mrs. Jewkes, I believe the chariot had better go to your master, that he may know Lady Davers is here, and I cannot leave her ladyship.'

She was resolved to be displeased, let me say what I would. Said she, 'No, no; he'll then think I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her.' —'I thought your ladyship,' replied I, 'could not have taken exception at this message.'—'Thou knowest nothing, wench,' said she, 'of what belongs to people of condition; how should'st thou?'—'Nor,' thought I, 'do I desire it at this rate.'

'What shall I say, Madam?' said I. 'Nothing at all,' replied she; 'let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed: it is but adding a few more *hours*, and he will make every one a *day* in his amorous account.' Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whispered, 'Let Robert stay at the elms: I'll have a struggle for't by and bye.'

'As much married as I!' repeated she. 'The insolence of the creature!' So she walked about, talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me: but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent. And then it was, 'Am I not worthy an answer?'—'If I speak,' said I, 'your ladyship is angry at me though ever so respectfully; if I do not, I cannot please. Would your ladyship tell me but how I shall oblige you, and I would do it with all my heart?'

'Confess the truth,' said she, '*that thou art* an undone creature; *hast been in* bed with thy master, *and art sorry* for it, and for the mischief *thou* hast occasioned between him and me; then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; some honest farmer may take pity of thee, and patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; and if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee.'

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and to be hindered from being where was the desire of my soul, afraid too of incurring my dear master's displeasure; and, as I sat, I saw it was no hard matter to get out of the window, the parlour being even with the yard, and so have a fair run for it; and after I had seen my lady at the other end of the room again, having not pulled down the sash, when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, was out in a minute, and ran away as fast as I could, my lady calling after me to return, and her woman at the other window; but two of her servants appearing at her crying out, and she bidding them stop me, I said, 'Touch me at your peril, fellows;' but their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, was kindly ordered by Mrs. Jewkes to be within call, when she saw how I was treated, came up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, the only time I thought it ever became him, and said he would *chine* the man (that was his word) who offered to touch his lady; so he ran along side of me; and I heard my lady say, 'The creature flies like a bird!' Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopped till I reached the chariot, and Robert, seeing me at a distance, had got down, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready; but in I jumped, without touching it, saying, 'Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach!'

He mounted, and Colbrand said, 'Don't be frightened, Madam: nobody shall hurt you.' And shutting the door, away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it and my fright all the way.

Mr. Colbrand was so kind, but I did not know it till the chariot stopt at Sir Simon's, to step up behind, lest, as he said, my lady should send after me: and he told Mrs. Jewkes, when he got home, that he never saw such a runner as me, in his life.

When the chariot stopt, which was not till six o'clock, so long did this cruel lady keep me, Miss Darnford ran out to me: 'O Madam,' said she, 'ten times welcome! But you'll be beat, I can tell you; for Mr. B. has been come these two hours, and is very angry at you.'

'That's hard, indeed,' said I; 'indeed I can't afford it!' for I hardly know what I said, having not recovered my fright. 'Let me sit down, Miss, any where, for I have been sadly off.' So I sat down, and was quite sick with the hurry of my spirits, and leaned upon her arm.

She said, 'Your lord and master came in very moody; and when he had staid an hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and said he did not expect so little complaisance from you. And he is now sit down with great persuasions to a game at loo. Come, you must make your appearance, lady fair; for he is too sullen to attend you, I doubt.'

'You have no strangers, have you, Madam?' said I. 'Only two women relations from Stamford,' replied she, 'and an humble servant of one of them.'—'Only all the world, Miss,' said I. 'What shall I do, if he be angry? I can't bear that.'

Just as I had said so, came in Lady Darnford and Lady Jones to chide me as they said, for not coming sooner. And before I could speak, came in my dear master. I ran to him. 'How d'ye Pamela?' said he, saluting me with a little more formality than I could well bear. 'I expected half a word from me, when I was so complaisant to your choice, would have determined you, and that you'd have been here to dinner! and the rather, as I made my request a reasonable one, and what I thought would be agreeable to you.'—'O dear Sir,' said I, 'pray hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeased: Mrs. Jewkes will tell you, that as soon as I had your kind commands, I said I would obey you, and come to dinner with these good ladies; and so prepared myself instantly, with all the pleasure in the world.' Lady Darnford, and Miss said, I was their dear! 'Look you,' said Miss, 'did I not tell you, stately one, that something must have happened? But O these tyrants! these men!'

'Why, what hindered it, my dear?' said he: 'give yourself time: you seem out of breath!'—'O Sir,' said I, 'out of breath! well I may! For just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the courtyard, but Lady Davers!'—'Lady Davers! nay, then, my sweet dear,' said he, and kissed me more tenderly, 'hast thou had a worse trial than I wish thee, from one of the haughtiest women in England, though my sister! For she too, my Pamela, was spoiled by my good mother! But have you seen her?'

'Yes, Sir,' said I, 'and *more* than seen her!'—'Why sure,' said he, 'she has not had the insolence to strike my girl!'—'Sir,' said I, 'but tell me you forgive me; for I could not come sooner; and these good ladies but excuse me, and I'll tell you all another time; for to take up the good company's attention now, will spoil their pleasantry, and be to

them, though more important to me, like the lady's broken china you cautioned me about.'

'That's a dear girl!' said he: 'I see my hints are not thrown away upon you: I beg pardon for being angry; and, for the future, will stay till I hear your defence before I judge you.' Said Miss Darnford, 'This is a little better! To own a fault is some reparation, and what every lordly husband will not do.' He said, 'But tell me, my dear, did Lady Davers offer you any incivility?'—'O Sir,' replied I, 'she is your sister, and I must not tell you all; but she has used me very severely.'—'Did you tell her,' said he, 'you were married?'—'Yes, Sir, I did at last: but she will have it, 'tis a sham marriage, and that I am a vile creature: and she was ready to beat me, when I said so; for she could not have patience, that I should be deemed her sister, as she said.'

'How unlucky it was,' replied he, 'I was not at home! Why did you not send to me here?'—'Send, Sir! I was kept prisoner by force. They would not let me stir, or do you think I would have been hindered from obeying you? Nay, I told them I had a pre-engagement: but she ridiculed me, and said, "Waiting-maids talk of pre-engagements!" And then I showed her your kind letter; and she made a thousand remarks upon it, and made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her; and I was a *creature*, and *wench*, and all that was naught. But you must not be angry with her on my account.'

Well, but,' said, he, 'I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with *her*; for she came before dinner, I *presume if it* was soon after you had *received my letter*?'—'No, Sir, dine *with my lady!* no indeed!—why, she would make me wait at table upon her, with her woman, because she would not expose herself and me, before the men-servants; which you know Sir, was very good of her ladyship.'

'Well,' said he, 'but *did* you wait at table upon her?'—'Would you have had me, Sir?' said I 'Only Pamela,' replied he, 'if you did, and knew not what belonged to your character, as my wife, I shall be very angry with you.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I did not; but refused it, out of consideration of the dignity you have raised me to; else, Sir, I could have waited on my knees upon your sister.'

'Now,' said he, 'you confirm my opinion of your prudence and judgment. She is an insolent woman, and shall dearly repent it.'—'But, Sir, she is to be excused, because she won't believe I am married: so don't be too angry at her ladyship.'

He said, 'Ladies, pray don't let us keep you from the company: I'll only ask a question or two more, and attend you.' Said Lady Jones, 'I so much long to hear the story of poor madam's persecution, that, if it was not improper, I should be glad to stay.' Miss Darnford would stay for the same reason; my master saying he had no secrets to ask, and that it was kind of them to interest themselves in my grievances.

But Lady Darnford went into the company, and told them the cause of my detention; for it seems my dear master loved me too well to conceal his disappointment at my not being here to receive him; and they had all given the two Miss Boroughs and Mr. Perry, the Stamford guests, such a character of me, that they said they were impatient to see me.

Said my master, 'But, Pamela, you said, "*they*," and "*them*;" who had my sister with her, besides her

woman?'—'Her nephew, Sir, and three footmen on horseback; and she and her woman were in her chariot and six.'

'That's a sad coxcomb,' said he: 'how did he behave to you?'—'Not extraordinarily, Sir: but I should not complain; for I was even with him; because I thought I ought not to bear with him as with my lady.'

'By Heaven!' said he, 'if I knew he behaved unhandsomely, to my jewel, I'd send him home to his uncle without his ears.'—'Indeed, Sir,' returned I, 'I was as hard upon him as he was upon me.' Said he, 'Tis kind to say so: but I believe I shall make them dearly repent their visit, if I find their behaviour to call for my resentment.

'But sure, my dear, you might have got away when you went to your own dinner?'—'Indeed Sir,' said I, 'her ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir.'—'So you ha'n't eat any dinner?'—'No, indeed, Sir, nor had a stomach for any.'—'My poor dear,' said he.—'But then how got you away at last?' 'O Sir,' replied I, 'I jumped out of the parlour window, and ran away to the chariot, which had waited for me several hours, by the elm-walk, from the time of my lady's coming (for I was just going, as I said;) and Mr. Colbrand saw me through her servants, whom she called to, to stop me; and was so kind to step behind the chariot, unknown to me, and saw me safe here.'

'I am sure,' said he, 'these insolent creatures must have treated you vilely. But tell me, what part did Mrs. Jewkes act in this affair?'—'A very kind part, Sir,' said I, 'in my behalf; and I shall thank her for it.'—'Sweet creature!' said he, 'thou lovest to speak well of every body: But I hope she deserves it: for she knew you was married. But come, we'll now join the company, and try to forget all you have suffered, for two or three hours, that we may not tire the company with our concerns; and resume the subject as we go home; and you shall find, I will do you justice as I ought.'—'But you forgive me, Sir,' said I, 'and are not angry!'—'Forgive you, my dear,' returned he. 'I hope you forgive me! I shall never make you satisfaction for what you have suffered *from* me, and *for* me!' And with these words he led me into the company.

He very kindly presented me to the two stranger ladies, and the gentleman, and them to me; Sir Simon, who was at cards, rose from table and saluted me: 'Adad, Madam,' said he, 'I'm glad to see you here. What, it seems, you have been a prisoner! 'Tis well you was, or your spouse and I should have sat in judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful punishment for your first crime of *læsæ majestatis*:' (I had this explained to me afterwards, as a sort of treason against my liege lord and husband:) 'for we husbands, hereabout,' said he, 'are resolved to turn over a new leaf with our wives, and *your* lord and master shall show us the way, I can tell you that. But I see by your eyes, my sweet culprit, and your complexion, you have had sour sauce to your sweet meat.'

Miss Darnford said, 'I think we are obliged to our sweet guest at last; for she was forced to jump out at a window to come to us.'—'Indeed!' said Mrs. Peters; and my master's back being turned, says she, 'Lady Davers, when a maiden, was always vastly passionate; but a very good lady when her passion was over. She'd make nothing of slapping her maids about, and begging their pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently; otherwise she used to say the creatures were even with her.'

'Ay,' said I, 'I have been a many *creatures* and *wenches*, and I know not what; for these were the names she gave me. And I thought I ought to act up to the part her dear brother has given me; and so truly, I have but just escaped a good cuffing.'

Miss Boroughs said to her sister, as I overheard, but she did not design I should, 'What a sweet creature is this! and then she takes so little upon her, is so free, so easy, and owns the honour done her so obligingly!' Said Mr. Perry, softly, 'The loveliest person I ever saw: Who could have the heart to be angry with her one moment!'

Says Miss Darnford. 'Here, my dearest neighbour, these gentry are admiring you strangely; and Mr. Perry says, you are the loveliest lady he ever saw; and says it to his own mistress's face too, I'll assure you!'—'Or else,' says Miss Boroughs, 'I should think he much flattered me.'

'O Madam, you are exceedingly obliging; but your kind opinion ought to teach me humility, and to reverence so generous a worth as can give a preference against yourself, where it is so little due.'—'Indeed, Madam,' says Miss Nancy Boroughs, 'I love my sister well; but it would be a high compliment to any lady, to be deemed worthy of a second or third place after you.'

'There is no answering such politeness,' said I: 'I am sure Lady Davers was very cruel to keep me from such company.'—'Twas our loss, Madam,' said Miss Darnford. —'I'll allow it,' said I, 'in degree; for you have all been deprived, several hours, of an humble admirer.'

Mr. Perry said, 'I never before saw so young a lady shine forth *with such graces* of mind and person.'—'*Alas! Sir*,' said I, my *master coming up*, 'mine is but a borrowed shine, like that of the moon. Here is the sun to whose fervent glow of generosity I owe all the faint lustre that your goodness is pleased to look upon with so much kind distinction.'

Mr. Perry was pleased to hold up his hands; and the ladies looked upon one another. My master said, hearing part of the last sentence, 'What's the pretty subject that my Pamela is displaying, so sweetly, her talents upon?'

'Oh, Sir!' said Mr. Perry, 'I will pronounce you the happiest man in England;' and so said they all.

My master said, most generously, 'Thank ye, thank ye, thank ye, all round, my dear friends. I know not your subject; but if you believe me so for a *single* instance of this dear girl's goodness, what must I think myself when blessed with a *thousand* instances, and experiencing it in every single act and word. I do assure you, my Pamela's *person*, all lovely as you see it, is far short of her *mind*: that indeed first attracted my admiration, and made me her *lover*: but they were the beauties of her mind that made me her *husband*; and proud, my sweet dear,' said he, pressing my hand, 'am I of that title.'

'Well,' said Mr. Perry, very kindly, and politely, 'excellent as your lady is, I know not the gentleman that could deserve her, but that one, who could say such just and such fine things.'

I was all abashed, and took Miss Darnford's hand, and said, 'Save me, dear Miss, by your sweet example, from my rising pride. But could I deserve half these kind things, what a happy creature should I be!'—Said Miss Darnford, 'You deserve them all, indeed you do.'

The greatest part of the company having sat down to loo, my master being pressed, said he would take one game at whist; but had rather be excused too, having been up all

night; and I asked how his friend did. 'We'll talk of that,' said he, 'another time;' which, and his seriousness, made me fear the poor gentleman was dead, as it proved.

We cast in, and Miss Boroughs and my master were together, and Mr. Perry and I: and I had all four honours the first time, and we were up at one deal. Said my master, 'An honourable hand Pamela, should go with an honourable heart; but you'd not have been up if a knave had not been one.'—'Whist, Sir,' said Mr. Perry, 'you know was a court game originally; and the knave, I suppose, signified always the prime minister.'

'Tis well,' said my master, 'if now there be but one knave in a court out of four persons, take the court through.'

'The king and queen, Sir,' said Mr. Perry, '*can* do no wrong, you know. So there are two that *must* be good out of four, and the ace seems too plain a card to mean much hurt.'

'We compliment the king,' said my master, 'in that manner; and 'tis well to do so, because there is something sacred in the character. But yet, if force of example be considered, it is going a great way; for certainly a good master makes a good servant, generally speaking.

'One thing,' added he, 'I will say in regard to the *ace*; I have always looked upon that plain and honest looking card in the light you do; and have considered whist as an English game in its original; which has made me fonder of it than of any other. For, by the ace, I have always thought the laws of the land denoted; and as the ace is above the king and queen, and wins them, I think the law should be thought so too; though may be, I shall be deemed a *whig* for my opinion.'

'I *shall never play at whist*' said Mr. Perry, 'without thinking of this, and shall love the game the better for the thought; though I am no party man.'—'Nor I,' said my master; 'for I think the distinction of *whig* and *tory* odious; and love the one or the other only as they are honest and worthy men: and have never (nor ever shall, I hope) given a vote but what I thought was for the public good, let either *whig* or *tory* propose it.

'I wish, Sir, replied Mr. Perry, 'all gentlemen in your station would act so.'—'If there was no undue influence,' said my master, 'I am willing to think so well of all mankind, that I believe they generally would. But you see,' said he, 'by my Pamela's hand, when all the court cards get together, and are acted by *one mind*, the game is usually turned accordingly; though now and then too, it may be so circumstanced, that *honours* will do them no good, and they are forced to depend altogether upon *tricks*.'

I thought this way of talking prettier than the game itself. But I said, 'Though I have won the game, I hope I am no *trickster*.'—'No,' said my master, 'God forbid but *court cards* should *sometimes* win with *honour!* But you see, for all that, your game is as much owing to the *knave* as the *king*; and you, my fair one, lost no advantage, when it was put into your power.'

'Else, Sir,' said I, 'I should not have done justice to my partner.'—'You are certainly right, Pamela,' replied he; 'though you thereby beat your husband.'—'Sir,' said I, 'you may be my partner next, and I must do justice, you know.'—'Well,' said he, 'always choose so worthy a friend as chance has given you for a partner, and I shall never find fault with you, do what you will.'

Mr. Perry said, 'You are very good to me, Sir:' and Miss Boroughs, I observed, seemed pleased

with the compliment to her humble servant; by which I saw she esteemed him, as he appears to deserve. 'Dear Sir,' said I, 'how much better is this, than to be locked in by Lady Davers.'

The supper was brought in sooner on my account, because I had had no dinner; and there passed very agreeable compliments on the occasion. Lady Darnford would help me first, as I had so long fasted, she said. Sir Simon would have placed himself next me; and my master said he thought it was best; where there was an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, that they should sit intermingled, that the gentlemen might be employed in helping and serving the ladies. Lady Darnford said, she hoped Sir Simon would not sit above any ladies, at his own table especially. 'Well,' said he, 'I shall sit over against her, however, and that's as well.'

My dearest Sir could not keep his eye off me, and seemed generously to be delighted with all I did, and all I said; and every one was pleased to see his kind and affectionate behaviour to me.'

Lady Jones resumed the discourse about Lady Davers again; and my master said, 'I fear Pamela, you have been hardly used, more than you'll say. I know my sister's passionate temper too well, to believe she could be over civil, especially as it happened so unluckily that I was out. If,' added he, 'she had no pique to you, my dear, yet what passed between her and me has so exasperated her that she would quarrel with my *horse*, if she had thought I valued it, and nobody else was in her way.'—'Dear Sir,' said I, 'don't say so of good Lady Davers.'

'Why, my dear,' said he, 'I know she is of an uncommon purpose to quarrel; and I did not find herself under a very indifferent uneasiness, after what had passed between us, and my treatment of her lord's letter. she would not have offered to come near me. What sort of language had she for me, Pamela?'—'O, Sir, very good, only her *well mannered brother*, and such as that.'

'Only,' said he, 'his taking up the attention of the company disagreeably, or I could tell you almost every word she said.' Lady Jones wished to hear a further account of my lady's conduct, and most of the company joined with her, particularly Mrs. Peters: who said, that, as they knew the story, and Lady Davers's temper, though she was very good in the main, they could wish to be so agreeably entertained, if he and I pleased; because they imagined I should have no difficulties after this.

'Tell me then, Pamela,' said he, 'did she lift up her hand at you; Did she strike you? But I hope not.'—'A little slap of the hand,' said I, 'or so.'—'Insolent woman! She did not, I hope, offer to strike your face?'—'Why,' said I, 'I was a little saucy once or twice; and she would have given me a cuff on the ear, if her woman and Mrs. Jewkes had not interposed.'—'Why did you not come out at the door?'—'Because,' said I, 'her ladyship sat in her chair against it one while, and another while locked; else I offered several times to get away.'

'She knew I expected you here: you say you showed her my letter?'—'Yes, Sir,' said I: 'but I had better not; for she was then more exasperated, and made strange comments upon it;'—'I doubt it not,' said he; 'but she did not see, by the kind epithets in it, that there was no room to doubt of our being married?'—'O, Sir,' replied I, and made the company smile, 'she said, for that very reason, she was sure I was not married.'

'That's like my sister!' said he

'exactly like her; and yet she lives very happily herself; for her poor lord never contradicts her. Indeed, he *dares* not.

'You were a great many *wenches*, were you not, my dear? for that's a great word with her.'—'Yes, Sir,' said I, '*wenches* and *creatures* out of number: and worse than all that.'—'What? tell me, my dear.'—'Sir,' said I, 'I must not have you angry with my Lady Davers, while you are so good to me. 'Tis all nothing: only the trouble I have that I cannot be suffered to show how much I honour her ladyship, as your sister.'

'Well,' said he, 'you need not be afraid to tell *me;* I must love her after all, though I shall not be pleased with her on this occasion. It is her love for me, though thus oddly expressed, that makes her so uneasy: and after all, she comes, I'm sure, to be reconciled to me; though it must be through a good hearty quarrel first: for she can show a good deal of sunshine, but it must be always after a storm: and I'll love her dearly, if she has not been, and will not be, too hard upon my dearest.'

Mr. Peters said, 'Sir, I love to see this complaisance to your sister, though she be in fault, so long as you can show it with so much justice to the sweetest innocence and merit in the world.'—'By all that's good, Mr. Peters,' said he, 'I'd present my sister with a thousand pounds, if she would kindly take my dear Pamela by the hand, wish her joy ,and call her sister. And yet I should be unworthy of the dear creature that smiles upon me there, if it was not principally for her sake, and the pleasure it would give her, that I say this: for I will never be thoroughly reconciled to my sister till she does; for I most sincerely think, as to myself, that my dear wife, there she sits, does me more honour in her new relation, than she receives from me.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I am overwhelmed with your goodness!' My eyes were filled with tears of joy and gratitude: and all the company, with one voice, blessed him. Lady Jones was pleased to say, 'The behaviour of you two happy ones, to each other, is most edifying. I am always improved when I see you. How happy would every good lady be with such a gentleman, and every good gentleman with such a lady. In short, you seem made for one another.'

'O Madam,' said I, 'you are so kind, so good to me, I know not how to thank you enough.' Said she, 'you deserve more than I can express: for, to all who know your story, you are a matchless person.—You are an ornament to our sex; and your virtue, though Mr. B. is so generous as he is, has met with no more than its due reward. God long bless you together!'

'You are,' said my dearest Sir, 'very kind to me, Madam, I am sure, I have taken liberties in my former life, that deserved not so much excellence. I have offended extremely, by trials glorious to my Pamela, but disgraceful to me, against a virtue that I now consider as almost sacred; and I shall not think I deserve her, till I can bring my manners, sentiments, and actions, to a conformity with her own. In short, my Pamela, I want you to be nothing but what you are, and have been. You cannot be better; and if you could, it would be but filling me with despair to attain the awful heights of virtue, at which you are arrived. Perhaps,' added the dear gentleman, 'the scene I have beheld within these twelve hours, has made me more serious than otherwise I should have been; but I'll assure you, before all this good company, I speak the sentiments of my

heart, and those not of this day only.'

What a happy daughter is your's, O, my dear father and mother! I owe it all to God's grace, and to your's and my good lady's instructions; and to these let me always look back with grateful acknowledgments, that I may not impute to myself, and be proud, my inexpressible happiness.

The company were so kindly pleased with our concern, and my dear master's goodness, that he, observing their indulgence, and curious to know the further particulars as to my lady and me, repeated his question, what she had called me besides *wench* and *creature?* And I said, 'My lady, supposing I was wicked, lamented over me, very kindly, my depravity and fall, and said, what a thousand pities it was, so much virtue, as she was pleased to say, was so destroyed; and that I had yielded, after so noble a stand!

'Excuse me, gentlemen and ladies,' said I; 'you know my story, it seems, and I am commanded, by one who has a title to all my obedience, to proceed.'

They gave bows of approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my story—the menservants withdrawing at a motion of Mr. B. on my looking towards them: and then, a tight lass or two, at Lady Darnford's coming in, I proceeded.

'I told her ladyship, that I was still innocent, and would be so, and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise: "Why, tell me, wench," said she—But I think I must not tell you what she said.'—'Yes, do,' said my master, 'to clear my sister; we shall think it very bad else.'

I held my hand before my face—'*Why, she* said, "'Tell me wench, *hast thou* not been—" hesitating—"*a very free* creature with thy mas*ter?" or to* that effect. When I said, she asked strange questions, and in strange words, she ridiculed my delicacy, as she called it; and said, my niceness would not last long. I must know I was not really married, and that my ring was only a sham, and all was my cunning to cloak my yielding, and get better terms; she said, she knew the world as much at thirty-two, as I did at sixteen; and bid me remember that.

'I took the liberty to say (but I got a good way off) that I scorned her ladyship's words, and was as much married as her ladyship. And then I had certainly been cuffed, if her woman had not interposed, and told her I was not worthy her anger; and that I was as much to be pitied for my credulity, as despised for my vanity.'

'My poor Pamela,' said my master, 'this was too, too hard upon you!'—

'O Sir,' said I, 'how much easier it was to me, than if it had been so!—That would have broken my heart quite! For then I should have deserved it all, and worse; and these reproaches, added to my own guilt, would have made me truly wretched.'

Lady Darnford, at whose right hand I sat, kissed me with a kind of rapture, and called me a sweet exampler for all my sex. Mr. Peters said very handsome things; so did Mr. Perry: and Sir Simon, with tears in his eyes, said to my master, 'Why, neighbour, this is excellent, by troth. I believe there is something in virtue, that we had not well considered. On my soul, there has been but one angel come down for this thousand years, and you have got her.'

'Well, my dearest,' said my master, 'pray proceed with your story till we have done supper, since the ladies seem pleased with it.'—'Why, Sir,' said I, 'her ladyship

went on in the same manner; but said one time (and held me by the hand) she would give me a hundred guineas for one provoking word, or if I would but say I *believed* myself married, that she might fell me at her foot; but, Sir, you must not be angry with her. She called me *painted dirt, baby-face, waiting maid, beggar's brat*, and *beggar born;* but I said, as long as I knew my innocence, I was easy in every thing but to have my dear parents abused. They were never beggars, nor beholden to any body, nor to any thing but God's grace and their own labour; that they once lived in credit; that misfortunes might befall any body; and that I could not bear they should be treated so undeservedly.

'Then her ladyship said, "Ay, she supposed my master's folly would make us set up for a family, and that the Herald's office would shortly be searched to make it out."'

'Exactly my sister again!' said he. 'So you could not please her any way?'

'No, indeed, Sir. When she commanded me to fill her a glass of wine, and would not let her woman do it, she asked, if I was above it? I then said, "If to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me. But, if it be to triumph over one who has received honours she thinks require from her another part, that she may not be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I *cannot* do it.' This quite astonished her ladyship; and a little before, her kinsman brought me the bottle and glass, and required me to fill it for my lady at her command, calling himself my deputy: and I said, "'Tis in a good hand, help my lady yourself." So, Sir,' added I, 'you see I could be a *little* saucy *upon occasion.*'

'You please me well, my Pamela,' said he. 'This was quite right. But proceed.'

'Her ladyship said, she was astonished: adding, she supposed I would have her look upon me as her brother's wife: and, asked me, what in the name of impudence possessed me, to *dare* to look upon myself as her sister? I said, that was a question better became her most worthy brother to answer than me. And then I thought I should have had her ladyship upon me, but her woman interposed. I afterwards told Mrs. Jewkes at the window, that since I was detained, I believed it was best to let Robert go with the chariot, and say, Lady Davers was come, and I could not leave her ladyship. But this did not please, though I thought it would: for she said, "No, no, he'll think I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her."'

'Exactly,' said he, 'my sister again!'

'She said I knew nothing what belonged to people of condition; how should I? "What *shall* I say, Madam," said I. "Nothing at all," answered she; "let him expect his *dearest love*," alluding to your kind letter, "and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more hours to this heavy absence, and every one will become a day in his amorous account."'

'So, to be short, I saw nothing was to be done; and I feared Sir, you would wonder at my stay, and be angry; I watched my opportunity, until my lady was at the further end of the room; and the parlour being a ground floor, I jumped out of the window, and ran for it.

'Her ladyship called after me, so did her woman; I heard her say, I flew like a bird; and she called to two of her servants to stop me; but I said, "Touch me at your peril, fellows." Mr. Colbrand having been

planted at hand by Mrs. Jewkes (who incurred her ladyship's displeasure, once or twice, by taking my part in the affair,) seeing how I was used, put on a fierce look, cocked his hat with one hand, and put t'other on his sword, and said, he would chine the man who offered to touch his lady. So he ran alongside, and could hardly keep pace with me: And here, my dear Sir,' concluded I, 'I am, at your's and the good company's service.'

They seemed highly pleased; and my master said, he was glad Mrs. Jewkes behaved so well, as also Mr. Colbrand. 'Yes, Sir,' said I; 'when Mrs. Jewkes interposed once, her ladyship said, it was hard, she, who was born in that house, could not have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants. She called her another time *fat-face*, and *woman'd* her most violently.'

'Well,' said my master, 'I am glad, my dear, you have had such an escape. My sister was always passionate, as Mrs. Peters knows; and my poor mother had enough to do with us both; for we neither of us wanted spirit. When I was a boy, I never came home from school or college for a few days, though we longed to see one another before, but on the first day we had a quarrel; for she, being seven years older than I, would domineer over me, and I could not bear it. And I used, on her frequently quarrelling with the maids, being always at a word and a blow, to call her Captain Bab; for her name is Barbara. When my Lord Davers courted her, my poor mother has made up quarrels between them three times in a day; and I used to tell her, she would certainly beat her husband, marry whom she would, if he did no. beat her first, and break her spirit, Yet has she very good qualities. She was a dutiful daughter, is a good wife; she is bountiful to her servants, firm in her friendships, charitable to the poor, and, I believe, never any sister better loved a brother, than she me: and yet she always loved to vex and teaze me; and as I would bear a resentment longer than she, she'd be one moment the most provoking creature in the world, and the next would do any thing to be forgiven; and I have made her, when she was the aggressor, follow me all over the house and garden to be upon good terms with me.

'But this case piques her more, because she had found out a match for me in the family of a person of quality and had set her heart upon bringing it to effect, and had even proceeded far in it, without my knowledge, and brought me into the lady's company, unknowing of her design: but I was then averse to matrimony on any terms; and was angry at her proceeding in it so far without my privity or encouragement; and she cannot, for this reason, bear the thoughts of my being now married, and to her mother's waiting maid too, as she reminds my dear Pamela, when I had declined her proposal with the daughter of a noble earl.

'This is the noble case,' said he; 'and allowing for the pride and violence of her spirit, and that she knows not as I do, the transcendent excellencies of my dear Pamela, and that all her view, in her own conception, is mine and the family honour, she is a little to be allowed for: though never fear, my Pamela, but that I who never had a struggle with her wherein I did not get the better will do you justice and myself too.'

This account of Lady Davers pleased every body, and was far from being to her ladyship's disadvantage in the main; and I would do any thing in the world to have the honour to be in her good graces,

yet I fear it will not be easily, if at all, effected. But I will proceed.

After supper, nothing would serve Miss Darnford and Miss Boroughs, but we must have a dance; and Mr. Peters who plays a good fiddle, urged it forward. My dear master though in a riding dress, took out Miss Boroughs. Sir Simon, for a man of his years, danced well, and took me out; but put on one of his free jokes, that I was fitter to dance with a younger man, he would have it (though I had not danced since my dear lady's death but once or twice, to please Mrs. Jervis, and, indeed, believed all my dancing days over) that as my master and I were the best dancers, we should dance once together *before* folks, as the old gentleman said; my dear Sir was pleased to oblige him: and afterwards danced with Miss Darnford, who has much more skill and judgment than I; though they complimented me with an easier shape and air.

We left the company with great difficulty, at about eleven, my dear master having been up all night before, and we being at the greatest distance from home; they seemed inclined not to break up so soon, as they were neighbours; and the ladies said, they longed to hear the end of Lady Davers's interview with her brother.

My master said, he feared we must not now think of going next day to Bedfordshire, as intended; and perhaps might see them again. So we took leave, and set out for home; where we arrived not till twelve o'clock, and found Lady Davers had gone to bed about eleven, wanting much that we should come home first but so did not I.

Mrs. Jewkes told us, that my lady was sadly fretted that I had got away *so; and seemed* a little *apprehensive of what I* would say of her usage of me. She asked Mrs. Jewkes if she thought I was really married? Mrs. Jewkes telling her, Yes, she fell into a passion, and said, 'Begone, bold woman, I cannot bear thee. See not my face till I send for thee. Thou hast been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worse than ever.' She said, she would not have told her ladyship, if she had not asked her; and was sorry she had offended. She sent for her at supper time: said she, 'I have another question to ask thee, woman, and tell me, Yes, if thou darest.' Was ever any thing so odd? 'Why, then,' said Mrs. Jewkes, 'I will say No, before your ladyship speaks.' My master laughed: 'Poor woman!' said he. She called her *insolent*, and *assurance;* and said, 'Begone bold woman as thou art!—but come hither, Dost thou know if that young harlot is to lie with my brother to-night?'

She knew not what to answer, because she had threatened her if she said Yes. But at last, my lady said, 'I will know the bottom of this iniquity. I suppose they won't have so much impudence to lie together while I'm in the house: but I dare say they have been bedfellows.'

Said she 'I will lie to-night in the room I was born in; so get that bed ready.' That room being our bed-chamber, Mrs. Jewkes after some hesitation, replied, 'Madam, my master lies there, and has the key.'—'I believe, woman,' said she, 'thou tellest me a story.'—'Indeed, Madam he does, and has some papers there he will let nobody see;' for Mrs. Jewkes said she feared she would beat her if she went up, and found by my clothes, and some of my master's, how it was.

'So,' she said, 'I will then lie in the best room, as it is called; and

Jackey shall lie in the little green room adjoining. Has thy master got the keys of those?'—'No, Madam,' said Mrs. Jewkes; 'I will have them made ready for your ladyship.'

'And where dost thou lay thy pursy sides?' said she, 'Up two pair of stairs, Madam, next the garden.'—'And where lies the young harlotry?'—'Sometimes with me, Madam,' said she,—'And sometimes with thy virtuous master, I suppose. Ha, woman! what say'st thou?'—'I must not speak,' said Mrs. Jewkes. 'Well, thou may'st go,' said she; 'but thou hast the air of a secret keeper of that sort; I dare say thou'lt set the good work forward most cordially.'—'Poor Mrs. Jewkes!' said my master, and laughed most heartily. This talk we had whilst we were undressing. So she and her woman lay together in the room my master lay in before I was happy. I said, 'Dear Sir, pray, in the morning, let me lock myself up when you rise; and not be called down for ever so much; as I am afraid to see her ladyship; and I will employ myself about my journal, while these things are in my head.'—'Don't be afraid, my dear,' said he; 'am I not with you?'

Mrs. Jewkes pitied me for what I underwent in the day; and I said, 'We won't make the worst of it to my dear master, as we won't exasperate where we would reconcile: but,' added I 'I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Jewkes, and thank you.' Said my master, 'I hope she did not beat your lady, Mrs. Jewkes!'—'Not much, Sir,' said she; 'but I believe I saved her once: yet I was most vexed at the young lord.'—'Ay, Mrs. Jewkes,' said my master, 'let me know his behaviour. I can chastise him, though not my sister who is a woman; so let me know the part he acted,'

'Nothing, my dear Sir,' said I, 'but impertinence, if I may so say and foolishness, that was very provoking; but I spared him not, and so there is no room Sir, for your anger.'—'No, Sir,' said Mrs. Jewkes 'nothing else indeed.'

'How was her woman?' said my master. 'Pretty impertinent,' replied Mrs. Jewkes, 'as ladies' women will be.'—'But,' said I, 'you know she saved me once or twice.'—'Very true, Madam,' returned Mrs. Jewkes. 'She said to me at table, that you were a sweet creature: she never saw your equal; but that you had a spirit; and she was sorry you answered her lady so, who never bore such contradiction before. I told her,' added Mrs. Jewkes, 'that if I was in your place, I should have taken much more upon me; and that you are all sweetness. She said, I was got over, she saw.'

TUESDAY MORNING, THE SIXTH OF MY HAPPINESS.

My master told Mrs. Jewkes, he should not rise till eight or nine, as he had sat up all the night before: but it seems my lady knowing he usually rose about six, got up soon after that hour; raised her woman, and her nephew; having a whimsical scheme in her head, to try to find whether we were in bed together; and about half an hour after six, she rapt at our chamber-door.

My master was waked at the noise, and asked who was there? 'Open the door,' said she; 'open it this minute!' I said, clinging about his neck, 'Dear, dear Sir, pray, pray, don't! O save me!'—'Don't fear, Pamela,' said he, 'the woman's mad, I believe.'

But he called out, 'Who are you? What do you want?'—'You know my voice well enough,' said she, 'I will come in.'—'Pray, Sir,' said I,

'don't let her ladyship in.'—'Don't be frighted, my dear,' said he; 'she thinks we are not married, and are afraid to be found a-bed together, *I'll* let her in; but she sha'n't come near you.'

So he slipt out of bed, and putting on some of his clothes, and gown and slippers, he said, 'What bold body dare disturb my repose thus?' and opened the door. In rushed she: 'I'll see your wickedness,' said she, 'I will: in vain shall you think to hide it from me.'—'What should I hide?' said he. How dare you set a foot in my house, after your usage of me?' I had covered myself over head and ears, and trembled every joint. He 'spied her woman and kinsman in the room, she crying out, 'Bear witness, Jackey; bear witness, Beck; the creature is *now* in his bed.' Not seeing the young gentleman before, who was at the feet of the bed, he said, 'How now, Sir!' What is your business in this apartment? Begone this moment.' And he went away directly.

'Beck,' said my lady, 'you see the creature is in his bed.'—'I do, Madam,' answered she. My master came to me,' and said, 'Ay, look Beck, and bear witness: here is my Pamela: my dear angel, my lovely creature, don't be afraid; look up, and see how frantiely this woman of quality behaves.' At which, I just peeped, and saw my lady, who could not bear this, coming to me; and she said, 'Wicked, abandoned wretch! vile brother, to brave me thus! I'll tear the creature out of bed before your face, and expose you both as you deserve.'

At that he took her in his arms, as if she had been nothing; and carrying her out of the room, she cried out, 'Beck, Beck! help me, Beck; the wretch is going to throw me down stairs.' *Her woman, ran to him, and said, 'Good Sir, for Heaven's sake, do no violence to my lady; her ladyship has been ill all night.'*

He set her down in the chamber she lay in, and she could not speak for passion. 'Take care of your lady,' said he, 'and when she has rendered herself more worthy of my attention, I'll see her; till then, at her peril, and your's too, come not near my apartment.' So he came to me, and with the sweetest soothing words, pacified my fears, gave me leave to write in my closet when my fright was over, and to stay there till things were more calm. Then he dressed himself, and went out of the chamber, permitting me to fasten the door after him.

At breakfast time, my master tapped at the door, and I said, 'Who's there?'—'I, my dearest,' said he. 'Oh then,' replied I, 'I will open it with pleasure.' I had written on a good deal, but I put it by, when I ran to the door. I would have locked it again, when he was in; but he said. 'Am not I here? Don't be afraid.' Said he, 'Will you come down to breakfast, my love?'—'O no, dear Sir,' said I: 'be pleased to excuse me.' Said he, 'I cannot bear the look of it, that the mistress of my house should breakfast in her closet, as if she durst not come down, and I at home!'—'O dearest Sir,' replied I, 'pray pass that over for my sake; and don't let my presence aggravate your sister for a kind punctilio.'—'Then, my dear,' said he, 'I will breakfast with *you* here.'—'No, pray, dear Sir,' answered I, 'breakfast with your sister.'—'That, my dear,' replied he, 'will too much gratify her pride, and look like a slight to you.'—'Dear Sir,' said I, 'your goodness is too great for me to want punctilious proofs of it. Pray oblige her ladyship. She is your guest; surely, Sir, you may be freest with your dutiful wife?'

'She is a strange woman,' said he: 'how I pity her! She has thrown herself into a violent fit of the colic, through passion; and is but now, her woman says, a little easier.'—'I hope, Sir,' said I, 'when you carried her ladyship out, you did not hurt her.'—'No,' replied he, 'I love her too well. I sat her down in the apartment she had chosen; and she but now desires to see me, and that I will breakfast with her, or refuses to touch any thing. But, if my dearest please, I will insist it shall be with you at the same time.'

'O, no, no, dear Sir,' said I: 'I should never forgive myself if I did. I would on my knees beg her ladyship's goodness to me now I am in your presence; though I thought I ought to carry it a little stiff when you were absent, for the sake of the honour you have done me. And, dear Sir, if my deepest humility will please, permit me to show it.'

'You shall do nothing,' returned he, 'unworthy of my wife, to please the proud woman! But I will, however, permit you to breakfast by yourself this once, as I have not seen her since I used her in so barbarous a manner, as I understand she exclaims I have; and as she will not eat any thing unless I give her my company.' So he saluted me, and withdrew; and I locked the door after him again for fear.

Mrs. Jewkes soon after, rapped at the door, 'Who's there?' said I. 'Only I, Madam.' So I opened the door. '"Tis a sad thing, Madam,' said she, 'you should be so much afraid in your own house.' She brought me some chocolate and toast: and I asked her about my lady's behaviour: she said, she would not suffer any body to attend *but her woman*, because she would *not be heard* what she had to say; *but she believed*, she said, her master *was very angry* with the young lord, as she called her kinsman, for, as she passed by the door, she heard him say, in a high tone, 'I hope, Sir, you did not forget what belongs to the character you assume:' or to that effect.

About one o'clock my master came up again; and he said, 'Will you come down to dinner, Pamela, when I send for you?'—'Whatever you command, Sir, I must do; but my lady won't desire to see me.'—'No matter whether she will or not. But I will not suffer, that she shall prescribe her insolent will to my wife, and in your own house too. I will, by my tenderness to you mortify her pride; and it cannot be done so well as to her face.'

'Dearest, Sir,' said I, 'pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myself. It will make my lady but more inveterate.' Said he, 'I have told her we are married. She is out of all patience about it, and yet pretends *not* to believe it. Upon that I tell her then she shall have it her own way, and that I am *not*. And what has she to do with it either way! She has scolded and begged, commanded and prayed, blessed me, and cursed me by turns, twenty times, in these few hours. And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes raged; and at last left her, and took a turn in the garden for an hour to compose myself, because you should not see how the foolish woman had ruffled me; and just now I came out, seeing her coming in.'

Just as he had said so, I cried, 'Oh! my lady, my lady!' for I heard her voice in the chamber, saying, 'Brother, brother, one word with you—' stopping in sight of the closet where I was. He stept out, and she went up to the window, that looks towards the garden, and said, 'Mean fool that I am, to follow you up and down the house in this manner, though I am shunned and avoided by you! You a bro-

ther!—you a barbarian! is it possible we could be born of one mother?'

'Why,' said he, 'do you charge me with a conduct to you, that you bring upon yourself? Is it not surprising that you should take the liberty with me, that the dear mother you have named never gave you an example for to any of her relations? Was it not sufficient that I was insolently taken to task by you in your letters, but my retirements must be invaded; my house insulted? And, if I have one person dearer to me than another, that person must be singled out for an object of your violence.'

'Ay,' said she, 'that one person is the thing! But though I come with a resolution to be temperate, and to expostulate with you on your avoiding me so unkindly, yet cannot I have patience to look upon that bed in which I was born, and to be made the guilty scene of your wickedness with such a ——' —'Hush!' said he, 'I charge you, call not the dear girl by any name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her excellence; and I desire you'll not repeat the freedoms you have taken below.'

She stamped with her foot, and said, 'God give me patience! So much contempt to a sister that loves you so well; and so much tenderness to a vile——'

He put his hand before her mouth; 'Be silent,' said he, 'once more I charge you. You know not the innocence you abuse so freely. I ought not, neither will I bear it.'

She sat down and fanned herself, and burst into tears, and such sobs of grief, or rather passion, that grieved me to hear; and I sat and trembled sadly.

He walked about the room in great anger; and at last said, 'Let me ask you, *Lady Davers*, why am I thus insolently to be called to account by you? Am I not independent? Am I not of age? Am not I at liberty to please myself? Would to God that instead of a woman, and my sister, any man breathing had dared, whatever were his relation, under that of a father, to give himself half the airs you have done! Why did you not send on this accursed errand your lord, who could write me such a letter as no gentleman should write, nor any gentleman tamely receive? He should have seen the difference.'

'We all know,' said she, 'that since your Italian duel, you have commenced a bravo; and all your airs breathe as strongly of the manslayer as of the libertine.'—'This,' said he, 'I will bear; for I have no reason to be ashamed of that duel, nor the cause of it: since it was to save a friend, and because 'tis levelled at myself only! but suffer not your tongue to take too great a liberty with my Pamela.'

She interrupted him in a violent burst of passion. 'If I bear this,' said she, 'I can bear any thing!—O the little strumpet!' He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully, 'Begone, rageful woman, this moment from my presence! Leave my house this instant! I renounce you, and all relation to you; and never more let me see your face, or call me a brother.' And took her by the hand to lead her out. She laid hold of the curtains of the window, and said, 'I will not go! you shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the wretch's hearing, and suffer *her* to triumph over me in your barbarous treatment of me.'

Not considering any thing, I ran out of the closet, and threw myself at my dear master's feet, and said, 'Dearest Sir, let me beg, that no act of unkindness for my sake, pass be-

tween so worthy and so near relations.—Dear, dear Madam,' said I, and clasped her knees, 'pardon the unhappy cause of all this evil; on my knees I beg your ladyship to receive me to your grace and favour, and you shall find me incapable of any triumph but in your goodness to me.'

'Creature,' said she, 'art *thou* to beg an excuse for me?—Art *thou* to implore my forgiveness? Is it to *thee* I am to owe the favour, that I am not cast headlong from my brother's presence? Be gone to thy corner, wench; be gone, I say, lest thy paramour kill me for trampling thee under my foot.'

'Rise, my dear Pamela,' said my master, 'rise dear life of my life! and expose not so much worthiness to the ungrateful scorn of so violent a spirit.' So he led me to my closet, and there I sat and wept.

Her woman came up, just as he had led me to my closet, and was returning to her lady; and she very humbly said, 'Excuse my intrusion, good Sir! I hope I may come to my lady.'—'Yes, Mrs. Worden,' said he, 'you may come in, and pray take your lady down stairs with you, for fear I should too much forget what belongs either to my sister, or myself!'

I began to think (seeing her ladyship so outrageous with her brother) what a happy escape I had the day before, though hardly enough used in conscience too, as I thought.

Her woman begged her ladyship to walk down: and she said, 'Beck, seest thou that bed! That is the bed I was born in; yet, thou sawest, as well as I, the wicked Pamela in it, this morning, and this brother of mine just risen from her!'

'*True*,' said he, 'you both saw it, *and 'tis my pride* that you could see *it. 'Tis my bridal* bed; and 'tis *abominable, that* the happiness I knew before you came, should be so barbarously interrupted.'

'Swear to me but, thou bold wretch,' said she, 'that Pamela Andrews is really and truly thy lawful wife, without sham, deceit, or double meaning; and I know what I have to say.'

'I'll humour you for once,' said he, and then swore a solemn oath, that I was. 'And,' said he, 'did I not tell you so at first?'

'I cannot *yet* believe you,' said she, 'because, in this particular, I had rather have called you *knave* than *fool*.'—'Provoke me not too much,' said he; 'for, if I should as much forget myself as you have done, you'd have no more of a brother in me, than I have a sister in you.'

'Who married you?' said she; 'tell me that: was it not a broken attorney in a parson's habit? Tell me truly in the wench's hearing. When she's undeceived, she'll know how to behave herself better!'—'Thank God,' thought I, 'it is not so.'

'No,' said he, 'and I'll tell you, that I blessed God, I abhorred that project, before it was brought to bear: and Mr. Williams married us.'—'Nay, then,' said she, 'but answer me another question or two, I beseech you: who gave her away?'—'Parson Peters,' said he. 'Where was the ceremony performed?'—'In my own little chapel, which you may see, as it was put in order on purpose.'

'Now,' said she, 'I begin to fear there is something in it. But who was present?' said she. 'Methinks,' replied he, 'I look like a fine puppy, to suffer myself to be thus interrogated by an insolent sister: but, if you must know, Mrs. Jewkes was present.'—'O, the procuress,' said she: 'but nobody else?'—'Yes,' said he, 'all my heart and soul!'

Wretch!' said she: 'and what would thy father and mother have said, had they lived to this day?'—'Their consents,' replied he, 'I should have thought it my duty to ask; but not your's, Madam.'

'Suppose,' said she, 'I had married my father's groom! what would you have said to that?'—'I could not have behaved worse,' replied he, 'than you have done.'—'And would you not have thought,' said she, 'I had deserved it?'

Said he, 'Does your pride let you see no difference, in the case you put?'—'None at all,' said she. 'Where can the difference be between a beggar's son married to a lady, or a beggar's daughter made a gentleman's wife!'

'Then, I'll tell you: the difference is, a man ennobles the woman he takes, be she *who* she will; and adopts her into his *own* rank, be it *what* it will: but a woman, though ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean marriage, and descends from her *own* rank to *his* she stoops to.

'When the royal family of Stuart allied itself into the low family of Hyde, (comparatively low, I mean,) did any body scruple to call the lady Royal Highness, and Dutchess of York? Did any one think her daughters, the late Queen Mary and Queen Anne, less royal for that?

'When the broken fortuned peer goes into the city to marry a rich tradesman's daughter, be he duke or earl, does not his consort immediately become ennobled by his choice? and who scruples to call her lady, dutchess, or countess?

'But when a dutchess or countess dowager descends to mingle with a person of obscure birth, does she not then degrade herself? and is she not effectually degraded? And will any dutchess or countess rank with her?

'*Now, Lady Davers*, see you not a difference between my marrying my dear mother's beloved and deserving waiting maid, with a million of excellencies, and such graces of mind and person as would adorn any distinction; and your marrying a sordid groom, whose constant train of education, conversation, and opportunities, could possibly give him no other merit, than what must proceed from the vilest, lowest taste, in his sordid dignifier?'

'O, the wretch!' said she, 'how he finds excuses to palliate his meanness!'

'Again,' said he, 'let me observe to you, Lady Davers, when a duke marries a private person, is he not still her *head*, by virtue of being her husband? But when a lady descends to marry a groom, is not that groom her *head*, being her husband? Does not that difference strike you? For what lady of quality ought to respect another, who has made so sordid a choice, and set a groom above her? For, would it not be to put that groom upon a par with themselves? Call this palliation, or what you will; but if you see not the difference, you are blind, and a very unfit judge for yourself, much more unfit to be a censurer of me.'

'Publish your fine reasons,' said she, 'and they will be sweet encouragement to all the young gentlemen that read them, to cast themselves away on the servant wenches in their families.'

'Not at all, Lady Davers,' replied he: 'for if any young gentleman stays till he finds such a person as my Pamela, so enriched with the beauties of person and mind, so well fitted to adorn the degree she is raised to, he will stand as easily acquitted as I shall be, to all the world that sees her, except there be many more Lady Davers's than I apprehend can possibly be met with.'

'And so,' returned she, 'you say you are actually and really married, honestly, or rather foolishly married to this *slut?*'

'I am indeed,' said he, 'if you presume to call her so! And why should I not, if I please? Who is there ought to contradict me?—Whom have I hurt by it? Have I not an estate, free and independent? Am I likely to be beholden to you, or any of my relations? And why, when I have a sufficiency in my own single hands, should I scruple to make a woman equally happy, who has all I want? For beauty, virtue, prudence, and generosity too, I will tell you, she has more than any lady I ever saw. Yes, Lady Davers, she has all these *naturally;* they are *born* with her; and a few years education, with her genius, has done more for her, than a whole life has done for others.'

'No more, no more, I beseech you; thou surfeitest me, honest man! with thy weak folly. Thou art more than an idolater; thou hast made a graven image, and fallest down to worship the works of thine own hands: and, Jeroboam-like, wouldst have every body else bow down before thy calf!'

'Well said, Lady Davers! Whenever your passion suffers you to descend to witticism, 'tis almost over with you. But let me tell you, though I myself worship this sweet creature, that you call such names, I want nobody else to do it; and should be glad you had not intruded upon me, to interrupt me in the course of our mutual happiness.'

'Well said, well said, my kind, my well mannered brother!' said she. 'I shall, after this, very little *interrupt* your mutual happiness, I'll *assure you. I thought you a gentleman once, and* prided myself in *my brother:* but I'll say now, with the burial service, "*Ashes to ashes, and dirt to dirt!*"'

'Ay,' said he, 'Lady Davers, and there we must all end; you with your pride, and I with my plentiful fortune, must come to it; and then, where will be your distinction? Let me tell you, except you and I mend our manners, though you have been no duellist, no libertine, as you call me, this amiable girl whom your vanity and folly so much despise, will infinitely out-soar us both; and he who judges best, will give the preference where due, without regard to birth or fortune.'

'Egregious preacher!' said she: 'what, my brother already turned Puritan!—See what marriage and repentance may bring a man to! I heartily congratulate this change!—Well,' said she, (and came towards me; and I trembled to see her coming: but her brother followed to observe, and I stood up at her approach, and she said) 'give me thy hand, Mrs. Pamela, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. ——. What shall I call thee!—Thou hast done wonders in a little time: not only made a rake a husband; but thou hast made a rake a preacher! Take care,' added she, 'after all,' in ironical anger, tapping me on the neck, 'that thy vanity begins not where his ends; and that thou callest not thyself my sister.'

'She shall, I hope, Lady Davers,' said he, 'when she can make as great a convert of you from pride, as she has of me from libertinism.'

Mrs. Jewkes just then came up, and said dinner was ready. 'Come, my Pamela,' said my dear master 'you desired to be excused from breakfasting with us; but I hope you'll give Lady Davers and me your company to dinner.'

'How dare you insult me thus!' said my lady. 'How dare you,' said he, 'insult me by your conduct, in

my own house, after I have told you I am married? Or think of staying here one moment, and refuse my wife the honours that belong to her as such?'

'Merciful God!' said she, 'give me patience!' and held her hand to her forehead.

'Pray, dear Sir,' said I, 'excuse me; don't vex my lady.'—'Be silent, my dear love,' said he: 'you see already what you have got by your condescension. You have thrown yourself at her feet, and, insolent as she is, she has threatened to trample upon you. She'll ask you presently, if she is to owe her excuse to your interposition? And yet nothing else can make her forgiven.'

Poor lady, she could not bear this; and as if discomposed, she ran to her poor grieved woman, took hold of her hand, and said 'Lead me down, lead me down, Beck!' Let us instantly quit this house, this cursed house, that once I took pleasure in: order the fellows to get ready, and I will never see it, nor its owner, more.' And away she went down stairs in a great hurry. And the servants were ordered to make ready for their departure.

I saw my master was troubled, and I went to him, and said, 'Pray, dear Sir, follow my lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her love to you,'—'Poor woman!' said he, 'I am concerned for her! But I insist upon your coming down, since things are gone so far. Her pride will get new strength else, and we shall be all to begin again.'

'Dearest Sir,' said I, 'excuse my going down this once!' 'Indeed, my dear, I won't,' replied he. 'What, shall it be said, that my sister should scare my wife from table, and I present? No, I have borne too much already; and so have you: and I charge you come down, when I send for you.'

He departed, saying these words, and I durst not dispute, for I saw he was determined. And there is as much majesty as goodness in him; and as I have often observed, though never more than on the present occasion with his sister. Her ladyship instantly put on her hood and gloves, and her woman tied up a handkerchief full of things; for her principal matters were not unpacked; and the coachman got her chariot ready, and her footmen their horses; and she appeared resolved to go. But her kinsman and Mr. Colbrand had taken a turn together somewhere; and she would not come in, but sat fretting on a seat in the fore yard, with her woman by her; and at last said to one of the footmen, 'Do you, James stay to attend my nephew; and we'll take the road we came.'

Mrs. Jewkes went to her ladyship, and said, 'Your ladyship will be pleased to stay dinner, 'tis just coming upon table.'—'No,' said she, 'I have indeed enough of this house! But give my service to your master, and I wish him happier than he has made me.'

He had sent for me down, and I came, though unwillingly, and the cloth was laid in the parlour I had jumped out of; my master walking about it. Mrs. Jewkes came in and asked if he pleased to have dinner brought in? for my lady would not come in, but desired her service, and wished him happier than he had made her. He, seeing at the window, when he went to that side of the room, all ready to go, stept out, and said, 'Lady Davers, if I thought you would not be hardened rather than softened by my civility, I would ask you to walk in, and, at least, let your kinsman and servants dine before they go.' She wept and turned her face from him, to hide it. He took her hand, and said, 'Come sister, let me prevail upon you

walk in.' 'No!' said she, 'don't ask me. I wish I could hate you as much as you hate me?'—'You do,' said he, and a great deal more, I'll assure you, or else you'd not vex me as you do. Come, pray walk in.'—'Don't ask me,' said she. Her kinsman just then returned: 'Why, madam,' said he, 'Your ladyship won't go till you have din'd, I hope?'—'No, Jackey,' said she, 'I can't stay: I'm an *intruder* here, it seems!'—'Think,' said my master, 'of the occasion you gave for that word. Your violent passions are the only *intruders!* Lay them aside, and never sister was dearer to a brother.'—'Don't say such another word,' said she, 'I beseech you; for I am too easy to forgive you any thing, for one kind word!'—'You shall have one hundred,' said he, 'nay, ten thousand, if they will do, my dear sister.' And kissing her, he added, 'Pray give me your hand. John,' said he, 'put up your horses: you are all as welcome here, for all your lady's angry with me, as at any inn you can put up at. Come, Mr. H.' said he, 'lead your aunt in; for she won't permit that honour to me.'

This quite overcame her, and she said, giving her brother her hand, 'Yes, I will, and you shall lead me any whither!' and kissed him. 'But don't think,' said she, 'I can forgive you neither.' So he led her into the parlour where I was. Said she, 'Why do you lead me to this wench?'—'Tis my wife, my dear sister; and if you will not love her, yet don't forget common civilities to her for your own sake.'

'Pray, Madam,' said her kinsman, 'since your brother is pleased to own his marriage, we must not forget common civilities, as Mr. B. says. And, Sir,' added he, 'permit me to wish you joy:'—'Thank you, Sir,' said he. 'And may I?' said he, looking at me. 'Yes, Sir,' replied my master. So he saluted me, very complaisantly; and said, 'I vow to God, Madam, I did not know this yesterday; and if I was guilty of a fault, I beg your pardon.'

My lady said, 'Thou'rt a good natured foolish fellow; thou might'st have saved this nonsensical parade, till I had given thee leave.'—'Why, aunt,' said he, 'if they are actually married, there's no help for't; and we must not make mischief between man and wife.'

'But, brother, do you think I'll sit at table with the creature?'—'No contemptuous names, I beseech you, Lady Davers! I tell you she is really my wife; and I must be a villain to suffer her to be ill used.—She has no protector but me; and if you will permit her, she will always love and honour you.'—'Indeed, madam, I will,' said I.

'I cannot, I won't sit down to table with her,' said she. 'Pamela, I hope thou dost not think I will!'—'Indeed, Madam,' said I, 'if your good brother will permit it, I will attend your chair while you dine, to show my veneration for your ladyship, as the sister of my kind protector.'—'See,' said he, 'her condition has not altered her; but I cannot permit in her a conduct unworthy of my wife; and I hope my sister will not expect it neither.'

'Let her leave the room,' replied she, 'If I must stay.'—'Indeed, you're out of the way, aunt,' said her kinsman; 'that is not right, as things stand.' Said my master, 'No, Madam, that must not be: or, if so, we'll have two tables; you and your nephew shall sit at one, and my wife and I at the other; and then see what a figure your unreasonable punctilio will make you cut.' She seemed irresolute, and he placed her at the table, the first course, which was fish, being brought in. 'Where,' said she to me, 'wouldst thou presume to sit? Would'st have

me give *place* to thee *too*, wench?'—'Come, said my master, 'I'll put that out of dispute;' and so sat himself down by her, at the upper end of the table, and placed me at his left hand. 'Excuse me, my dear,' said he, 'this once.'—'Oh! your cursed complaisance,' said she, 'to such a ——'—'Hush, sister!' said he: I will not bear to hear her spoke slightingly of! 'Tis enough, that to oblige your violent and indecent caprice, you make me compromise with you thus.'

'Come, Sir,' added he, 'pray take your place next your gentle aunt.'—'Beck,' said she, 'do you sit down by Pamela, there, since it must be so; we'll be hail-fellow all!'—'With all my heart,' replied my master; 'I have so much honour for all the sex, that I would not have the meanest person of it stand, while I sit, had I been to have made the custom. Mrs. Worden, pray sit down.'—'Sir, said she, 'I hope I shall know my place better.'

My lady sat considering; and then, lifting up her hands, said, 'Lord, what will this world come to?'—'To nothing but what's very good,' replied my master, 'if such spirits as Lady Davers's do but take the rule of it. Shall I help you, sister, to some carp?'—'Help your beloved!' said she, 'That's kind!' said he: 'Now that's my good Lady Davers! Here my love, let me help you, since my sister desires it.'—'Mighty well,' returned she. 'mighty well!' but sat on one side, turning from me, as it were.

'Dear aunt,' said her kinsman, 'let's see you buss, and be friends; since 'tis so, what signifies it?'—'Hold thy fool's tongue! is thy tone so soon turned since yesterday?' Said my master, 'I hope no affront was offered to my wife in her own house.' She hit him a *smart slap on the shoulder*; 'Take *that impudent brother*,' said she. 'I'll *wife* you, and in *her own* house!' She seemed half afraid; but he, in very good humour kissed her, and said, 'Sister, I thank you. But I have not had a blow from you before for some time!'

'Fore Gad, Sir,' said her kinsman, ''tis very kind of you to take it so well. Her ladyship is as good a woman as ever lived; but I have had many a cuff from her myself.'

'I won't put it up neither,' said my master, 'except you'll assure me, you have seen her serve her lord so.'

I pressed my foot to his, and said softly, 'Don't, dear Sir!'—'What!' said she, 'Is the creature begging me off from insult? If *his* manners won't keep him from outraging me, I won't owe his forbearance to *thee*, wench.'

Said my master, and put some fish on my lady's plate, 'Well does Lady Davers use the word *insult!* But let me see you eat one mouthful, and I'll forgive you;' he put the knife in one hand, and the fork in the other. 'As I hope to live, said he 'I cannot bear this silly childishness, for nothing at all. I am quite ashamed of it.'

She put a little bit to her mouth, but laid it down again: 'I cannot eat,' said she; 'I cannot swallow, I am sure. It will certainly choke me.' He had forbidden his men-servants to come in, that they might not behold the scene he expected: and rose from table himself, and filled a glass of wine, her woman offering, and her kinsman rising, to do it.—Meantime, his seat between us being vacant, she turned to me—'How, now, confidence,' said she, 'darest thou sit next *me?* Why dost thou not rise and take the glass from thy property?'

'Sit still, my dear,' said he; 'I' help you both.' But I arose; fo was afraid of a good cuff; and

'Pray, Sir, let me help my lady!'—'So you shall,' replied he, 'when she's in a humour to receive it as she ought.'—'Sister,' said he, with a glass in his hand, 'pray drink; you'll then perhaps eat something.'—'Is this to insult me?' said she.—'No really,' returned he: 'but to incite you to eat: for you'll be sick for want of it.'

She took the glass and said, 'God forgive you, wicked wretch, for your usage of me this day! This is a little as it used to be! I once had your love, and now it is changed; and for whom? that vexes me!' and wept so, she was forced to set down the glass.

'You don't do well,' said he.—'You neither treat me like your brother, nor a gentleman; and if you would suffer me, I will love you as well as ever. But for a woman of sense and understanding, and a fine bred woman, as I once thought my sister, you act quite a childish part. Come,' added he, and held the glass to her lips, 'let the brother you once loved, prevail on you to drink this glass of wine.' She then drank it. He kissed her, and said, 'Oh! how passion deforms the noblest minds! You have lost much of that loveliness that used to adorn my sister. Let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my sister again?' For Lady Davers is a fine woman; and has a presence as majestic for a lady, as her dear brother has for a gentleman.

He then sat between us and said, when the second course came in, 'Let Abraham come in, and wait;' I touched his toe again; but he minded it not; and I saw he was right; for her ladyship began to recollect herself, and did not behave half so ill before the servants, as she had done, and helped herself with some little freedom; but she could not forbear a strong sigh and sob now and then. She called for a glass of the same wine she drank before. Said he, 'Shall I help you again, Lady Davers?' and rising went to the side-board, and filled her a glass. 'Indeed,' said she, 'I love to be soothed by my brother. Your health, Sir!'

Said my master to me, with great sweetness, 'My dear, now I'm up, I'll fill for you! I must serve *both* sisters alike!' She looked at the servant as a little check upon her, and said to my master, 'How now, Sir!—Not that you know of.' He whispered, 'Don't show any contempt before my servants, to one I have so deservedly made their mistress. Consider, 'tis done.'—'Aye,' said she, 'that's the thing that kills me.'

He gave me a glass: 'My good lady's health, Sir,' said I. 'That won't do!' said she, leaning towards me, softly; and was going to say, Wench or Creature, or some such word. And my master, seeing Abraham look towards her, her eyes being red and swelled, said, 'Indeed, sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you.'—'About what?' said she, 'Why,' replied he, 'about your lord's not coming down, as he had promised.' He sat down, and she tapped him on the shoulder: 'Ah, wicked one!' said she, 'nor will that do neither!'—'Why, to be sure,' added he, 'it would vex a lady of your sense and merit to be slighted, if it *was* so: but I am sure my lord loves you, as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happened.'

She shook her head and said, 'That's like your art. This makes one amazed you should be so caught!'—'Who, my *lord* caught!' said he; 'no, no; he'll have more wit. But I never heard you were jealous before.'—'Nor,' said she, 'have you any reason to think so now. Honest friend, you need not wait,' said she; 'my woman will

help us to what we want.'—'Yes, let him,' replied he. 'Abraham, fill me a glass. Come,' said my master, 'Lord Davers to you, Madam; I hope he'll take care he is not found out.'—'You're very provoking, brother, I wish you were as good as Lord Davers. But don't carry your jest too far.'—'Well,' said he, ''tis a tender point, I own. I've done.'

By these kind managements the dinner passed over better than I expected. When the servants were withdrawn, my master said, still sitting between us, 'I have a question to ask you, Lady Davers; and that is, if you'll bear me company to Bedfordshire? I was intending to set out thither to-morrow. But I'll tarry your pleasure, if you'll go with me.'

'Is thy wife, as thou callest her, to go along with thee, friend?' said she. 'Yes, to be sure,' answered he, 'my dear Quaker sister;' and took her hand, and smiled. 'And wouldst have me parade it with her on the road? Hey! And make one to grace her retinue? Hey! Tell me how thou wouldst chalk it out, if I would do as thou wouldst have me, honest friend?'

He clasped his arms about her, and kissed her; 'You are a dear saucy sister,' said he; 'but I must love you. Why, I'll tell you how I'd have it. Here shall you and my Pamela'—'Leave out *my*, I desire you, if you'd have me sit patiently.'—'No,' said he, 'I can't do that. Here shall you and my Pamela go together in your chariot, if you please; and she will then appear as one of your retinue; and your nephew and I will sometimes ride, and sometimes go into my chariot, to your woman.'

'Shouldst thou like this creature?' said she to me. 'If your ladyship think it not too great an honour *for me, Madam,*' said I. '*Yes,' replied she,* 'but my ladyship does think it would be too great an honour.'

'Now I think of it,' said he, 'this must not be neither; for without you'd give her the hand, in your own chariot, my wife would be thought your woman, and that must not be.'—'Why, that would, may be,' said she, 'be the only inducement for me to bear her near me in my chariot. But how then?'—'Why, then, when we came home, we'd get Lord Davers to come to us, and stay a month or two.'

'And what if he was to come?'—'Why, I would have you, as I know you have a good fancy, give Pamela your judgment on some patterns I expect from London for clothes.'—'Provoking wretch!' said she; 'now I wish I may keep my hands to myself.'—'I don't say it to provoke you,' said he, 'nor ought it to do so. But when I tell you I am married, is it not of consequence, that we must have new clothes?'

'Hast thou any more of these obliging things to say to me, friend?' said she. 'I will make you a present,' returned he, 'worth your acceptance, if you will grace us with your company at church, when we make our appearance.'—'Take that,' said she, 'if I die for't; wretch that thou art!' and was going to hit him a great slap; but he held her hand. Her kinsman said, 'Dear aunt, I wonder at you; why, all these are things of course.'

I begged to withdraw, and, as I went out, my good master said, 'There's a person! There's a shape! There's a sweetness! O, Lady Davers, were you a man, you would doat on her as I do.'—'Yes,' said the naughty lady, 'so I should, for my harlot, but not for my wife.' I turned on this, and said, 'Your ladyship is cruel; and well may gentlemen take liberties, when ladies of honour say such things.' I wept, and added, 'Your ladyship's infer

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[illegible] that they were not my [illegible] I should have [illegible] you with myself: for I [illegible] though I hope from th[illegible] I devoted myself to so much [illegible] to that of my death, my con- [illegible] still be irreproachable."

S[illegible] was greatly moved at this. [illegible] the noble manner in which the [illegible] gentleman owned and repented

of his faults, and gushed out into tears, and said, 'No, don't yet go, Pamela, I beseech you. My passion has carried me too far a great deal;' and, coming to me, she took my hand, and said, 'You must stay to hear me beg his pardon!' and so took his hand. But, to my concern (for I was grieved for her ladyship's grief,) he burst from her; and went out of the parlour into the garden, in a violent rage, that made me tremble. Her ladyship sat down, and leaned her head against my bosom, and made my neck wet with her tears; and I wept for company. Her kinsman was in a sad fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and said, 'Mr. B. has ordered his chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoken to by any body.'—'Where is he?' said she. 'Walking in the garden 'till it is ready,' replied he.

'Well,' said she, 'I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitched! And now,' said she, 'malicious as he calls me, will he not forgive me for a twelvemonth; for I tell you, Pamela, if ever you offend, he will not easily forgive.' I was all delighted, though sad, to see her ladyship so good to me. 'Will you venture,' said she, 'to accompany me to him? —Dare you follow a lion in his retreats?'—'I'll attend your ladyship,' said I, 'wherever you command.' —'Well, wench,' said she, 'Pamela, I mean, thou art very good in the main! I should have loved thee as well as my mother did—if—but 'tis all over now! Indeed you should not have married my brother! But come, I must love him! Let's find him out. Yet will he use me worse than a dog. I should not' added she, 'have exasperated him, for I always have the worst of it. He knows I love him!'

In this manner her ladyship talked, leaning on my arm, and walking into the garden. I saw he was still in a tumult, as it were: and he took another walk to avoid us. She called after him, and said, 'Brother, brother, let me speak to you!—One word with you!' And as we made haste towards him, and came near to him, 'I desire,' said he, 'that you'll not oppress me more with your follies, and your violence. I have borne too much with you; and I will vow, for a twelvemonth from this day—'—'Hush,' said she, 'don't vow, I beg you; for too well will you keep it, I know by experience, if you do. You see,' said she, 'I stoop to ask Pamela to be my advocate. Sure that will pacify you.'

'Indeed,' said he, 'I desire to see neither of you, on such an occasion: let me be left to myself, for I will not be intruded upon thus!' and was going away. But she said, 'One word first, I desire. If you'll forgive *me*, I will forgive *you*!'—'What,' said the dear man haughtily, 'will you forgive *me*?'—'Why,' said she, for she saw him too angry to mention his marriage, as a subject that required her pardon, 'I will forgive you all your bad usage of me this day.'

'I will be serious with you, sister: I wish you most sincerely well; but let us, from this time, study so much one another's quiet, as never to come near one another more.'—'Never!' said she. 'And can you desire this; barbarous brother, can you?'—'I do,' said he: 'and have nothing to do, but to hide from you, not a brother, but a murderer, and a profligate, unworthy of your relation; and let me be consigned to penitence for my past evils; a penitence, however, that shall not be broken in upon by so violent an accuser.'

'Pamela,' said he, and made me tremble, 'how dare you approach me, without leave, when you see me thus disturbed! Never for the future come near me, when I am in these tumults, unless I send for you!

'Dear Sir!' said I. 'Leave me,' interrupted he. 'I will set out for Bedfordshire this moment.' 'What, Sir!' said I, 'without me? What have I done?'—'You have too meanly,' said he 'for my wife, stooped to this furious sister of mine: and, till I can recollect, I am not pleased with you: but Colbrand shall attend you, with two other servants: and Mrs. Jewkes shall wait upon you part of the way: and I hope you'll find in me a better disposition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.'

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimidate my lady, I believe I could not have borne it; but it was grievous to me; for I saw he was most sincerely in a passion.

'I was afraid,' said she, 'he would be angry at you, as well as me: for well do I know his unreasonable violence, when he is moved. But one word, Sir,' said she: 'pardon Pamela, if you won't me; for she has committed no offence but that of good nature, at my request. I will go directly, as I was about to do, had you not prevented me.'

'I prevented you,' said he, 'thro' love; but you have stung me for it through hatred. As for my Pamela, I know, besides the present moment, I cannot be angry with her; and therefore I desire her never to see me, on such occasions, till in the temper I ought to be in, when so much sweetness approaches me. 'Tis therefore, I say, my dearest, leave me now.'

'But, Sir,' said I, 'must I leave you, and let you go to Bedford without me? O dear Sir, how can I?' Said my lady, 'You may go to-morrow, both of you, as you had designed: and I will go away this afternoon; and, since I cannot be forgiven, will try to forget I have a brother.'

'May I, Sir,' said I, 'beg all your anger on myself, and to be reconciled to your good sister?'—'Presuming Pamela,' replied he, and made me start, 'art thou then so hardy, so well able to sustain my displeasure, which of all things, I expected from thy affection, and thy tenderness, thou wouldst have wished to avoid? Now,' said he, taking my hand, and, as it were, tossing it from him, 'begone from me, and reflect upon what you have said!'

I was so frighted (for then I saw he took amiss what I said) that I took hold of his knees, as he was turning from me; and I said, 'Forgive me, good Sir; you see I am *not* so hardy! I cannot bear your displeasure!' and was ready to sink.

His sister said, 'Only forgive Pamela, 'tis all I ask—You'll break *her* spirit quite!—You'll carry your passion as much too far as I have done!'—'I need not say,' said he, 'how well I love her; but she must not intrude upon me at such times as these. I intended, as soon as I had quelled, by my reason, the tumults you had caused by your violence, to have taken such a leave of you both, as might become a husband and a brother; but she has, unbidden, broken in upon me, and must take the consequence of a passion which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own.'

Said she, 'Did I not love you so well, as sister never loved a brother, I should not have given you all this trouble.'—'And did I not,' said he, 'love you better than you are resolved to deserve, I should be indifferent to all you say. But this last instance, after the duelling story (which you would not have mentioned had you not known it is always a matter of concern for me to think upon,) of poor Sally Godfrey, is a piece of spite and meanness, that I can renounce you my blood for.'

'Well,' said she, 'I'm convinced it was wrong. I am ashamed of it myself. 'Twas poor, 'twas mean, twas unworthy of your sister: and tis for this reason I stoop to follow you, to beg your pardon, and even to procure one for my advocate, who I thought had some interest in you, if I might have believed your own profession to her; which now I shall begin to think made purposely to insult me.'

'I care not what you think!—After the meanness you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with pity; for, indeed, you have fallen very low with me.'

'Tis plain I have,' said she. 'But I'll begone. And so, brother, let me call you for this *once!* God bless you!—And Pamela,' said her ladyship, 'God bless you!' and kissed me and wept.

I durst say no more; and my lady turning from him, he said, 'Your sex is the Devil; how strangely can you discompose, calm, and turn, as you please, us poor weather-cocks of men! Your last kind blessing to my Pamela, I cannot stand. Kiss but each other again.' And he then took both our hands, and joined them; and my lady saluting me again, with tears on both sides, he put his kind arms about each of our waists, and saluted us with great affection, saying, 'Now God bless you both, the two dearest creatures I have in the world.'

'Well,' said she, 'you will quite forget my fault about Miss—' He stopped her before she could speak the name, and said, 'For ever forget it!—And, Pamela, I'll forgive you too, if you don't again make my displeasure so light a thing to you as you did just now.'

Said my lady, 'She did not make your displeasure a light thing to her; but the heavier it was, the higher compliment she made me, that she would bound all, rather than not see you and me reconciled.'—'No matter for that,' said he: 'it was either an absence of thought, or a slight by implication at least, that my niceness could not bear from her tenderness: for looked it not presuming, that she could stand my displeasure, or was sure of making her terms when she pleased? which, fond as I am of her, will not always, in wilful faults, be in her power.'

'Nay,' said my lady, 'I can tell you Pamela, you have a gentleman here in my brother; and you may expect such treatment from him, as that character, and his known good sense and breeding, will always oblige him to show: but if you offend, the Lord have mercy upon you!—You see how it is by poor me!—And yet I never knew him forgive so soon.'

'I am sure,' said I, 'I will take care, as much as I can; for I have been frighted out of my wits, and had offended before I knew where I was.'

So happily did this storm blow over; and my lady was quite subdued and pacified.

When we came out of the garden, his chariot was ready; and he said, 'Well, sister, I had most assuredly set off to my other house, had not things taken this happy turn; and, if you please, instead of it, you and I will take an airing:—and pray, my dear,' said he to me, 'bid Mrs. Jewkes order supper by eight o'clock, and we shall then join you.'

'Sir,' added he, to her nephew, will you take your horse, and escort us?'—'I will,' said he; 'and am glad at my soul to see you all so good friends.'

So my dear lord and master handed my lady into his chariot: her kinsman and his servants rode after them; and I went up to my closet to ruminate on these things

Why, a good reason,' said I, may be assigned for that: I thought myself in danger: I looked upon every one as my enemy; and I could not but be fretful, uneasy, jealous. Yet when my dearest friend had taken from me the ground of my uneasiness, and made me quite happy, I should have been very blameable, if I had not shown a satisfied and easy mind, and a temper that should engage every one's respect and love at the same time, if possible: and the more so, as it was but justifying, in some sort, the honour I had received: for the fewer enemies I made myself, the more I engaged every one to think, that my good benefactor had been less to blame in descending as he has done.'

This way of talking pleased them both very much; and they made me many compliments upon it, and wished me to be always happy, as they said I so well deserved.

We were thus engaged, when my master, his sister, and her nephew came in: they made me quite alive: in the happy humour in which they all returned. The two women would have withdrawn; but my master said, 'Don't go, Mrs. Worden.—Mrs. Jewkes, pray stay; I shall speak to you presently.' And then saluting me, said, 'Well, my dear love, I hope I have not trespassed upon your patience, by an absence longer than we designed. But it has not been to your disadvantage: for though we had not your company, we have talked of nobody else but you.'

My lady came up to me, and said, 'Ay, child, you have been all our subject. I don't know how it is, but you have made two or three good families, in this neighbourhood, as much your admirers, as your friend here.'

'My sister,' said he, 'has been hearing *your praises, Pamela*, from half a score mouths, with more pleasure than her heart will easily let her express.'

'My good Lady Davers's favour,' said I, 'and the continuance of yours, Sir, would give me more pride than that of all the rest of the world put together.'

'Well, child,' said she, 'proud hearts don't come down all at once; though my brother, here, has this day set mine a good many pegs lower than I ever knew it: but I will say, I wish you joy with my brother;' and so kissed me.

'My dear lady,' said I, 'you for ever oblige me!—I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so. And I hope, I shall always, through my life, show your ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful sense of your goodness.

'But, child,' said she, 'I shall not give you my company, when you make your appearance. Let your own merit make all your Bedfordshire neighbours your friends as it has done here, by your Lincolnshire ones; and you'll have no need of my countenance, nor any body's else.'

'Now,' said her nephew, 'tis my turn. I wish you joy, with all my soul, Madam; and, by what I have seen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deserve; and so all the company says, where we have been: and pray forgive all my nonsense to you.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I shall always, I hope, respect as I ought so near a relation of my good Lord and Lady Davers: and I thank you for your kind compliment.'—'Gad, Beck, said he, 'I believe you've some forgiveness too to ask; for we were all to blame, to make Madam, her-fly the pit as she did: little did we think we made her quit her own house.'

'Thou always,' said my lady, 'sayest too much, or too little.'

Mrs. Worden said, 'I have been treated with so much goodness and condescension, since you went, that I have been before-hand, Sir, in asking pardon for myself.'

So my lady sat down with me half an hour, and told me that her brother had carried her a fine airing, and had quite charmed her with his kind treatment of her; and had much confirmed her in the good opinion she had begun to entertain of my discreet and obliging behaviour: —'But,' continued she, 'when he would make me visit, without intending to stay, my old neighbours, (for,' said she, 'Lady Jones being nearest, we visited her first; and she scraped all the rest of the company together) they were all so full of your praises, that I was quite borne down; and, truly, it was Saul among the prophets!'

You may believe how much I was delighted with this: and I spared not my due acknowledgments.

When her ladyship took leave to go to bed, she said, 'Good night to you heartily, and to your good man. I kissed you when I came in, out of form, but I now kiss you out of *more* than form, I'll assure you.'

Join with me, my dear parents, in my joy, for this happy turn: the contrary of which I so much dreaded, and was the only difficulty I had to labour with!—This poor Miss Sally Godfrey, I wonder what's become of her, poor soul; I wish he would, of his own head, mention her again.—Not that I am *very* uneasy, neither. You'll say, I must be a little saucy if I was.

My dear master gave me an account, when he went up, of the pains he had taken with his beloved *sister, as he himself* styled her; and *of all the kind* things the good fa*mi ies had* said in my behalf; and that he observed she was not so much displeased with hearing them, as she was at first: when she would not permit any body to speak of me as his wife; and that my health, as his spouse, being put, when it came to her, she drank it; but said, 'Come, brother, here's your Pamela to you: —but I shall not know how to stand this affair, when the Countess —— and the young ladies come to visit me.' One of those young ladies was the person she was so fond of promoting the match for, with her brother. 'Lady Betty, I know,' said she, 'will rally me smartly upon it; and you know, brother, she wants neither wit nor satire.' He said, 'I hope Lady Betty, whenever she marries, will meet with a better husband than I should have made her; for, in my conscience, I think I should have hardly made a tolerable one to any but Pamela.'

He told me that they rallied him on the stateliness of his temper; and said, they saw he would make an exceeding good husband where he was; but it must be owing to my meekness, more than his complaisance—'For,' said Miss Darnford, 'I could see well enough, when your ladyship detained her, though he had but hinted his desire of finding her at our house, he was so out of humour at her supposed non-compliance, that mine and my sister's pity for her was much more engaged, than our envy.'

'Ay,' said my lady, 'he is too lordly a creature by much; and can't bear disappointment, nor ever could.'

Said he, 'Well, Lady Davers, you should not, of all persons, find fault with me; for I bore a great deal from you, before I was at all angry.'

'Yes,' replied she; 'but when I had gone a little too far, as I own I did, you made me pay for it severely enough! You know you did, sauce-

box. And the poor thing too,' added she, 'that I took with me for my advocate, so low had he brought me! he treated her in such a manner as made my heart ache for her; but part was *art*, I know, to make me think the better of her.'

'Indeed, sister,' said he, 'there was very little of that: for, at that time, I cared not what you thought, nor had complaisance enough to have given a shilling for your good or bad opinion of her or me. And, I own, I was displeased to be broken in upon, after your provocations, by either of you; and she must learn that lesson, never to come near me, when I am in those humours; which shall be as little as possible; for, after awhile, if let alone, I always come to myself, and am sorry for the violence of a temper, so like my dear sister's here; and, for this reason, think it is no matter how few witnesses I have of its intemperance, while it lasts; especially, since every witness, whether they merit it or not, as you see in my Pamela's case, must be a sufferer by it, if unsent for they come in my way.'

He repeated the same lesson to me again, and enforced it; and owned, that he was angry with me in earnest just then; though more with himself afterwards, for being so: 'But when, Pamela,' said he, 'you wanted to transfer all my displeasure upon yourself, it was so much *braving* me with your *merit*, as if I must *soon* end my anger, if placed *there*, or it was making it so *light* to you, that I was truly displeased: for,' continued he, 'I cannot bear that you should wish, on any occasion whatever, to have me angry with you, or not to value my displeasure as the heaviest misfortune that could befall you.'

'But, Sir,' said I, 'you know that what I did was *to try* to reconcile my lady; and, as she herself observed, it was paying her a high regard.'—'It was so,' replied he; 'but never think of making a compliment to *her*, or *any* body living, at *my* expense. She had behaved herself so intolerably, that I began to think you had stooped much more than I ought to permit my wife to do: and acts of meanness are what I can't endure in any body, but especially where I love: and as she had been guilty of a very signal one, I had then much rather have renounced her, than have been reconciled to her.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I hope I shall always comport myself so, as not wilfully to disoblige you for the future; and the rather, as I am sure I shall want only to *know* your pleasure to *obey* it. But this instance shows me, that I may *much* offend, without designing it in the *least*.'

'Now, Pamela,' replied he, 'don't be too serious: I hope I sha'n't be a very tyrannical husband: yet do I not pretend to be perfect or always governed by reason in my first transports; and I expect, from your affection, that you will bear with me, when you find me so. I have no ungrateful spirit, and can, when cool, enter as impartially into myself, as most men; and then I am always kind and acknowledging, in proportion as I have been wrong.

'But to convince you, my dear, of your fault (I mean, with regard to the impetuosity of my temper; for there was no fault in your intention, *that* I acknowledge,) I'll observe only, that you met, when you came to me, while I was so out of humour, a reception you did not expect, and a harsh word or two that you did not deserve. Now, had you not broken in upon me while my anger lasted, but stayed till I had desired your company, you'd have seen none of this; but that affectionate behaviour, which, I doubt not, you'll always merit; and I shall

always take pleasure in expressing; and in *this temper* shall you always find a proper influence over me: but you must not suppose, whenever I am out of humour, that, in opposing yourself to my passion, you oppose a proper butt to it; but when you are so good, like the slender reed, to *bend* to the hurricane, rather than, like the sturdy oak, to *resist* it, you will always stand firm in my kind opinion, while a contrary conduct would uproot you, with all your excellencies, from my soul.'

'Sir,' said I, 'I will endeavour to conform myself in all things to your will.'—'I have no doubt of it; and I'll endeavour to make my will as conformable to reason as I can. And let me say, that this belief of you is one of the inducements I have had to marry at all: for nobody was more averse to this state than myself: and now we are upon this subject, I'll tell you why I was so averse.

'We people of fortune, or such as are born to large expectations, of both sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occasionally touched upon this, Pamela, several times in your journal, so justly, that I need say the less to you. We are usually so headstrong, so violent in our wills, that we very little bear control.

'Humoured by our nurses, through the faults of our parents, we practise first upon them; and show the *gratitude* of our disposition, in an insolence that ought rather to be checked and restrained, than encouraged.

'Next, we are to be indulged in every thing at school; and our *masters* and *mistresses* are rewarded with further grateful instances of our boisterous behaviour.

'*But in our wise* parents' eyes, all *looks well; all is* forgiven and *excused: and for* no other reason, but *because we are theirs.*

'Our next progression is, we exercise our spirits, when brought home, to the torment and regret of our *parents themselves*, and torture their hearts by our undutiful and perverse behaviour, which, however ungrateful in us, is but the natural consequence of their culpable indulgence from our infancy upwards.

'Then, after we have, perhaps half broken their hearts, a *wife* is looked out for: convenience, or birth, or fortune, are the first motives: affection the last (if it is at all consulted:) and two people thus educated, trained up in a course of unnatural ingratitude, and who have been headstrong torments to all who had a share in their education, as well as those to whom they owe their being, are brought together; what can be expected, but that they should pursue, and carry on, the same comfortable conduct in matrimony, and join most heartily to plague one another? In some measure, this is right; because hereby they revenge the cause of all those whom they have aggrieved and insulted, upon one another.

'The gentleman has never been controlled: the lady has never been contradicted.

'*He* cannot bear it from one whose new relation, he thinks, should oblige her to show a quite contrary conduct.

'*She* thinks it very barbarous, now, for the *first* time, to be opposed in her will, and that by a man from whom she expected nothing but tenderness.

'So great is the difference between what they both expected *from*, and what they find *in* each other; that no wonder misunderstandings happen, and ripen to quarrels; that acts of unkindness pass, which, even had the first motive to their union been *affection*, as usually it is not, would have effaced every tender impression on both sides.

'Appeals to parents and guardians often ensue! if through friends, a reconciliation takes place, it hardly ever holds: for why? The fault is in the minds of *both*, and neither of them will think so: so that the wound (not permitted to be probed) is but skinned over; rankles still at the bottom, and at last breaks out with more pain and anguish than before. Separate beds are often the consequence; perhaps elopements; if not, an unconquerable indifference; possibly aversion. And whenever, for appearance sake, they are obliged to be together, every one sees, that the yawning husband, and the vapourish wife, are truly insupportable to each other; but separate, have freer spirits, and can be tolerable company.

'Now, my dear, I would have you think, and I hope you will have no other reason, that had I married the first lady in the land, I would not have treated her better than I will my Pamela: for my wife *is* my wife; and I was the longer in resolving on the state, because I knew its requisites, and doubted my conduct in it.

'I believe I am more nice than many gentlemen; having been a close observer of the behaviour of wedded folks, and hardly ever having seen it such as I could like in my own case. I may give you instances of a more particular nature of this, as we are *longer*, and, perhaps, I might say, *better* acquainted.

'Had I married with the views of most gentlemen, and with such as my good sister (supplying the place of my parents) would have recommended, I had wedded a fine lady, brought up in my own manner, and used to have her will in every thing.

'Some gentlemen can come into a compromise; and, after a few struggles, are tolerably contented. But, *had I married* a princess, I could not have done so. I must have loved her exceedingly well, before I had consented to knit the knot, and preferred her to all her sex: for without this, Pamela, indifferences, if not disgusts, will arise in every wedded life, that could not have made me happy at home; and there are fewer instances, I believe, of men loving better after matrimony than of women; the reasons of which 'tis not my present purpose to account for.

'Then I must have been morally sure that she preferred me to all men; and, to convince me of this, she must have lessened, not aggravated, my failings; she must have borne with my imperfections; she must have watched and studied my temper; and if ever she had any points to carry, any desire of overcoming, it must have been by sweetness and complaisance; and yet not such a slavish one, as should make her condescension seem to be rather the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.

'She should not have caused any part of my conduct to wear the least aspect of compulsion or force. The word *command* on my side, or *obedience* on her's, I would have blotted from my vocabulary. For this reason I should have thought it my duty to have desired nothing of her, which was not significant, reasonable, or just; and then she should have shown no reluctance, uneasiness, or doubt, to oblige me, even at half a word.

'I would not have excused her to let me twice enjoin the same thing, while I took so much care to make her compliance with me reasonable, and such as should not destroy her own free agency, in points that ought to be allowed her; and though I was not always right, yet she would bear with me, if she saw me set upon it: and expostulate with me on the right side of compliance:

for it would show (supposing *small points* in dispute, from which the greatest quarrels among *friends* generally arise,) that she differed from me, not for *contradiction sake*, but desired to convince me for *my own*; and that I should another time take better resolutions.

'This would be so obliging a conduct, that I should, in justice, double my esteem for one who, to humour me, gave up her own judgment; and I should see she had no other view in her expostulations, after her compliance, than to rectify my notions for the future; and then I could not but have paid the greater deference to her opinion and advice in more momentous matters.

'In all companies she must have shown that she had, whether I deserve it altogether or not, a high regard and opinion of me; and this the rather, as such a conduct in her would be a reputation and security to herself: for if we rakes attempt a married lady, our first encouragement, exclusive of our own vanity, arises from the indifferent opinion, slight, or contempt, she expresses of her husband. I should expect her therefore, to draw a kind veil over my faults; such as she could not hide, to extenuate; to place my better actions in an advantageous light, and show that I had *her* good opinion at least, whatever liberties the *world* took with my character.

'She must have valued my friends for *my* sake; been cheerful and easy, whomsoever I brought home; and, whatever faults she observed in me, have never blamed me before company, at least with such an air of superiority as to have shown she had a better opinion of her own judgment than mine.

'Now, my Pamela, this is but a faint sketch of the conduct I must *have expected* from my wife, let *her quality have* been what it would: *or, have lived* with her on bad terms. Judge, then, if to me a lady of the modish taste could have been tolerable.

'The perverseness and contradiction I have too often seen, in my visits, among people of sense, as well as condition, had prejudiced me to the married state; and, knowing I could not bear it, surely I was in the right to decline it: and you see, my dear, that I have not gone among this class of people for a wife; nor do I know where I could have found one suitable to my mind, if not you; for here is my misfortune: I could not have been contented to have been but *moderately happy* in a wife.

'Judge you, from all this, if I could very well bear for you to think yourself so secured of my affection, as to take the faults of others upon yourself; and, by a supposed supererogatory merit, think your interposition sufficient to atone for the faults of others.

'Yet I am not perfect myself: no, I am greatly imperfect. But I will not allow, that my imperfections shall excuse those of my wife, or make her think I ought to bear faults in her which she can rectify, because she bears greater from me.

'Upon the whole, I may expect, that you will bear with me, and study my temper, *till*, and only *till*, you see I am capable of returning insult for obligation; and till you think, that I shall be of a gentler deportment, if I am roughly used, than otherwise. I should scorn myself, if there was one privilege of your sex a princess might expect, as my wife, to be indulged in, which I would not allow to my Pamela: for you are the wife of my affections; I never wished for one before you, nor ever do I hope to have another.'

'I hope, Sir,' said I, 'my future conduct—'—'Pardon me,' said he, 'my dear, for interrupting you; but

n is to say, that I am so well convinced of your affectionate regard for me, I know I might have spared the greatest part of what I have said: and, indeed, it must be very bad for both of us, if I should have reason to think it *necessary* to say so much. But one thing has brought on another; and I have rather spoken what my niceness has made me *observe* in *other* families, than what I *fear* in *my own*. And, therefore, let me assure you, I am thoroughly satisfied with your conduct hitherto. You shall have no occasion to repent it; but find, though greatly imperfect, and passionate, on particular provocations (which yet I will try to overcome,) that you have not a brutal or ungenerous husband, who is capable of offering insult for condescension, or returning evil for good.'

I thanked him for these kind rules, and generous assurances; and said, they had made so much impression on my mind, that these, and his most agreeable injunctions before given me, and such as he might hereafter be pleased to give, should be so many rules for my future behaviour.

I am glad of the method I have taken of making a journal of all that passes in these first stages of my happiness, for it will sink the impression still deeper; and I shall turn to them for my better regulation, as often as I mistrust my memory.

Let me see—what are the rules I am to observe from this awful lecture? Why these:

1. That I must not, when he is in great wrath with any body, break in upon him without his leave.—*Well, I'll remember it, I warrant. But yet I think this rule is almost peculiar to himself.*

2. That I must think his displeasure the heaviest thing that can befall me.—*To be sure I shall.*

3. *And so that I must not wish* to incur it, to save any body else.—*I'll be further if I do.*

4. That I must never make a compliment to any body at his expense.

5. That I must not be guilty of any acts of wilful meanness.—*There is a great deal meant in this; and I'll endeavour to observe it all. To be sure, the occasion on which he mentions this, explains it;* that I must say nothing, though in anger, that is spiteful or malicious, disrespectful or undutiful, *and such like.*

6. That I must bear with him even when I find him in the wrong.—*This is a little hard, as the case may be.*

I wonder whether poor Miss Sally Godfrey be living or dead!

7. That I must be as flexible as the reed in the fable, lest, by resisting the tempest, like the oak, I be torn up by the roots.—*Well, I'll do the best I can! there is no great likelihood, I hope, that I should be too perverse; yet, sure, the tempest will not lay me quite level with the ground, neither.*

8. That the education of young people of condition is generally wrong.—Mem. *That if any part of children's education fall to my lot, I never indulge and humour them in things they should be restrained in.*

9. That I accustom them to bear disappointments and control.

10. That I suffer them not to be too much indulged in their infancy.

11. Nor at school.

12. Nor spoil them when they come home.

13. For that children generally extend their perverseness from their nurse to the schoolmaster; from the schoolmaster to the parents.

14. And in their next step, as a proper punishment for all, make them ownselves unhappy.

15. That undutiful and perverse children make bad husbands w

wives; *and, collateral'y, bad masters and mistresses.*

16. That, not being subject to be controlled early, they cannot, when married, bear one another.

17. That the fault lying deep, and in the minds of each other, neither will mend it.

18. Whence follow misunderstandings, quarrels, appeals, ineffectual reconciliations, separations, elopements, or, at best, indifference; perhaps, aversion.—Mem. *A good image of unhappy wedlock in the words* YAWNING HUSBAND, *and* VAPOURISH WIFE, *when together; but* separate, *both quite alive.*

19. Few married persons behave as he likes.—*Let me ponder this with awe and improvement.*

20. Some gentlemen can compromise with their wives for quietness sake; but he can't.—*Indeed I believe that's true; I don't desire he should.*

21. That love before marriage is absolutely necessary.

22. That there are fewer instances of men than women loving better after marriage.—*But why so? —I wish he had given his reasons for this? I fancy they are not to the advantage of his own sex.*

23. That a woman give her husband reason to think she prefers him above all men.—*Well, to be sure, that should be so.*

24. That if she would overcome, it must be by sweetness and complaisance. *that is, by* yielding, *he means no doubt.*

25. Yet not such a slavish one, neither, as should rather seem the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.

26. That the words COMMAND and OBEY shall be blotted out of his vocabulary.—*Very good!*

27. That a man should desire nothing of his wife, but what is significant, reasonable, just.—*To be sure that is.*

28. But then, that she must not show reluctance, uneasiness, or doubt, to oblige him; and that too at half a word; and must not be bid twice to do one thing.—*But may not this on some occasions be a little dispensed with? But he says afterwards, indeed;*

29. That this must be only while he took care to make her compliance reasonable and consistent with her free agency, in points that ought to be allowed her.—*Come, this is pretty well, considering.*

30. That if the husband be set upon a wrong thing, she must not dispute with him, but do it, and expostulate afterwards.—*Good Sirs, I don't know what to say to this! It looks a little hard, methinks! This would bear a small debate, I fancy, in a parliament of women. But then he says,*

31. Supposing they are only small points that are in dispute.—*Well, this mends a little. For* small points, *I think, should not be stood upon.*

32. That the greatest quarrels among friends (*and wives and husbands are, or should be, friends*) arise from small matters.—*This I believe; for I had like to have had anger here, when I intended very well.*

33. That a wife should not desire to convince her husband for CONTRADICTION sake, but for HIS OWN. —*As both will find their account in this, if* one *does, I believe 'tis very just*

34. That in all companies a wife must show respect and love to her husband.

35. And this for the sake of her own reputation and security; for,

36. That rakes cannot have a greater encouragement to attempt a married lady's virtue, than her slight opinion of her husband.—*To be sure, this stands to reason, and is a fine lesson.*

37. That a wife should therefore draw a kind veil over her husband's faults.

38. That such as she could not conceal, she should extenuate.

39. That his virtues she should place in an advantageous light:

40. And show the world, that he had HER good opinion at least.

41. That she must value his friends for *his* sake.

42. That she must be cheerful and easy in her behaviour to whomsoever he brings home with him.

43. That whatever faults she sees in him, she never blame him before company.

44. At least, with such an air of superiority, as if she had a less opinion of his judgment, than her own.

45. That a man of nice observation cannot be contented to be only *moderately* happy in a wife.

46. That a wife take care how she ascribe supererogatory merit to herself; so as to take the faults of others upon her.—*Indeed, I think it is well if we can bear our own! This is of the same nature with the third: and touches upon me, on the present occasion for this wholesome lecture.*

47. That his imperfections must not be a plea for *her's.—To be sure, 'tis no matter how good the women are! but 'tis to be hoped men will allow a little. But indeed he says,*

48. That a husband who expects all this, is to be incapable of returning insult for obligation, or evil for good; and ought not to abridge her of any privilege of her sex.

Well, my dear parents, I think this last rule crowns the rest, and makes them all very tolerable; and a generous man and a man of sense, cannot be too much obliged. And, as I have this happiness, I shall be very unworthy if I do not always so *think*, and so *act*.

Yet, after all, you see, I have not the easiest task in the world. But I know my own intentions, that I shall not wilfully err; and so fear *be less*

Not one hint did he give, that I durst lay hold of, about poor Miss Godfrey. I wish my lady had not spoken of it; for it has given me a curiosity that is not quite so pretty in me, especially so early in my nuptials, and in a case so long ago past. Yet he intimated too, to his sister, that he had other faults (of this sort, I suppose) that had not come to her knowledge!—But, I doubt not, he has seen his error, and will be very good for the future. I wish it, and pray it may be so, for his own dear sake!

WEDNESDAY, THE SEVENTH.

WHEN I rose in the morning, I waited on Lady Davers, seeing her door open: she was in bed, but awake, and talking to her woman. I said, 'I hope I don't disturb your ladyship.'—'No, not at all,' said she; 'I am glad to see you. How do you do?—Well,' added she, 'when do you set out for Bedfordshire?' I said, 'I can't tell, Madam: it was designed as to-day, but I have heard no more of it.'

'Sit down,' said she, 'on the bedside. I find by the talk we had yesterday and last night, you have had but a poor time of it, Pamela (I must call you so yet,' said she,) 'since you were brought to this house, till within these few days. And Mrs. Jewkes too has given Beck such an account as makes me pity you.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said I, 'if your ladyship knew all, you *would* pity me; for never poor creature was so hard put to it. But I ought to forget it all now, and be thankful.'

'Why,' said she, 'as far as I can find, 'tis a mercy you are here now I am sadly moved with some part of your story; and you have really made a noble defence, and deserve the praises of all our sex.'

'It was God enabled me, Madam

replied I. 'Why,' said she, ''tis the more extraordinary, because I believe, if the truth was known, you loved the wretch not a little.'—'While my trials lasted, Madam,' said I, 'I had not a *thought* of *any thing*, but to preserve my innocence, much less of love.'

'But tell me truly,' said she, 'did you not love him all the time?'—'I had always, Madam,' answered I, 'a great reverence for my master, and thought all his good actions doubly good; and for his naughty ones, though I abhorred his attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wished him well; but I did not know that it was love. Indeed I had not the presumption.'

'Sweet girl!' said she, 'that's prettily said; but when he found he could not gain his ends, and began to be sorry for your sufferings, and to admire your virtue, and to profess honourable love to you, what did you think.'

'Think! indeed, madam, I did not know what to think; I could neither hope nor believe so great an honour would fall to my lot; and I feared more from his kindness, for some time, than I had done from his unkindness; and, having had a private intimation, from a kind friend, of a sham-marriage intended, by means of a man who was to personate a minister, it kept my mind in too much suspense, to be greatly overjoyed by this kind declaration.'

Said she, 'I think he did make two or three attempts upon you in Bedfordshire!'—'Yes, madam,' said I, 'he was very naughty, to be sure.'

'And *here*, he proposed articles to you, I understand?' 'Yes, madam,' replied I; 'but I abhorred so much the thoughts of being a kept creature, that I rejected them with great boldness; and was resolved to die before I would consent to them.'

'He afterwards attempted you, I think: did he not?'—'O yes, madam,' said I, 'a most sad attempt he made! and I had like to have been lost; for Mrs. Jewkes was not so good as she should have been.' So I told her ladyship that sad offer, and how I fell into fits; and that they, believing me dying, forbore

'Any attempts after this base one?' said she.

'He was not so good as he should have been,' returned I, 'once in the garden, afterwards; but I was *so* watchful, and *so* ready to take the alarm?'

'But,' said she, 'did he not threaten you, at times, and put on his stern airs, every now and then?'—'Threaten, Madam,' replied I; 'yes I had enough of that!—I thought I should have died for fear, several times.'—'How could you bear that?' said she; 'for he is a most daring and majestic mortal; he has none of your puny hearts; but as courageous as a lion: and, boy and man, never feared any thing. I myself,' said she, 'have a pretty good spirit; but, when I have made him truly angry, I have always been forced to make it up with him as well as I could; for, child, he is not one that is easily reconciled, I assure you.

'But after he had professed honourable love to you, did he never attempt you again?'—'No, indeed, Madam, he did not. But he was a good while struggling with himself, and with his pride, as he was pleased to call it, before he could stoop so low; and considered again and again: and once upon my saying but two or three words, to displease him, when very kind to me, he turned me out of doors, in a manner, at an hour's warning; for he sent me above a day's journey, towards my father's; and then sent a man and horse, post-haste, to fetch me back again; and has been exceedingly

kind and gracious to me ever since, and made me happy.'

'That sending you away,' said she, 'one hour, and sending after you the next, is exactly like my brother; and 'tis well if he don't turn you off twice or thrice before a year comes about, if you vex him: he would have done the same by the first lady in the land, if married to her. Yet he has his virtues as well as his faults; for he is generous, nay, he is noble in his spirit; delights in doing good: but does not pass over a wilful fault easily. He is wise, prudent, and magnanimous; and will not tell a lie, nor disguise his faults; but you must not expect to have him all to yourself, I doubt.'

'But I'll no more harp upon this string: you see how he was exasperated at me; and he seemed to be angry at you too: though something of it was art, I believe.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said I, 'he has been pleased to give me a most noble lecture; and I find he was angry with me in earnest, and it will not be an easy task to behave unexceptionably to him; for he is very nice and delicate in his notions, I perceive; but yet, as your ladyship says, exceeding generous.'

'Well,' says she, 'I am glad thou hadst a little of his anger; else I should have thought it art: and I don't love to be treated with low art, any more than he, and I should have been vexed if he had done it by me.

'But, I understand, child,' says she, 'that you keep a journal of all matters that pass, and he has several times found means to get at it: should you care I should see it? It could not be to your disadvantage; for I find it had no small weight with *him* in your favour; and I should delight to read all his stratagems, attempts, contrivances, menaces, and offers to you on one hand; and all your *pretty counter-plottings*, which he much praises, your resolute resistance, and the noble stand you have made to preserve your virtue, and the steps by which his pride was subdued, and his mind reduced to honourable love, till you were made what you now are: for it must be an uncommon story; and will not only give me great pleasure in reading, but will entirely reconcile me to the step he has taken: and that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone far in bringing about a match with him and Lady Betty——; and had said so much of it, that the earl, her father, approved of it; and so did the duke of ——, her uncle; and Lady Betty herself was not averse: and now I shall be hauted to death about it; and this has made me so outrageous upon the matter. But when I can find, by your writings, that your virtue is but suitably rewarded, it will be not only a good excuse for me, but for him, and make me love you.'

'There is nothing I would not do,' said I, 'to oblige your ladyship; but my poor parents (who had rather have seen me buried quick in the earth, than to be seduced by the greatest of princes) have them in their hands at present: and your dear brother has bespoke them, when they have read them; but if he gives me leave, I will show them to your ladyship with all my heart: not doubting your generous allowances as I have had his; though I have treated him very freely, while he had naughty views; and that your ladyship would consider them as the naked sentiments of my heart, from time to time, delivered to those whose indulgence I was sure of, and for whose sight only they were written.'

'Give me a kiss now,' said her ladyship, 'for your cheerful compliance; for I doubt not my brother will consent I shall see them.

because they must needs make for *your* honour; and I see he loves you better than any one in the world.

'I have heard,' continued she, 'a mighty good character of your parents, as industrious, honest, sensible, good folks, who know the world: and as *I* doubt not my brother's generosity, I am glad they will make no ill figure in the world's eye.'

'Madam,' said I, 'they are the most honest, loving, and conscientious couple breathing. They once lived creditably, and brought up a great family, of which I am the youngest; but had misfortunes, by doing beyond their power for two unhappy brothers, who are both dead, and whose debts they stood bound for; and so became reduced, and, by harsh creditors (where most of the debts were not of their own contracting,) turned out of all; in the midst of their poverty and disappointments, all their fear was, that I should be wicked, and yield to temptation, for the sake of worldly riches: and to God's grace, and their good lessons, and those I imbibed from my dear good lady, your ladyship's mother, it is that I owe the preservation of my innocence, and the happy station I am exalted to.'

She was pleased to kiss me again, and said, 'There is such a noble simplicity in thy story, such an honest artlessness in thy mind, and such a sweet humility in thy deportment, notwithstanding thy present station, that I believe I shall be forced to love thee, whether I will or not: and the sight of your papers, I dare say, will crown the work; will disarm my pride, banish my resentment on Lady Betty's account, and justify my brother's conduct; *and redound to your own everlasting honour, so* I make no doubt but *my brother* will let me see them.

'*Worden,*' said my lady, 'I can say any thing before you: and you will take no notice of our conversation: but I see you are much touched with it: did you ever hear any thing prettier, more unaffected, sincere, free, and easy?'—'Never, Madam,' answered she, 'in my life: and it is a great pleasure to see so happy a reconciliation, where there is so much merit.'

I said, 'I have discovered so much prudence in Mrs. Worden, that with the confidence your ladyship places in her, I have made no scruple of speaking my mind freely before her; and of blaming my dear master while blameworthy, as well as acknowledging his transcendent goodness to me since; which, I am sure, exceeds all I can ever deserve.'—'May be not,' said my lady; 'I hope you'll be very happy in each other; and I'll now rise and tell him my thoughts, and ask leave to read your papers: for I promise myself much pleasure in them; and shall not grudge a journey and a visit to you at the other house to fetch them.'—'Your ladyship's favour,' said I, 'was all I had to wish for! and if I have that, and the continuance of your dear brother's goodness to me, I shall be easy under whatever else may happen.'

So I took my leave and withdrew; and she let me hear her say to Mrs. Worden, '"Tis a charming creature, Worden!—I know not which excels, her person, or her mind!—Well may my brother love her.'

I am afraid, my dear father and mother, I shall now be too proud indeed.

I had once a good mind to ask her ladyship about Miss Sally Godfrey; but I thought it was better let alone, since she did not mention it herself.

We breakfasted together with great good temper; my lady was very kind, and, asking my good

master, he gave leave very readily, she should see all my papers, when you returned them to me; and he said, he was sure, on reading them, she would say, that I well deserved the fortune I had met with; and would be of opinion, that all the kindness of his future life would hardly be a sufficient reward for my virtue, and make me amends for my sufferings.

Her ladyship resolving to set out the next morning to return to her lord, my master ordered every thing to be made ready for his journey to Bedfordshire; and this evening our good neighbours will sup here, to take leave of my lady and us.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Nothing particular having passed at dinner or supper, but the most condescending goodness on my lady's side to me, and the highest civilities from Mr. Peters' family, Lady Jones, Sir Simon's family, &c. and reciprocal good wishes all round, and a promise obtained from my benefactor that he would endeavour to pass a fortnight or three weeks in these parts before the winter sets in; I shall conclude this day with observing, that I disposed of the money my master kindly gave me, in the method he directed; and I gave Mrs. Jewkes her's in such a manner as highly pleased her; and she wished me, with tears, all kind of happiness; and prayed me to forgive all her past wickedness to me, as she herself called it. I begged leave to present Mrs. Worden with five guineas for a pair of gloves; which he said was well thought of.

I should have mentioned, that Miss Darnford and I agreed upon a correspondence, which will be no small pleasure to me; for she is an admirable young lady, whom I prefer to every one I have seen; and I shall, I make no doubt, improve by her letters; for she is said to have a happy talent in writing, and is well read for so young a lady.

SATURDAY.

On Thursday morning my lady set out for her own seat; and my best friend and I, attended by Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, for this dear house. Her ladyship parted with her brother and me with great tenderness, and made me promise to send her my papers: which she intends to entertain Lady Betty with, and another lady or two, her intimates, as also her lord: and hopes to find, as I believe, some excuse in them for her brother's choice.

My dearest master has been all love and tenderness on the road, as he is in every place, and on every occasion. Oh, what a delightful change was this journey, to that which, so contrary to all my wishes, and so much to my apprehensions, carried me hence to the Lincolnshire house! And how did I bless God at every turn, and at every stage!

We did not arrive here till yesterday noon. Abraham rode before, to let them know we were coming. And I had the satisfaction to find every body there I wished to see.

When the chariot entered the court-yard, I was so strongly impressed with the favours and mercies of God Almighty, on remembering how I was sent away from this house; the leave I took; the dangers I had encountered; a poor cast-off servant girl; and now returning a joyful wife, and the mistress, through his favour, of the noble house I was turned out of; I could hardly support my joy on the occasion. He saw how much I was moved, and tenderly asked me, why I seemed so affected? Lifting his

dear hand to my lips, I said, 'O Sir! God's mercies, and your goodness to me, on entering this dear, dear place, are above my expression; I can hardly bear the thoughts of them!' He said, 'Welcome, thrice welcome, joy of my life! to your own house;' and kissed my hand in return. All the common servants stood at the windows, as unseen as they could, to observe us. With the most condescending goodness, and with great complaisance, he led me into the parlour, and kissed me with the greatest ardour. 'Welcome again, my dearest life,' said he, 'a thousand times welcome to the possession of a house that is not more mine than your's.'

I threw myself at his feet; 'Permit me, dear Sir, thus to bless *God*, and thank *you*, for all *His* mercies, and *your* goodness. O may I so behave, as not to be *utterly unworthy*; and then how happy shall I be!'—'God give me, my dearest,' said he, 'life and health to reward all your sweetness! and no man can then be so blest as I.'

'Where,' said he to Abraham, who passed by the door, 'is Mrs. Jervis?' She bolted in. 'Here, good Sir,' said she, 'am I waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both.' I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her neck, and kissed her. 'O my dear Mrs. Jervis!' said I, 'my other dear mother! receive your happy, happy Pamela; and join with me to bless God, and bless our master, for all these great things!' I was ready to sink in her arms, through excess of joy, to see the dear good woman, who was so often a mournful witness of my distresses, as now of my triumph. 'Dearest Madam,' said she, 'you do me too much honour. Let *my* whole life show the joy I take *in your deserved* good fortune, and *in my duty to you*, for the early instance I received of your goodness in your kind letter.'—'O Mrs. Jervis,' replied I, '*there* all thanks are due, both from you and me: for our dear master granted me this blessing, as I may justly call it, the moment I begged it of him.'—'Your goodness, Sir,' said she, 'I will for ever acknowledge; and I beg pardon for the wrong step I made in applying to my Lady Davers.' He was so good as to salute her, and said, 'All's over now, Mrs. Jervis: and I shall not remember you ever disobliged me. I always respected you, and shall now more and more value you, for the sake of that dear good creature, that, with joy unfeigned, I can call my wife.'—'God bless your honour for ever!' said she; 'and many, *many* happy years may ye live together, the envy and wonder of all who know you!'

'But where,' said my dear master, 'is honest Longman? and where is Jonathan?'—'Come, Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'you shall show me them, and all the good folks presently, and let me go up with you to behold the dear apartment which I have seen *before* with such different emotion to what I shall *now* do.

We went up; and in every room—the chamber I took refuge in when my master pursued me, my lady's chamber, her dressing-room, Mrs. Jervis's room, not forgetting her closet, my own little bed-chamber, the green-room, and in each of the other—I blessed God for my past escapes, and present happiness; and the good woman was quite affected with the zeal and pleasure with which I made my thankful acknowledgments to the Divine goodness. 'O my excellent lady!' said she, 'you are still the same good, pious, humble soul; and your marriage has added to your graces, as I hope it will to your blessings.'

'Dear Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'you know not what I have gone through You know not what God has done

for me! You know not what a happy creature I am now! I have a thousand things to tell you! and a whole week will be too little, every moment of it spent in relating what has befallen me, to acquaint you with it all. We shall be sweetly happy together, I make no doubt. But I charge you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, whatever you call me before strangers, that, when by ourselves, you call me nothing but *your* Pamela. For what an ungrateful creature should I be, who have received so many mercies, if I attributed them not to the Divine goodness, but assumed to myself insolent airs upon them! No, I hope I shall be more and more thankful, as I am more and more blest; and more humble, as God, the author of all my happiness, shall more distinguish me.'

We went down again into the parlour, to my dear master. Said he, 'Call Longman in again; he longs to see you my dear.' He came in: 'God bless you, my sweet lady!' said he, 'as now, Heaven be praised, I may call you. Did I not say, Madam, that Providence would find you out?'—'O Mr. Longman,' said I, 'God be praised for all his mercies! I am rejoiced to see you;' and I laid my hands on his, and said, 'Good Mr. Longman, how do you do?—I must always value you; and you don't know how much of my present happiness I owe to the paper, pens, and ink, you furnished me with. I hope my dear Sir and you are quite reconciled.'—'O Madam,' said he, 'how good you are!—Why, I cannot contain myself for joy!' and then he wiped his eyes, good man!

Said my master, 'Yes, I have been telling Longman, that I am obliged to him for his ready return to me; and that I will entirely forget his appeal to Lady Davers; and I hope he will be quite as easy and happy as he wishes. My partner here, Mr. Longman, I dare promise you, will do all *she* can to make you so.'—'Heaven bless you both together,' said he. ''Tis the pride of my heart to see this!—I returned with double delight, when I heard the blessed news; and I am sure, Sir,' said he, 'mark old Longman's words—God will bless you for this every year more and more!—You don't know how many hearts you have made happy by this generous deed!'—'I am glad of it,' said my dear master; 'I am sure I have made my *own* happy; and, Longman, though I must think you SOMEBODY, yet, as you are not a young man, and so wont make me jealous, I can allow you to wish my dear wife joy in the tenderest manner.'—'Adad! Sir,' said he, 'I am sure you rejoice me with your favour; 'tis what I long for, but durst not presume.'—'My dear,' said my master, 'receive the compliment of one of the honestest hearts in England, that always revered your virtues!' And the good man saluted me with great respect, and said, 'God in Heaven bless you both:' and kneeled on one knee, 'I must quit your presence! indeed I must!' and away he went.

'Your goodness, Sir,' said I, 'knows no bounds: O may my gratitude never find any!'—'I saw,' said my master, 'when the good man approached you, that he did it with so much awe and love mingled together; that I fancied he longed to salute my angel; and I could not but indulge his honest heart.'—'How blessed am I!' said I, and kissed his hand. And indeed I make nothing now of kissing his dear hand, as if it was my own.

When honest old Mr. Jonathan came in to attend at dinner, so clean, so sleek, and so neat, as he always is, with his silver hair, I said, 'Well, Mr. Jonathan, how do

you do? I am glad to see you. You look as well as ever, thank God!'—'O dear Madam,' said he, 'better than ever, to have such a blessed sight! God bless you, and my good master. I hope, Sir,' said he, 'you'll excuse all my past failings.'—'Ay, that I will, Jonathan,' said he; 'because you never had any, but what your regard for my dear wife was the occasion of. And now I can tell you, you can never err, because you cannot respect her too much.'—'O, Sir.' said he, 'your honour is exceeding good. I'm sure I shall always pray for you both.'

After dinner, Mr. Longman coming in, to talk of some affairs under his care, he said afterwards, 'All your honour's servants are now happy; for Robert, who left you, had a pretty little fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your service. He was here but yesterday, to inquire when you and my lady returned hither; and hoped he might have leave to pay his duty to you both.'—'Aye,' said my master, 'I shall be glad to see honest Robin, for that's another of your favourites, Pamela. It was high time, I think, I should marry you, were it but to engage the respects of all my family to myself.'—'There are, Sir,' said I, 'ten thousand reasons why I should rejoice in your goodness.'

'But I was going to say,' said Mr. Longman, 'that all your honour's old servants are now happy but one.'—'You mean John Arnold,' said my master. 'I do, indeed,' said he 'if you'll excuse me, Sir.'—'O,' said I, 'I have had my prayer for poor John answered as favourably as I could wish.'—'Why,' said Mr. Longman, 'to be sure poor John has acted no very good part, take it altogether, but he so much honoured you, Sir, and so much respected you, Madam, that he wished to be obedient to both, and so was faithful to neither. But the poor fellow's heart is almost broken, and he won't look out for any other place; and says he must live in your honour's service, or he must die wretched very shortly.' Mrs. Jervis being present, 'Indeed,' says she, 'the poor man has been here every day since he heard the joyful tidings; and he says, he hopes yet to be forgiven.'—'Is he in the house now?' said my master. 'He is, Sir; and was here when your honour came in, and played at hide-and-seek to have one look at you both when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his wits for joy, when he saw your honour hand my lady in.'—'Pamela' said my dear master, 'you're to do with John as you please. You have full power.'—'Then pray, Sir,' said I, 'let poor John come in.'

The poor fellow came in, with so much confusion, that I have never seen a countenance that expressed so lively a consciousness of his faults, and mingled joy and shame. 'How do you do, John?' said I; 'I hope you are very well.' The poor fellow could hardly speak, and looked with awe upon my master, and pleasure upon me. Said my master, 'Well, John, nothing can be said to a man that has so much concern already: I am told you *will* serve me, whether I will or not; but I leave you altogether to my spouse here: and she is to do by you as she pleases.'—'You see, John,' said I, 'your good master's indulgence. Well may I forgive that have so generous an example. I was always persuaded of your honest intentions, if you had known how to distinguish between your duty to your master, and your good will to me: you will have no more puzzles on that account, from the goodness of your dear master.'—'I shall be but too happy!' said the poor

man. 'God bless your honour!—God bless you, Madam!—I now have the joy of my soul in serving you both; and I will make the best of servants, to my power.'—'Well, then, John,' said I, 'your wages will go on, as if you had not left your master:—May I not, say so, Sir?' said I.—'Yes, surely, my dear: and augment them too, if you find his duty to you deserves it.'—'A thousand million of thanks,' said the poor man: 'I am very well satisfied, and desire no augmentation.' So he withdrew overjoyed; and Mrs. Jervis and Mr. Longman were highly pleased; for though incensed against him for his fault to me, when matters looked badly, yet they, and all his fellow-servants, always loved John.

When Mr. Longman and Mrs. Jervis had dined, they came in again, to know if he had any commands: and my dear master, filling a glass of wine, said, 'Longman I am going to toast the happiest and honestest couple in England, my dear Pamela's father and mother.'—'Thank you, dear Sir,' said I.

'I think,' continued he, 'that little Kentish purchase wants a manager; and as it is a little out of your way, Longman, I have been purposing, if I thought Mr. Andrews would accept of it, that he should enter upon Hodge's farm that was, and so manage for me that whole little affair: and we will well stock the farm for him, and make it comfortable; and I think if he will take that trouble upon him, it will be an ease to you and a favour to me.'

'Your honour,' said he, 'cannot do a better thing; and I have had some inkling given me, that you may, if you please, augment that estate, by a purchase of equal amount, contiguous to it; and as you have so much money to spare, I can't see your honour can do better.'—'Well,' said he, 'let me have the particulars another time, and we will consider about it. But, my dear,' added he, 'you'll mention this to your father, if you please.'

'I have too much money, Longman, lies useless; though, upon this occasion, I shall not grudge laying out as much in liveries, and other things, as if I had married a lady of fortune equal if possible, to my Pamela's merit; and I reckon you have a good deal in hand.'—'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'more than I wish I had.'

'I took with me to Lincolnshire,' said my master, 'upwards of six hundred guineas, and thought to have laid most of them out there:' ('Thank God,' thought I, 'you did not!' for he offered me five hundred of them, you know.)

'You have made some little presents, Pamela, to my servants there, on our nuptials; and these two hundred I have brought up, I will put into your disposal, that with some of them you shall do here as you did there.'

'I am ashamed good Sir,' said I, 'to be so costly and so worthless!'—'Pray my dear,' replied he, 'say not a word of that,'

Said Mr. Longman, 'Why, Madam, with money in stocks, and one thing or another, his honour could buy half the gentlemen round him. He wants not money, and lays up every year. And it would have been a pity but his honour should have wedded just as he has.'—'Very true, Longman,' said my master; and, pulling out his purse, said, 'Tell out, my dear two hundred guineas, and give me the rest.'—I did so. 'Now,' said he, 'take them yourself, for the purposes I mentioned. But Mr. Longman, do you, before sun-set, bring my dear girl fifty pounds, which is due to her this day, by my promise; and every three months, from this day, pay her fifty pounds, which w

be two hundred pounds *per annum*; for her to lay out at her own discretion, and without account, in such a way as shall derive a blessing upon us all: for she was my mother's almoner and shall be mine, and her own too.'—'I'll go for it this instant,' said Mr. Longman.

When he was gone, I looked upon my dear generous master and on Mrs. Jervis; and he gave me a nod of assent; and I took twenty guineas, and said, 'Dear Mrs. Jervis, accept of this, which is no more than my generous master ordered me to present to Mrs. Jewkes, for a pair of gloves, on my happy nuptials; and so you, who are much better entitled, by the love I bear you, must not refuse them.'

Said she, 'Mrs. Jewkes was on the spot, Madam, at the happy time.' 'Yes,' said my master, 'but Pamela would have rejoiced to have had you there instead of her.'—'That I should, Sir,' replied I, 'or instead of any body except my own mother.' She gratefully accepted them, and thanked us both: but I don't know what she should thank *me* for; for I was not worth a fourth of them myself.

'I'd have you, my dear,' said he, 'in some handsome manner, as you know how, oblige Longman to accept of the like present.'

Mr. Longman returned, and brought me the fifty pounds, saying, 'I have entered this new article with great pleasure: "*To my lady* ——, *fifty pounds: to be paid the same sum quarterly.*"'—'O Sir,' said I, 'what will become of me, to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your bounty! —It is a shame to take all your profuse goodness would heap upon me thus: but indeed it shall not be without account.'—'Make no words, *my dear*,' said he; 'are you not *my wife?* and have I not endowed *you with my goods?* and, hitherto, *this is a very small part*

'Mr. Longman,' said I, 'and Mrs. Jervis, you both see how I am even oppressed with unreturnable obligations.'—'God bless the donor, and the receiver too!' said Mr. Longman: 'I am sure they'll bring back good interest; for, Madam, you had ever a bountiful heart; and I have seen the pleasure you used to take in dispensing of my late lady's alms and donations.'

'Mr. Longman,' said I, 'though you are so willing to have me take large sums for nothing at all, I should affront you, if I asked you to accept from me a pair of gloves only, on account of my happy nuptials.' He seemed not readily to know how to answer; and my master said, 'If Longman refuse you, my dear, he may be said to refuse your first favour.' On that I put twenty guineas in his hand; but he insisted upon it, that he would take but five. I said, 'I must desire you to oblige me, Mr. Longman, or I shall think I have affronted you.'—'Well, if I must,' said he, 'I know what I know.'—'What is that, Mr. Longman?' said I, 'Why, Madam,' said he, 'I will not lay it out till my young master's birthday, which I hope will be within this year.'

Not expecting this from the old gentleman, I looked at my master, and then blushed so, I could not hold up my head. 'Charmingly said, Longman!' said he, and clasped me in his arms: 'O my dear life! God send it may be so! You have quite delighted me, Longman, though I durst not have said such a thing for the world.'—'Madam,' said the old gentleman, 'I beg your pardon: I hope no offence: but I'd speak it ten times in a breath to have it so, take it as you please, while my good master bears it so well.'—'Mrs. Jervis,' said my master, 'this is an overnice dear creature; you don't know what a life I have had with

her, even on this side matrimony.' Said Mrs. Jervis, 'I think Mr. Longman says very well; I am sure I shall hope for it too.'

Mr. Longman, who had struck me of a heap, withdrawing soon after, my master said, 'Why, my dear, you can't look up! The old man said nothing shocking.'—'I did not expect it, though, from him,' said I. 'I was not aware but of some innocent pleasantry.'—'Why, so it was,' said he, 'both innocent and pleasant: and I won't forgive you, if you don't say as he says. Come speak before Mrs. Jervis.'——'May every thing happen, Sir,' said I, 'that will give *you* delight!'—'That's my dearest love,' said he, and kissed me with great tenderness

When the servants had dined, I desired to see the maidens, and all four came up together. 'You are welcome home, Madam,' said Rachel; 'we all rejoice to see you here and more to see you our lady.'—'O my good old acquaintances I joy to see you!—How do you do, Rachel?—How do you all do?' I took each by the hand, and could have kissed them. 'For,' said I to myself, 'I kissed you all, last time I saw you, in sorrow; why should I not with joy?' But I forbore, in honour of their dear master's presence.

They seemed quite transported with me; and my good master was pleased with the scene. 'See here, my lasses,' said he, 'your mistress! I need not bid you respect her, for you always loved her; and she'll have it as much in her power as inclination to be kind to the deserving.'—'Indeed,' said I, 'I shall always be a kind friend to you; and your dear good master has ordered me to give each of you five guineas, that you may rejoice with me on my happiness.' And I said, 'God bless *you every one!* I am overjoyed to see you.' And they withdrew with the greatest gratitude and pleasure, praying for us both.

I turned to my dear master: '"Tis to you, dear Sir,' said I, 'next to God, who put it into your generous heart, that all my happiness is owing! That my mind thus overflows with joy and gratitude?' And I would have kissed his hand, but he clasped me in his arms, and said, 'My dear, you deserve it all.' Mrs. Jervis came in: said she, 'I have seen a very affecting sight; you have made your maidens quite happy, with your condescension and kindness, I saw them all four, as I came by the hall-door, just got up from their knees praising and praying for you both!'—'Dear good bodies!' said I; 'and did Jane pray too? May their prayers be returned upon themselves, I say!'

My master sent for Jonathan, and I held up all the fingers of my two hands; and my master approving, I said, 'Well, Mr. Jonathan, I could not be satisfied without seeing you in form, as it were, and thanking you for all your past good will to me. You'll accept of *that* for a pair of gloves on this happy occasion;' and I gave him ten guineas, and took his honest hand between both mine: 'God bless you,' said I, 'with your silver hairs, so like my dear father!—I shall always value such a a good old servant of the best of masters!' He said, 'O such goodness! such kind words! It is a balm to my heart! Blessed be God I have lived to this day!' and his eyes swam with tears, and he withdrew. 'My dear,' said my master, 'you make every one happy?'—'O Sir,' said I, '"Tis you, 'tis you; and let my grateful heart always spring to my lips, to acknowledge the blessings you heap upon me.'

Then in came Harry, Isaac, Benjamin, and the two grooms of his house, and Arthur the gardener, for

my dear master had ordered them by Mrs. Jervis thus to be marshall'd out: and he said, 'Where's John?' Poor John was ashamed, and did not come in till he heard himself called for. I said to them, 'How do you do, my old friends and fellow servants? I am glad to see you all.'

My master said, 'I have given you a mistress, my lads, that is the joy of my heart: you see her goodness and condescension! Let your respect to her be but answerable, and she'll be proportionably as great a blessing to you all, as she is to me.' Harry said, 'In the names of all your servants, Sir, I bless your honour, and your good lady: we shall all study to deserve her ladyship's favour, as well as your honour's.' So I gave every one five guineas, to rejoice, as I said, in my happiness.

When I came to John, I said, 'I saw you before, John: but I again tell you, I am glad to see you.' He said, he was quite ashamed and confounded. 'O forget every thing that's past, John: your dear good master will, and so will I. For God has wonderfully brought about all these things, by the very means I once thought most grievous. Let us therefore look forward, and be only ashamed to commit faults for the time to come; for they may not always be attended with like consequences.'

'Arthur,' said my master, 'I have brought you a mistress who is a great gardener. She'll show you a new way to plant beans; and never any body had such a hand at improving a sun-flower, as she!'—'O, Sir,' said I, (but yet a little dashed) 'my improvements in every thing are owing to you, I am sure!' They withdrew, blessing us both as the rest had done.

Then came in the postillion, and two helpers (for my master has both here, and at Lincolnshire, fine hunting horses; and it is the chief sport he takes delight in,) as also the scullion boy; and I said, 'How do you all, and how dost do, Tommy? I hope you're very good. Your dear master has ordered you something a-piece, in honour of me.' And my master holding three fingers to me, I gave the postillion and helpers three guineas each, and the little boy two; and bid him let his poor mother lay it out for him, for he must not spend it idly. Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, I had before presented at t'other house.

When they were all gone but Mrs. Jervis, I said, 'And now, dearest Sir, permit me, on my knees, thus to bless you, and pray for you. Oh! may God crown you with length of days, and increase of honour; may your happy, happy Pamela, by her grateful heart, appear always worthy in your dear eyes, though she cannot be so in her own, nor in those of any others!'

'Mrs. Jervis,' said my master, 'you see the excellency of this sweet creature! And when I tell you, that the charms of her person all lovely as she is, bind me not so strongly to her, as the graces of her mind; congratulate me, that my happiness is built on so stable a basis.'—'I do, most sincerely, Sir,' said she: 'this is a happy day to me!'

I stept into the library, while he was thus pouring out his kindness for me to Mrs. Jervis; and blessed God, on my knees, for the difference I now found to what I once knew in it. Mrs. Jervis had whispered him what I had done above, and he saw me upon my knees, unknown to me; but softly put to the door again, as he had opened it a little way. I said, not knowing he had seen me, 'You have some charming pictures here, Sir.'—'Yes, my dear life, so I

have; but none equal to that which your piety affords me;—And may the God you delight to serve, bless more and more my dear angel?'—'Sir,' said I, 'you are all goodness!'—'I hope,' replied he, 'after your sweet example, I shall be better and better.'

Do you think, my dear parents, there ever was so happy a creature as I? To be sure it would be very ungrateful to think with uneasiness, or any thing but compassion, of poor Miss Sally Godfrey.

He ordered Jonathan to let the evening be passed merrily, but wisely, as he said, with what every one liked, whether wine or October.

He was pleased to lead me up stairs, and gave me possession of my lady's dressing room and cabinet, and her fine repeating watch and equipage: in short, of a complete set of diamonds, that were his good mother's; as also of the two pair of diamond ear-rings, the two diamond rings, and a diamond necklace, mentioned in his naughty articles, which her ladyship had intended for presents to Miss Tomlins, a rich heiress proposed for his wife, when he was just come from his travels; but which went off, after all was settled on both the friend's sides, because he approved not her conversation, and she had, as he told his mother, too masculine an air; and he never would see her but once, though the lady liked him very well. He presented me also with her ladyship's books, pictures, linen, laces, &c. that were in her apartments: and bid me call those apartments mine. O give me, my good God, humility and gratitude!

SUNDAY NIGHT.

This day, as matters could not be ready for our appearance at a better place, we staid at home; and my dear master employed himself in his library: and I was engaged pretty much, as I ought to be, in thankfulness, prayer, and meditation, in my newly presented closet: and I hope God will be pleased to give a blessing to me; for I have the pleasure to think I am not puffed up with great alteration; and yet am not wanting to look upon all these favours and blessings in the light wherein I ought to receive them, both at the hands of Heaven, and my dear benefactor.

We dined together with great pleasure, and I had, in every word and action, all the instances of kindness and affection, that the most indulged heart could wish. He said he would return to his closet again: and at five o'clock would come and take a walk with me in the garden; and so retired as soon as he had dined, and I went up to mine.

About six, he came up to me, and said, 'Now, my dear, I will attend you for a little walk in the garden;' and I gave him my hand with great pleasure.

This garden is much better cultivated than the Lincolnshire one; but that is larger, and has nobler walks in it; and yet there is a pretty canal in this, and a fountain and cascade. We had a deal of sweet conversation as we walked; and, after we had taken a turn round, I bent towards the little garden; and coming near the summer-house, took the opportunity to slip from him, and just whipt up the steps of this once frightful place, and kneeled down, and said, 'I bless thee, O God, for my escapes, and for thy mercies! O let me always possess a grateful humble heart!' I went down again joined him; and he hardly missed me.

Several of the neighbouring gentry sent their compliments to him on his return, but not a word about his marriage; particularly Mr. Arthur, Mr. Towers, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Martin of the Grove

MONDAY.

I HAD a good deal of employment in choosing patterns for my new clothes. He thought nothing too good; but I thought every thing I saw was; and he was so kind to pick out six of the richest, for me to choose three suits, saying we would furnish ourselves with more when in town. One was white flowered with silver most richly: and he was pleased to say, that, as I was a bride, I should appear in that the next Sunday. So we shall have, in two or three days, nothing but mantua makers and tailors, at work. Bless me! what a chargeable, and what a worthless hussey I am to the dear gentleman!—But his fortune and station require a great deal of it; and his value for me will not let him do less, than if he had married a fortune equal to his own; and, as he says, it would be a reflection upon him if he did. So I doubt it will be as it is: for either way, the world will have something to say. He made me also choose some very fine laces, and linen: and has sent a message on purpose, with his orders, to hasten all down; what can be done in town, as the millinery matters, &c. to be completed there, and sent by particular messengers, as done. All to be here, and finished by Saturday afternoon, without fail.

I send John this morning, with some more of my papers, and with the few he will give you separate. My desire is, that you will send me all the papers done with, that I may keep my word with Lady Davers; to beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings; to give me your answer about my dear benefactor's proposal of the Kentish farm; to beg you to buy two suits of clothes, each, of the finest cloth for you, my dear father, and of a creditable silk for my dear mother; and good linen, and every thing answerable; and that you will, as my best friend bid me say, come as soon as possible; and he will send his chariot for you, when you tell John the day. Oh! how I long to see you, my dear parents, and to share with you my felicities!

You will have, I am sure the goodness to go to all your creditors, which are chiefly those of my poor unhappy brothers, and get an account of all you are bound for; and every one shall be paid to the utmost farthing, and interest besides, though some have been cruel and unrelenting.—But they are all entitled to their own, and shall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, John shall take my papers down to this place; to amuse you, instead of those you part with: and I will continue writing till I am settled, and you are determined; and then I shall apply myself to the duties of the family, in order to become as useful to my dear benefactor, as my small abilities will let me.

If you think a couple of guineas will be of use to Mrs. Mumford, who I doubt has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me (and I will return them to you,) as for a pair of gloves on my nuptials; and look through your poor acquaintance and neighbours, and let me have a list of such honest industrious poor, as are true objects of charity, and have no other assistance; particularly such as are blind, lame, or sickly; with their several cases; and also such poor families and housekeepers as are reduced by misfortunes, as ours was, and where a number of children may keep them from rising to a state of tolerable comfort, and I will choose as well as I can; for I long to begin with the quarterly benevolence my kind benefactor has

bestowed upon me for such good purposes.

I shall keep account of all these matters; and Mr. Longman has furnished me with a vellum book of white paper, some sides of which I hope soon to fill with the names of proper objects; and though my dear master has given me all this without account, yet shall he see (but no body else) how I lay it out from quarter to quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an accomptant, to the next quarter and strike a balance four times a year and a general balance at every year's end. I have written in it, *Humble* RETURNS *for* DIVINE MERCIES; and locked it up safe in my newly-presented cabinet.

I intend to let Lady Davers see no farther of my papers, than to her own angry letter to her brother; for I would not have her see my reflections upon it; and she'll know, down to that place, all that is necessary for her curiosity, as to my sufferings, the stratagems against me, and the honest part I have been enabled to act; when she has read them all I hope she will be quite reconciled: for she will see it is all God Almighty's doings; and that a gentleman of his parts and knowledge was not to be drawn in by such a poor young body as me.

I will detain John no longer. He will tell you to read this last part first, while he stays. And so, with my humble duty to you both, and my dear Mr. B's kind remembrance, I rest *your ever dutiful and gratefully happy daughter.*

THURSDAY EVENING.

Honoured Father and Mother,

I WILL now proceed with my journal. On Tuesday morning my dear Sir rode out, and brought with him to dinner, Mr. Martin of the Grove, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Brooks, and one Mr. Chambers; he told me he had rode out too far to return to breakfast; but had brought some of his old acquaintance to dine with him. 'Are you sorry for it, Pamela?' said he. I remembered his lessons, and said, 'No, sure, Sir; I cannot be angry at any thing you are pleased to do!' Said he, 'You know Mr. Martin's character, and have severely censured him in one of your letters, as one of my brother rakes, and for his three lyings-in.'

He then told me how he came to bring them. Said he, 'I met them all at Mr. Arthur's; and his lady asked me if I was *really* married? I said, "Yes, *really*."—"And to whom?" said Mr. Martin. "Why," replied I, bluntly, "to my mother's waiting-maid." They could not tell what to say to me, and looked upon one another. And I saw I had spoiled a jest from each. Mrs. Arthur said, "You have indeed Sir, a charming creature as ever I saw; and she has mighty good luck."—"Aye," said I, "and so have I. But I shall say the less, because a man never did any thing of this nature, that he did not think he ought, if it were but in policy, to make the best of it."—"Nay," said Mr. Arthur, "if you have sinned, it is with your eyes open; for you know the world as well as any gentleman of your years in it."

"Why, really, gentlemen," said I, "I should be glad to please all my friends; but I can't expect, till they know my motives and inducements, that it will be so immediately. But I do assure you, I am exceedingly pleased *myself;* and that you know, is most to the purpose."

'Said Mr. Brooks, "I have heard my wife praise your spouse, that is, so much for person and beauty, that I want to see her of all things."—"Why," replied I, "if you'll all go and take a dinner with me, you shall

see her with all my heart.—And, Mrs Arthur will you bear us company?"—"No, indeed, Sir," said she. "What, I'll warrant, my *wife* will not be able to reconcile you to my *mother's waiting-maid;* is not that it? Tell truth, Mrs. Arthur."—"Nay," said she, "I shan't be backward to pay your spouse a visit, in company of the neighbouring ladies; but for one single woman to go, on such a sudden motion too, with so many gentlemen, is not right.—But that need not hinder you gentlemen." 'So,' said he, 'the rest sent, that they should not dine at home; and they and Mr. Chambers, a gentleman lately settled in these parts, one and all came with me; and so, my dear,' concluded he, 'when you make your appearance next Sunday, you're sure of a party in your favour: for all that see you must esteem you.'

He went to them; and when I came down to dinner he was pleased to take me by the hand, at my entrance into the parlour, and said, 'My dear, I have brought some of my good neighbours to dine with you.' I said, 'You are very good Sir.'—'My dear, this gentleman is Mr. Chambers;' and so he presented every one to me; and they saluted me, and wished us both joy.

'I for my part,' said Mr. Brooks, 'wish you joy most heartily. My wife told me of the beauties of your person; but I did not think we had such a flower in our county.'—'Sir,' said I, 'your lady is very partial to me; and you are so polite a gentleman, that you will not contradict your good lady.'

'I'll assure you, madam,' returned he, 'you have not hit the matter at all; for we contradict one another twice or thrice a day. But the devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a case!' Said Mr. Martin, 'Mr. Brooks says very true, madam, in *both respects,*' (meaning his wife's *and his own* contradiction to one another, as well as in my favour.) '*for,*' added he, 'they have been married some years.'

As I had not the best opinion of this gentleman, nor his jest, I said, 'I am almost sorry, Sir, for the gentleman's jest upon himself and his lady? but I think it should have relieved him from a greater jest, your pleasant confirmation of it—But still the reason you give that it *may* be so, I hope may be given that it is *not* so;—to wit, that they have been married some years.'

Said Mr. Arthur, 'Mr. Martin, I think the lady has very handsomely reproved you.'—'I think so too,' said Mr. Chambers; 'and it was but a very indifferent compliment to a bride.' Said Mr. Martin, 'Compliment or not, gentlemen, I have never seen a matrimony of long standing, that it was not so little or much; but I dare say it will never be so here.'

'To be sure, Sir,' said I, 'if it was, I must be the ungratefullest person in the world, because I am the most obliged person in it.'—'That notion,' said Mr, Arthur, 'is so excellent, that it gives a moral certainty it never can.'

'Sir,' said Mr. Brooks, to my dear master, softly, 'You have a most accomplished lady, I do assure you, as well in her behaviour and wit, as in her person, call her what you please.'—'Why, my dear friend,' said my master, 'I must tell you, as I have said before now, that her person made me her lover, but her mind made her my wife.'

The first course coming in, my dear Sir led me to my place; and set Mr. Chambers, as the greatest stranger at my right hand, and Mr. Brooks at my left. Mr. Arthur was pleased to observe, much to my advantage, on the ease and freedom with which I behaved myself, and helped them; and said he would bring his lady to be a witness, and

a learner both, of my manner. I said, I should be proud of any honour Mrs. Arthur would vouchsafe to do me; and if once I could avail myself of his good lady's example, and those of the other gentlemen present, I should have the greater opinion of my fitness for the place I filled, at present, with much insufficiency.

Mr. Arthur drank to my health and happiness, and said, 'My wife told your spouse, Madam, you had very good luck in such a husband; but I now see who has the best of it.' Said Mr. Brooks, 'Come, let's make no compliments; for the plain truth is, our good neighbour's generosity and judgment have met with so equal a match in his lady's beauty and merit, that I know not which has the best luck.—But may you be both long happy together, say I!' And so he drank a glass of wine.

My best friend, who always delights to have me praised, seemed much pleased with our conversation; and said the kindest, tenderest, and most respectful things to me. Insomuch that the rough Mr. Martin said, 'Did you ever think our good friend here, who used to ridicule matrimony so much, would make so complaisant a husband?—How long do you intend, Sir, that this shall hold?'—'As long as my good girl deserves, it' said he. 'I hope for ever. But,' continued the kind gentleman, 'you need not wonder I have changed my mind as to wedlock; for I never expected to meet with one whose behaviour and sweetness of temper was so well adapted to make me happy.'

After dinner, and having drank good healths to each of their ladies, I withdrew; and they sat and drank two bottles of claret a-piece, and were very merry; and went away full of my praises, and vowing to bring their ladies to see me.

John, having brought me your kind letter, my dear father, I told my good master, after his friends were gone, how grateful you received his generous intentions as to the Kentish farm, and promised your best endeavours to serve him in that estate; and that you hoped for your industry and care to be very little troublesome to him, as to the liberal manner in which he intended to add to a provision, which of itself exceeded all you wished. He was very well pleased with your cheerful acceptance of it.

I am glad your engagements in the world lie in so small a compass: as soon as you have gotten an account of them exactly, you will be pleased to send it me, with the list of the poor folks you are so kind to promise to procure me.

I think, as my dear master is so generous, you should account nothing that is plain, too good. Pray don't be afraid of laying out upon yourselves. He intends that you shall not, when you come, return to your old abode; but stay with us, till you set out for Kent; so you must dispose of yourselves accordingly. And I hope, my dear father, you have quite left off all slavish business. As Farmer Jones has been kind to you, as I have heard you say, pray, when you take leave of them, present them with three guineas worth of good books; such as a Family Bible, a Common Prayer, a Whole Duty of Man, or any other you think will be acceptable; for they live a great way from church; and in winter the ways from their farm thither are impassable.

He has brought me my papers safe; and I will send them to Lady Davers the first opportunity, down to the place I mentioned in my last.

My dear Mr. B. just now tells me, that he will carry me, in the morning, a little airing, about ten miles off, in his chariot and four to break-

fast at a farm-house, noted for a fine dairy, and where, now and then, the neighbouring gentry, of both sexes, resort for that purpose.

THURSDAY.

We set out soon after six, accordingly; and, driving pretty smartly, got at this truly neat house at half an hour after eight and I was much pleased with the neatness of the good woman; and her daughter and maid; he was so good as to say he would now and then take a turn with me to the same place and on the same occasion, as seemed to like it for it would be a pretty exercise, and procure us appetites to our breakfast, as well as our return would to our dinners. But I find this was not, though a very good reason, the only one for which he gave me this agreeable airing; and I shall acquaint you.

We were prettily received and entertained here, and an elegancy ran through every thing, persons as well as furniture, yet all plain. And my master said to the good housewife, 'Do your young boarding-school ladies still at times continue their visits to you, Mrs. Dobson?'—'Yes, Sir,' said she, 'I expect three or four of them every minute.'

'There is, my dear,' said he, 'within three miles of this farm, a very good boarding-school for ladies; the governess of it keeps a chaise and pair, which is to be made a double chaise at pleasure: in summer, when the Misses perform their task to satisfaction, she favours them with an airing to this place, three or four at a time: and after breakfasting, they are carried back; this serves both for a reward, and for exercise: and the Misses who have this favour are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their respective tasks.'

'A very good method, Sir,' said I. And just as we were talking, the chaise came in with four Misses, all pretty much of a size, with a maid-servant. They passed by us into another little neat apartment through ours and made their honours very prettily. I went into the room to them, and asked questions about their work, and their lessons: and what they had done to deserve such a fine airing and breakfasting and they all answered me very prettily. 'And pray, little ladies,' said I, 'what may I call your names?' One was called Miss Burduff, one Miss Nugent, one Miss Booth, and the fourth Miss Goodwin. 'I don't know which,' said I, 'is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little dears and you have a very good governess to indulge you with such a fine airing, and such delicate cream, and bread and butter. I hope you think so too.'

My master came in, and I had no mistrust in the world; he kissed each of them: but looked more wistfully on Miss Goodwin, than on any of the others; but I thought nothing just then: had she been called Miss Godfrey, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we went from them, he said, 'Which do you think the prettiest of those Misses?'—'Really Sir, it is hard to say: Miss Booth is a pretty brown girl, and has a fine eye: Miss Burduff has a great deal of sweetness in her countenance, but is not so regularly featured; Miss Nugent is very fair; and Miss Goodwin has a fine black eye, and is, besides, think the genteelest shaped child: but they are all pretty.'

The maid led them into the garden, to show them the bee-hives and Miss Goodwin made a particular fine courtesy to my master: I said, 'I believe Miss knows you Sir?' and taking her by the hand, I said, 'Do you know this gentleman my pretty dear?'—'Yes, Ma-

dam,' said she; 'it is my own dear uncle.' I clasped her in my arms: 'O why did you not tell me, Sir,' said I, 'that you had a niece among these little ladies?' I kissed her, and away she tript after the others.

'But pray, Sir,' said I, 'how can this be?—You have no sister nor brother, but Lady Davers.—How can this be?'

He smiled: and then I said, 'O my dearest Sir, tell me now the truth. Does not this pretty Miss s and in a nearer relation to you, than as a niece?—I know she does! I know she does!' And I embraced him as he stood.

'Tis even so, my dear; and you remember my sister's good-natured hint of Miss Sally Godfrey!—'I do well, Sir. But this is Miss Goodwin.'—'Her mother chose that name for her,' said he, 'because she should not be called by her own.'

'Well,' said I, 'excuse me, Sir; I must go and have a little prattle with her.'—'I'll send for her in again,' replied he; and in she came in a moment. I took her in my arms, and said, 'O, my charming dear! will you love me?—Will you let me be your aunt?'—'Yes, madam, with all my heart; and I will love *you* dearly: but I mustn't love my uncle.' —'Why so?' said he. 'Because you would not speak to me at first! And because you would not let me call you uncle,' (for it seems she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently,) 'and yet,' said the pretty dear, 'I had not seen you a great while, so I hadn't!'

'Well, Pamela, now can you allow me to love this little innocent?' —'Allow you, Sir! you would be very barbarous if you did not; and I should be more so, if I did not further it all I could, and love the little lamb myself for your sake and for her own; and in compassion to her poor mother, though unknown to me.' And tears stood in my eyes.

'Why, my love, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad!'—I drew to the window from the child: and said, 'Sad it is not, Sir; but I have a strange grief and pleasure mingled at once in my breast, on this occasion; it is indeed a twofold grief and a twofold pleasure.'—'As how, my dear?' said he. —'Why, Sir, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she be living, she must call her chiefest delight her shame; if she be no more, she must have had sad remorse on her poor mind, on leaving the world and her poor babe: in the second place, I grieve, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near her dearest relation in the world is to her. Forgive me, dear Sir, I say not this to reproach you in the least. And I have a twofold cause of joy: first that I have had the grace to escape the like unhappiness with this poor gentlewoman: and next, that this discovery has given me an opportunity to show the sincerity of my grateful affections for you, Sir, in the love I will always express to this dear child.'

Then I stept to her, and kissing her, said, 'Join with me my pretty love, to beg your dear uncle to let you come and live with your new aunt: indeed, my little precious, I'll love you dearly.'

'Will you, Sir,' said the little charmer, 'will you let me go and live with my aunt?'

'You are very good my Pamela. And I have not once been deceived in the hopes my fond heart had entertained of your prudence.'—'But will you Sir,' said I, 'grant me this favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer; and all I am capable of doing for her, both by

example and affection, shall most cordially be done. My dearest Sir, oblige me in this thing! I think already my heart is set upon it! What a sweet employment, and companionship shall I have!'

'We'll talk of this some other time,' replied he; 'but I must in prudence, put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I had always intended to surprise you into this discovery; but my sister led the way to it, out of a poorness in her spite, I could not brook; and though you have pleased me beyond expression, in your behaviour on this occasion, yet you have not gone much beyond my expectations; for I have such a high opinion of you, I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary conduct on so tender a circumstance.'

'Well, Sir,' said the dear little Miss, 'then you will not let me go home with my aunt, will you? I am sure she will love me.'—'When you break up next, my dear, if you are a good girl, you shall pay your new aunt a visit.'—She made a low courtesy,—'Thank you, Sir,' answered she. 'Yes, my dear,' said I, 'and I will get you some fine things against the time. I would have brought you some now, had I known I should have seen my pretty love.'—'Thank you madam,' returned she.

'How old, Sir,' said I, 'is Miss?'—'Between six and seven,' answered he. 'Was she ever, Sir, at your house?'—'My sister carried her thither once, as a little relation of her lord's.'—'I remember, Sir,' said I, 'a little Miss; and Mrs. Jervis and I took her to be a relation of Lord Davers.'

'My sister,' said he, 'knew the whole secret from the beginning; and it made her a great merit with me, that she kept it from the knowledge of my father, who was then living, and of my mother to her dying-day; though she descended so low in her rage, to hint the matter to you.'

The little Misses took their leaves soon after; and I know not how, but I am strangely affected with this dear child. I wish I might have her home. It would be a great pleasure to have such a fine opportunity, obliged as I am, to show my love for himself, in my fondness for this dear Miss.

As we came home together in the chariot, he gave me the following particulars of this affair, additional to what he had before mentioned:

That this lady was of a good family, and the flower of it: but that her mother was a person of great art and address, and not altogether so nice in the particular between himself and Miss, as she ought to have been: that especially, when she found him unsettled and wild, and her daughter in more danger from him than he was from her, yet she encouraged their privacies, and even when she had reason to apprehend, from their being surprised together in a way not so creditable to the lady, that she was far from forbidding their private meetings; on the contrary, that on a certain time, she had set one, formerly her footman, and a half-pay officer, her relation, to watch an opportunity, and to frighten him into a marriage with the lady: that accordingly, after surprising him in her chamber, when just let in, they drew their swords, and threatened instantly to kill him, if he did not promise marriage on the spot; and that they had a parson ready below stairs, as he found afterwards: he then suspected, from some strong circumstances, Miss was in the plot; which so enraged him, with their menaces together, that he drew, and stood upon his defence

and was so much in earnest, that the man he pushed into the arm, and disabled; and pressing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he rushed in upon him near the top of the stairs, pushed him down one pair, and he was much hurt by the fall:—Not but that, he said, he might have paid for his rashness: the business of his antagonists was rather to frighten than to kill him: that, upon this, in the sight of the old lady, the parson she had provided, and her other daughters, he went out of their house, with bitter execrations against them all.

That after this, designing to break off all correspondence with the whole family, and Miss too, she found means to engage him to give her a meeting at Woodstock, in order to clear herself: that, poor lady! she was there obliged, naughty creature as he was! to make herself quite guilty of a worse fault, in order to clear herself of a lighter: that they often met at Godstow, Woodstock, and every neighbouring place to Oxford, where he was then studying, as it proved, guilty lessons, instead of improving ones; till, at last, the effect of their frequent interviews grew too obvious to be concealed; that the young lady then, not fit to be seen, for the credit of the family, was confined, and all manner of means were used, to induce him to marry her: that, finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his father and mother; but that he made his sister acquainted with the matter, who then happened to be at home; and by her management and spirit, their intentions of that sort were frustrated; and, seeing no hopes, they agreed to Lady Daver's proposals, and sent poor Miss down to Marlborough, where, at her expense, which he repaid her, she was provided for, *and privately* lay-in; *that Lady Davers took* upon herself the care of the little one till fit to be put to the boarding-school, where it now is: and that he had settled upon the dear little Miss such a sum of money, as the interest of it would handsomely provide for her; and the principal would be a tolerable fortune, fit for a gentlewoman, when she came to be marriageable. 'This, my dear,' said he, 'is the story in brief. And I do assure you, Pamela,' added he, 'I am far from making a boast of, or taking a pride in this affair: but since it has happened I can't say but I wish the poor child to live, and be happy: and I must endeavour to make her so.'

'Sir,' said I, 'to be sure you should; and I shall take a very great pride to contribute to the dear little soul's felicity, if you will permit me to have her home. But does Miss know any thing who are her father and mother?' I wanted him to say if the poor lady was living or dead. 'No,' answered he. 'Her governess has been told, by my sister, that she is the daughter of a gentleman, and his lady, who are related to Lord Davers, and now live in Jamaica; she calls me uncle, only because I am brother to Lady Davers, whom she calls aunt, and who is very fond of her, as is also my lord, who knows the whole matter; they have her, at all her little school recesses, at their house, and are very kind to her.—I believe the truth of the matter is little known or suspected; for as her mother *is* of no mean family, her friends try to keep it secret as much as I: and Lady Davers, till her wrath boiled over, t'other day, has managed the matter very dexterously and kindly.'

The words, mother *is* of no mean family, gave me not to doubt the poor lady was living. And I said, 'But how, Sir, can the dear Miss's poor mother be content to dem

herself the enjoyment of so sweet a child!'—'Ah Pamela,' replied he, 'now *you* come in; I see you want to know what's become of the poor mother.—'Tis natural enough: but I was willing to see how the little suspense would operate upon you.'—'Dear Sir,' said I.—'Nay,' replied he, ''tis very natural, my dear! I think you have had great patience, and are come at this question so fairly, you deserve to be answered.

'You must know then, there is some foundation for saying, that her mother at least lives in Jamaica; for there she does live, and very happily too. For I must observe, that she suffered so much in child-bed, nobody expected her life; and this, when she was up, made such an impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing so much as the thoughts of returning to her former fault; and, to say the truth, I had intended to make her a visit as soon as her month was well up. So, unknown to me, she engaged herself to go to Jamaica, with two young ladies, born there, and returning to their friends, after having been four years in England for their education: and, recommending to me, by a very moving letter, her little baby, and that I would not suffer it to be called by her name, but Goodwin, that her shame might be the less known, for her's and her family's sake; she got her friends to assign her five hundred pounds in full of all demands upon her family, and went up to London, embarked with her companions, at Gravesend, and sailed to Jamaica; where she is since well and happily married, passing, to her husband, for a young widow, with one daughter, which her husband's friends take care of, and provide for. And so you see, Pamela, that in the whole story, on both sides, the truth is as much preserved as possible.'

'*Poor lady!*' said I: 'how her story moves me!—I am glad she is so *happy* at last.'—'And, my dear, said he 'are you not glad she is so *far off* too?'—'As to that, Sir, I cannot be sorry, to be sure, as she is so happy; which she could not have been *here*. For, Sir, I doubt you would have proceeded with your temptations, if she had not gone; and it showed her so much in earnest to be good, that she could leave her native country, her relations, you, whom she so well loved, her dear baby, and try a new fortune, in a new world, among strangers, and hazard the seas; and all to preserve herself from further guiltiness!—Indeed, Sir,' said I, 'I bleed for what her distresses must be, in this case; I am grieved for her poor mind's remorse, through her child-bed terrors, which could have so great an effect; and I honour her resolution. I should rank such a returning dear lady in the class of those who are most virtuous; and doubt not God Almighty's mercies to her, and that her present happiness is the result of his gracious Providence, blessing her penitence and reformation. But, Sir,' said I, 'did you not once see the poor lady, after her lying in?'

'I did not believe her so much in earnest, and I went down to Marlborough, and heard she was gone from thence to Balne. I went there, but she was gone to a relation's at Reading. Thither I went, and heard she was gone to Oxford. I followed: and there she was, but I could not see her.

'She at last received a letter from me, begging a meeting; for I found her departure with the ladies resolved on, and that she was with her friends, only to take leave of them; and receive her agreed-on portion: she appointed the Saturday following, and that was Wednesday, to give me a meeting at the old place, at Woodstock.

'Then I thought I was sure of her, and doubted not I should spoil her intended voyage. I set out on Thursday to Gloucester, on a party of pleasure; and on Saturday to Woodstock: but when I came thither, I found a letter instead of my lady: it was to beg my pardon for deceiving me; expressing her concern for her past fault, her affection to me, and the apprehension she had of being unable to keep her good resolves, if she met me; that she had set out the Thursday for her embarkation, fearing nothing else could save her; and had appointed this meeting on Saturday, at the place of her former guilt, that I might be suitably impressed upon the occasion, and pity and allow for her; and that she might get three or four days start of me, and be quite out of my reach. She recommended again, as upon the spot where the poor little one owed its being, my tenderness to it for her sake; that was all she had to request, she said; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own dangers, and in every difficulty she was going to encounter.'

I wept at this moving tale: 'And did not this make a deep impression upon you, Sir?' said I: 'surely, such an affecting lesson as this must, on the very guilty spot too—(I admire the dear lady's pious contrivance!) One would have thought, Sir, it was enough to reclaim you for ever! All your naughty purposes, I doubt not, were quite changed!'

'Why, my dear, I was much moved, you may be sure, when I came to reflect: but at first, I was so assured of being a successful tempter, and spoiling her voyage, that I was vexed and much out of humour; but, on reflection, I was quite overcome with this instance of *her prudence, penitence*, and resolution; and more admired her than I ever had done. Yet I could not bear she should so escape me neither; so much overcome me, as it were, in an heroical bravery; and I hastened away, got a bill of credit of Lord Davers, upon his banker in London, for five hundred pounds: and set out thither, having called at Oxford, and got what light I could, as to where I might hear of her.

'On arriving in town, which was not till Monday morning, I went to Crosby Square, where the friends of the two ladies lived. She had set out, in the flying coach on Tuesday, got to the two ladies that very night, and on Saturday set out, with them, for Gravesend, near the time I expected her at Woodstock.

'You may suppose, I was much affected with this. However, I got my bill of credit converted into money; and set out with my servant on Monday, and reached Gravesend that night: where I found that she and the two ladies had gone on board from the inn I put up at, in the morning: and the ship waited only for the wind, which then was turning about in its favour.

'I went directly on board, and asked for Mrs. Godfrey. But judge, my dear, her surprise and confusion, on seeing me. She had nearly fainted away. I offered any money to put off the sailing till next day, but it was not complied with; and fain would I have got her on shore, and promised to attend her, if she would go over land, to any part of England the ship might touch at. But she was immoveable. Every one concluded me her humble servant, and were touched at the moving interview; the young ladies, and their female attendants especially. With great difficulty, upon my solemn assurances of honour, she trusted herself with me in one of the cabins; and there I entreated

her to quit her purpose; but in vain: she said, I had made her quite unhappy by this interview! She had difficulties enough upon her mind before; but now I had imbittered all her voyage, and given her the deepest distress.

'I could prevail upon her but for one favour, and that with the greatest reluctance; which was, to accept of the five hundred pounds as a present from me; and to draw upon me for a greater sum, as one who had her effects in my hands, when she arrived, if she found it convenient for her. But she would not promise even to correspond with me, and was determined on going; I believe, if I would have married her, which yet I had not in my head, she would not have been diverted from her purpose.'

'But how, Sir,' said I, 'did you part?'—'I would have sailed with her, and been landed at the first port in England or Ireland, I cared not which, they put in at; but she was too full of apprehensions to admit it; and the rough fellow of a master, captain they called him, would not stay a moment, the wind and tide being quite fair; and was very urgent with me to go ashore, or to go the voyage; and being impetuous in my temper, *spoilt, you know, my dear, by my mother*, and not used to control, I thought it very strange, that wind or tide, or any thing else, should be preferred to me and my money: but so it was; I was forced to go; and so took leave of the ladies, and the other passengers, wished them a good voyage; gave five guineas among the ship's crew, to be good to the ladies, and took such a leave as you may better imagine than I express. She recommended, once more to me, the dear *Guest, as she called her*, the ladies *being present*; and thanked me for *all these instances* of my regard, which, she said, would leave a strong impression on her mind; and throwing her arms about my neck; we took such a leave, as affected every one present, men, as well as ladies.

'So with a truly heavy heart, I went down the ship's side, to my boat; and stood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could see her, and she at me, with her handkerchief at her eyes; and then I gazed at the ship, *till* and *after* I had landed as long as I could discern the least appearance of it; for she was under sail in a manner, when I left her; and so I returned highly disturbed to my inn.

'I went to bed, but rested not; returned to London the next day, and set out again for the country. So much for poor Sally Godfrey. She sends, by all opportunities, with the knowledge of her husband, to learn how her child by her first husband does; and has the satisfaction to know she is happily provided for. Half a year ago, her spouse sent a little negro boy, about ten years old, as a present to wait upon her; but he was taken ill of the small pox, and died in a month after he was landed.'

'Sure, Sir,' said I, 'your generous mind must have been long affected with this melancholy case, and all its circumstances.'

'It hung upon me some time said he; 'but I was full of spirit and inconsideration. I went soon after to travel; a hundred new objects danced before my eyes, and kept reflection from me. And you see, I had five or six years afterwards, and even before that, so thoroughly lost all the impressions you talk of, that I doubted not to make my Pamela change her name, without either act of Parliament or wedlock, and be Sally Godfrey the Second.'—'O you dear naughty man!'

said I, 'this seems but too true! But I bless God, that it is not so!—I bless God for your reformation, and that for your own dear sake as well as mine!'

'Well, my dear,' said he, 'and I bless God for it too!—I do most sincerely!—'Tis my greater pleasure, because I have, as I hope, seen my error so early; and that with such a stock of youth, and apparent health on my side, I can truly abhor my past liberties, and pity poor Sally Godfrey, from the same motives that I admire my Pamela's virtues; and resolve to make myself as worthy of them as possible: and I will hope, my dear, your prayers for my pardon, and my perseverance, will be of no small efficacy on this occasion.'

These agreeable reflections, on this melancholy but instructive story, brought us in view of his own house; and we alighted, and walked in the garden till dinner was ready.

MONDAY MORNING.

YESTERDAY we set out attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been cleaned, lined and new harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one: but I had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's; though he jocularly, upon my noticing my obscurity, said, that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit of white, flowered with silver, a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c. I mentioned before. and my dear Sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue Paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk. I said I was too fine and would have laid aside some of the jewels; but he said, it would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife: and though I apprehended that people might talk as it was, yet he had rather they should say any thing, than that I was not put upon an equal foot, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems, the neighbouring gentry had expected us; and there was a great congregation; for (against my wish) we were a little late, so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had many gazers and whisperers: but my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of showing as if he was ashamed of it; and I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day: my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God, for his unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, I was much less concerned than I should otherwise have been, at the gazings and whisperings of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid the longer for the church to be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the doors, and in the porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection, or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there: and the four gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both; Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy; and Mrs. Brooks said, 'You sent Mr. Brooks, Madam, home t'other day, quite charmed with a manner which ye

have convinced a thousand persons this day is natural to you.'

'You do me great honour, madam,' replied I. 'Such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness.' My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking to Sir Thomas Atkyns (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a very ceremonious gentleman, a little to extreme that way,) I believe to familiarize me to the gazers, which concerned me a little; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country people, and see them crowd about the chariot. several poor people begged my charity; and I beckoned John, and said, 'Divide in the further church porch, that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now.' So I gave them all the silver I had, between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, whom he could not leave, and said, 'By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbour knew, better than any body could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why,' said he, 'the dean himself looked more upon you than his book.'

'O, Sir,' said I, 'you are very encouraging to a weak mind!'—'I vow,' said he, 'I say no more than is truth: I'd marry to-morrow, if I were sure of a person of but one half of your merit.—You are, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion. Every body is saying so: for you have by your piety, edified the whole church.'

As he had done speaking, the dean himself complimented me that the behaviour of so good a lady would be very edifying to this congregation, and encouraging to himself. 'Sir,' said I, 'you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine.'

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said, 'I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse: but I have been saying, he is the happiest man in the world.' I bowed to him; but could have wished him further, to make me sit so in the notice of every one: which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr. Martin said to my master, 'If you'll come to church every Sunday, with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood.'—'O, my dear Sir,' said I, 'you know not how much I am obliged to Mr. Martin. He has, by his kind expressions, made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.'

Said my master, 'My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend, Mr. Martin.' And he said to him, 'We will constantly go to church, and to every other place, where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin.'

Mr. Martin said, 'Gad Sir, you are a happy man, and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite neither.' So he bowed and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair. As I have no other pride, I hope, in repeating these things, than in the counte-

nance the general approbation gives to my dear master, for his stooping so low, you will excuse me for it.

In the afternoon we went again to church and a little early, at my request; but it was quite full, and soon after even crowded: so much does novelty (the more's the pity!) attract the eyes of mankind. Mr. Martin came in, after us, and made up to our seats; and said, 'If you please, my dear friend, I will sit with you this afternoon.' 'With all my heart,' said my master. I was sorry for it; but was resolved my duty should not be made second to bashfulness, or any other consideration: and when divine service began, I withdrew to the further end of the pew, and left the gentlemen in the front; and they both behaved quite suitably to the occasion. I mention this the rather, because Mr. Martin was not very noted for coming to church, or attention when there.

The dean preached again, though not usual, out of compliment to us; and an excellent sermon he made on the relative duties of Christianity: and took my particular attention, with his fine observations on the subject. Mr. Martin addressed himself twice or thrice to me, during the sermon; but I was so wholly engrossed with hearkening to the good preacher, that he forebore interrupting me; yet, according to the lesson formerly given me, observed to him a cheerful and obliging behaviour as one of his friends and intimates. My master asked him to supper; and he said, I am so taken with your lady, that you must not encourage me too much; for I shall be always with you, if you do.' He was pleased to say, 'You cannot favour us with too much of your company; and as I left you in the lurch in your single estate, I think you will do well to oblige us as much you can; and who knows but my happiness may reform another rake!' —'*Who* knows?' said Mr. Martin, 'why, I know—for I am more than half reformed already.' At the chariot door, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Chambers, were brought to me, by their respective spouses; and presently the witty Lady Towers joined them. Mrs. Arthur said, she wished me joy; and that all the good ladies, my neighbours, would meet and make me a visit.—'This,' said I, 'will be an honour I can never enough acknowledge. It will be very kind so to countenance a person, who will always study to deserve your favours, by the most respectful behaviour.' Lady Towers said, 'My dear neighbour, you want no countenance, your own merit is sufficient. I had a slight cold, that kept me at home in the morning; but I heard you so much talked of, and praised, I resolved not to stay away in the afternoon: and I join in the joy every one gives you.' She turned to my master, and said, 'You are a sly thief, as I always thought you. Where have you stolen this lady? And now, how barbarous is it, thus unawares, in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all.'—'You are very kind, Madam,' said he, 'that you and all my worthy neighbours see with my eyes. But had I not known she had so much excellency of mind and behaviour, as would strike every body in her favour at first sight, I should not have dared to class her with such of my worthy neighbours, as now so kindly congratulate us both.'

'I own,' said she softly, 'I was one of your censurers; but I never liked you so well in my life, as for this action, now I see how capable your bride is of giving distinction to any condition.' And coming to me 'My dear neighbour,' said she, 'excuse me for having but in my thoughts the remembrance that I.

have *seen you formerly*, when, by your sweet air and easy deportment, you so much surpass us all, and give credit to your present happy condition.'

'Dear good madam,' said I, 'how shall I suitably return my acknowledgments! But it will never be a pain to me to look back upon my *former days*, now I have the kind allowance and example of so many worthy ladies to support me in the honours to which the most generous of men hath raised me.'

'Sweetly said!' she was pleased to say. 'If I was in another place, I would kiss you for that answer. Oh! happy Mr. B!' said she to my master, 'what reputation have you not brought upon your judgment! I won't be long before I see you, I'll assure you, if I come by myself.'—'That shall be your own fault, madam,' said Mrs. Brooks, 'if you do.'

So they took leave; and I gave my hand to my dear master and said, 'How happy have you made me, generous Sir.' The dean, who was just come up, heard me, and said, 'And how happy you have made your spouse, I'll venture to pronounce, is hard to say, from what I observe from you both.' I courtesied, and blushed, not thinking any body heard me. And my master telling him he should be glad of the honour of a visit from him, he said he would pay his respects to us soon, and bring his wife and daughter to attend me. I said that was doubly kind; and I should be very proud of cultivating so worthy an acquaintance. I thanked him for his fine discourse; and he thanked me for my attention, which he called exemplary: so my dear master handed me into the *chariot*; and we went home, *both happy*.

Mr. Martin came in the evening, *with his friend Mr. Dormer*; and entertained us with the favourable opinion, he said, every one had of me, and of the choice my good benefactor had made.

This morning the poor came, according to my invitation; and I sent twenty-five away with glad hearts.

5. TUESDAY.

My generous master has given me a most considerate, but yet, from the nature of it, melancholy instance of his great regard for my unworthiness, which I never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of. He took a walk with me, after breakfast, into the garden; and a shower falling, he led me for shelter, into the little summer-house, in the private garden, where he formerly gave me apprehension; and, sitting down by me, he said, 'I have now finished all that lies on my mind, my dear, and am very easy; for have you not wondered, that I so much employed myself in my library! Been so much at home, and yet not in your company?'—'No, Sir,' said I: 'I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing you please to employ yourself about; nor would give way to a curiosity that should be troublesome to you; and, besides, I know your large possessions: and the method you take of looking yourself into your affairs, thus needs take up so much of your time, that I ought to be very careful how I intrude upon you.'

'Well,' said he, 'but I'll tell you what has been my last work: I have considered that, at present, my line is almost extinct: and that the chief part of my *maternal* estate, in case I die without issue, will go to another line, and great part of my personal will fall into such hands as I shall not care, my Pamela, should lie at the mercy of. I have,

therefore, as human life is uncertain, so disposed my affairs, as to make you absolutely independent and happy; to secure to you the power of doing much good, and living as a person ought to do who is my relict: and prevent any body from molesting your father and mother, in the provision I design them, for the remainder of their days: and I have finished all this very morning, except to naming trustees for you; and if you have any body you would confide in more than another; I would have you speak.'

I was so touched with this mournful instance of his excessive goodness, that I was unable to speak; and at last relieved my mind by a violent fit of weeping: and could only say, clasping my arms around the dear generous man, 'How shall I support this! So very cruel, yet so very kind!'

'Don't, my dear,' said he, 'be concerned at what gives *me* pleasure. I am not the nearer my end, for having made this disposition; but I think the putting off these material points, when accidents every day happen, and life so precarious, is a most inexcusable thing. There are many important points to be thought of, when life is drawing to its utmost verge; and the mind may be so agitated and unfit, that it is a most sad thing to defer, to that time, any of those concerns, which more especially require a considerate and composed frame of temper, and perfect health and vigour, to give directions about them. My poor friend, Mr. Charlton, who died in my arms so lately, and had a mind disturbed by worldly considerations on one side, a weakness of body through the violence of *his distemper*, on another, and the concerns of still as much more moment, as the soul is to *the body*, on a third, made *so great an impression* upon me *then, that I was the more impatient* to come to this house, where were most of my writings, in order to make the dispositions I have now perfected: and since it is grievous to my dear girl, I will think myself of such trustees, as shall be most for her benefit. I have only therefore to assure you, my dear, that in this instance, as I will do in any other I can think of, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent. And as I shall avoid all occasions for the future, which may discompose you, I have but one request to make; which is, that if it should please God, for my sins, to separate me from my dearest Pamela, you will only resolve not to marry one person; for I would not be such a Herod, as to restrain you from a change of condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other person succeeding me in your esteem.

I could not answer, and thought my heart would have burst. And he continued; 'To conclude at once a subject so grievous to you, I will tell you, my Pamela, that this person is Mr. Williams; and my motive for this request is wholly owing to my niceness, and to no dislike I have for him, or apprehensions that it is likely to be so: but methinks, it would reflect a little upon my Pamela, to give way to such a conduct, as if she had married a man for his *estate*, when she had rather have had *another*, had it not been for *that*; and now, the world will say, she is at liberty to pursue her inclination, the parson is the man!—And I cannot bear even the most distant apprehension, that I had not the preference with you of any man living, let me have been what I would, as I have shown my dear life, that I preferred her to all her sex, of whatever degree!

I could not speak, might I have had the world; and he took me in his arms, and said, 'I have no

spoken all my mind, and expect no answer; and I see you too much moved to give me one, only say you forgive me. And I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my dearest for the rest of my life,—which, I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy years.'

Grief still choaked up the passage of my words; and he said, 'The shower is over, my dear: let us walk out again.' He led me out, and I would have spoken, but he said, 'I will not hear my dear creature say any thing!' He then most sweetly changed the discourse.

'Don't you with pleasure, my dear, take in the delightful fragrance that this sweet shower has given to these banks of flowers? Your *presence* is so enlivening to me, I could almost fancy what we owe to the shower is owing to *that*.' And then, in a sweet and easy accent (with his dear arms about me as he walked) he sung me the following verses; of which he has favoured me with a copy:

All Nature blooms when you appear
The fields their richest liv'ries wear:
Oaks, elms, and pines, blest with your view,
Shoot out fresh greens, and bud anew,
The varying seasons you supply;
And when you're gone they fade and die.

Sweet Philomel, in mournful strains,
To you appeals, to you complains,
The tow'ring lark, on rising wing,
Warbles to you, your praise does sing;
He cuts the yielding air and flies
To Heav'n, to type your future joys.

The purple violet, damask rose,
Each to delight your senses, blows;
The lilies ope, as you appear;
And all the beauties of the year
Diffuse their odours at your feet,
Who giv'st to every flow'r its sweet.

For flow'rs and women are ally'd;
Both, Nature's glory and her pride!
Of every fragrant sweet possest
They bloom but for the fair one's breast;
And to the swelling bosom borne,
Each other mutually adorn.

Thus sweetly did he palliate the *woes, which his* generous actions, mixed with the solemness of the occasion, and his strange request had occasioned. He would permit me only to say that I was not displeased with him! 'Displeased with you, dearest Sir!' said I: 'let me thus testify my obligations, and the force all your commands shall have upon me.' And I took the liberty to clasp my arms about his neck, and kissed him.

But yet my mind was pained at times, and has been to this hour. God grant that I may never see the dreadful moment, that shall shut up the precious life of this excellently generous benefactor of mine! And —but I cannot bear to suppose—I cannot say more on such a deep subject.

Oh! what a poor thing is human life in its best enjoyments! subjected to *imaginary* evils, when it has no *real ones* to disturb it; and can be made as effectually unhappy by its apprehensions of remote contingencies, as if struggling with the pangs of a present distress! This duly reflected upon, methinks should convince every one, that this world is not a place for the immortal mind to be confined to; and that there must be an hereafter where the *whole* soul shall be satisfied; where is no mixture, no unsatisfiedness; and where all is joy, peace, and love, for evermore!

I said, at supper, 'The charming taste, you gave me, Sir, of your poetical fancy, makes me sure you have more favours of this kind to delight me with; and may I beg to be indulged with them?'—'Hitherto,' said he, 'my life has been too much a life of gaiety and action, to be busied so innocently.—Some little essays I have now and then attempted; but very few completed. Perhaps I may occasionally show you what I have essayed. But I never could please myself in this way.'

FRIDAY

We had yesterday the company of almost all the neighbouring gentlemen, and their ladies, who, by appointment with one another, met to congratulate our happiness. Nothing could be more obliging, than the ladies; nothing more polite than the gentlemen. All was performed (for they came to supper) with decency and order, and much to every one's satisfaction; which was principally owing to good Mrs. Jervis's care and skill; who is an excellent manager.

For my part, I was dressed out, only to be admired, and truly, had I not known that I did not make *myself*, as you, my dear father, once hinted to me, and if I had had the vanity to think aswell of myself, as the good company did, I might possibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady Davers said, though in anger, yet in truth, that I am but a *poor bit of painted dirt*. All that I value myself upon is that God has raised me to a condition to be useful, in my generation, to better persons than myself. This is, and I hope will be, all my pride. For what was I of myself? All the good I can do, is but a poor third-hand good; for my dearest master himself is but the second-hand. God, the All-gracious, the All-good, the All-bountiful, the All-mighty, the All-merciful God, is the first; to HIM, therefore, be all the glory!

As I expect the unspeakable happiness, my ever dear and honoured parents, of enjoying you both, under this roof so soon, I will not enter into the particulars of the last agreeable evening: for I shall have a thousand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tired with my prattle when I see you! I am to return these visits singly: *and there were eight ladies here of different families.* Dear heart! I shall find enough to do!—I doubt my time will not be so well filled up, as I once promised my dear master. But he is pleased, cheerful, kind, affectionate! O what a happy creature am I—May I be always thankful to God, and grateful to *him!*—

When all these tumultuous visitings are over, I shall have my mind, I hope, subside into a family calm, that I may make myself a little useful to the household of my dear master; or else I shall be an unprofitable servant indeed! Lady Davers has sent her compliments to us both, very affectionately: and her lord's good wishes and congratulations; she desired my writings *per* bearer: and says, she will herself return them to me, with thanks, when she has read them; and she and her lord will come and be *my* guests (that was her particular kind word) for a fortnight.

I have now but one thing to wish for, and then, methinks, I shall be all ecstacy, and that is, your presence, both of you, and your blessings; which I hope you will bestow upon me every morning and night, till you are settled in the happy manner my dear Mr. B. has intended.

I tell my dear spouse, I want another dairy-house visit. If he won't at present permit it, I shall, please God to spare us, teaze him like any over-indulged wife, if, as the dear charmer grows *older* he won't let me have the pleasure of forming her tender mind, as well as I am able, lest, poor little soul! she fall into such snares as her unhappy dear mother fell into. I am providing a power of pretty things for her, against I see her next, that I may make her love me, if I can.

Just now I have the blessed news, you will set out hither on Tuesday morning. The chariot shall be with you without fail. God give us a happy meeting! O how I long for it! Forgive your impatient daugh-

ter, who sends this to amuse you on your journey; and desires to be *ever most dutifully your's.*

HERE end, at present, the letters of PAMELA, to her parents. They arrived at their daughter's house on the Tuesday evening, and were received by her with the utmost joy and duty; and with great goodness and complaisance by Mr. B. And having resided there till every thing was put in order at the Kentish estate, they were carried down thither, by himself, and their daughter, and put in possession of the pretty farm designed for them.

The reader will here indulge us in a few brief observations, which naturally result from the story and characters; and which will serve as so many applications of its most material incidents to the minds of YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

First, then, in the character of the GENTLEMAN, may be seen that of a fashionable libertine, who allowed himself in the free indulgence of his passions, especially as to the fair sex; and found himself supported in his daring attempts, by an affluent fortune in possession, a personal bravery, as it is called, rather to *give*, than *take* offence, and an imperious will; yet, as he betimes sees his errors, and reforms in the bloom of youth, an edifying lesson may be drawn from it, for the use of such as are born to large fortunes; and who may be taught, by his example, the inexpressible difference between the hazards and remorse attending a profligate life, and the pleasures flowing from virtuous love and benevolent actions.

In the character of Lady DAVERS, let the proud and the high-born see the deformity of unreasonable passion, and how weak and ridiculous such persons must appear, who suffer themselves as is usually the case to be hurried from the height of violence to the most abject submission; and subject themselves to be outdone by the humble virtue they so much despise.

Let good clergymen, in Mr. WILLIAMS, see, that whatever displeasure the doing their duty may give, for a time, to their proud patrons, Providence will, at last, reward their piety, and turn their distresses to triumph: and make them even more valued for a conduct that gave offence while the violence of passion lasted, than if they had meanly stooped to flatter or sooth the vices of the great.

In the examples of good old ANDREWS and his WIFE, let those who are reduced to a low estate see, that Providence never fails to reward honesty and integrity; and that God will, in his own time, extricate them by means unforeseen, out of their present difficulties, and reward them with benefits unhoped for.

The UPPER SERVANTS of great families may, from the odious character of Mrs. Jewkes, and the amiableness of Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, &c. learn what to avoid, and what to choose, to make themselves valued and esteemed by all who know them. And, from the double conduct of poor John, the LOWER SERVANTS may learn fidelity, and how to distinguish between the lawful and unlawful commands of a superior.

The poor deluded female, who, like the unhappy Miss GODFREY, has given up her honour, and yielded to the allurements of a designing lover, may learn, from her story, to stop at the *first fault;* and, by resolving to repent and amend, see the pardon and blessing which await her penitence, and a kind Providence ready to extend its mercy to receive and reward her returning duty.

Let the desponding heart be comforted by the happy issue which the troubles and trials of PAMELA met with, when they see that no dange

or distress however inevitable or deep, to their apprehensions, is out of the power of Providence to obviate or relieve; and that, too, at a time when all human prospects seem to fail. Let the *rich*, and those who are *exalted* from a *low* to a *high estate*, learn that they are not promoted only for a *single good;* but that Providence has raised them, that they should dispense to all within their reach, the blessings heaped upon them; and that the greater the power to which they are raised, the greater good will be expected from them. From the low opinion she every where shows of herself, and her attributing all her excellencies to pious education, and her lady's virtuous instructions and bounty, let persons even of *genius* and *piety*, learn not to arrogate to themselves those gifts and graces, which they owe least of all to themselves; since the beauties of person are frail, and it is not in our power to give them to ourselves or to be either prudent, wise, or good, without the assistance of Divine Grace. From the same good example, let *children* see what a blessing awaits their duty to their parents, though ever so low in the world; and that the only disgrace is to be dishonest; but none at all to be poor. From the *economy* she purposes to observe, in her elevation, let even *ladies of condition* learn, that there are family employments, in which they may and ought to make themselves useful; and that their duty to God, charity to the poor and sick, and the different branches of household management, ought to take up the most considerable portions of their time.

From her signal *veracity* which she never forfeited, in all the hardships she was tried with, though her *answers as she had reason* to apprehend would often make against her, and the innocence she preserved in all her stratagems and contrivances to save herself from violation; persons, even *sorely tempted*, may learn to preserve a sacred regard to *truth;* which always begets a reverence for them, even in the corruptest minds.

In short her obliging behaviour to her equals, before her exaltation; her kindness to them afterwards; her forgiving spirit, and her generosity;

Her meekness in every circumstance where her virtue was not concerned;

Her charitable allowances for others, as in the case of Miss Godfrey, for faults she would not have forgiven in herself;

Her kindness and prudence to the offspring of that melancholy adventure;

Her maiden and bridal purity, which extended as well to her thoughts, as to her words and actions;

Her signal affiance in God;

Her thankful spirit; her grateful heart;

Her diffusive charity to the poor which made her blessed by them whenever she appeared abroad:

The cheerful ease and freedom of her deportment;

Her parental, conjugal, and maternal duty;

Her social virtues;

Are all so many signal instances of the excellence of her mind, which may make her character worthy of the imitation of her sex; and the editor of these sheets will have his end, if it inspires a laudable emulation in the minds of any worthy persons, who may thereby entitle themselves to the rewards, the praises, and the blessings, by which PAMELA was so deservedly distinguished.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PAMELA; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED.

PART THE SECOND

PREFACE TO THE SECOND PART.

THE First Part of PAMELA met with a success greatly exceeding the most sanguine expectations: and the Editor hopes, that the Letters which compose this Part will be found equally written to NATURE, avoiding all romantic flights, improbable surprises, and irrational machinery; and the passions are touched, where requisite; and rules equally *new* and *practicable*, inculcated throughout the whole, for the *general conduct of life;* and, therefore, he flatters himself, that they may expect the good fortune, which *few continuations* have met with, to be judged not unworthy the *First* Part; nor disproportioned to the more exalted condition in which PAMELA was destined to shine as an affectionate *wife*, a faithful *friend*, a polite and kind *neighbour*, an indulgent *mother*, and a beneficent *mistress;* after having in the former Part supported the character of a dutiful *child*, a spotless *virgin*, and a modest and amiable *bride*.

The reader will easily see, that in so great a choice of materials, as must arise from a multitude of important subjects, in a married life, to such geniuses and friendships as those of Mr. and Mrs. B. the Editor's greatest difficulty was how to bring them within the compass which he was determined not to exceed. And it having been left to his own choice, in what manner to digest and publish the letters, and where to close the work, he had intended, at first, in regard to his other avocations, to have carried the piece no farther than the First Part.

It may be expected, therefore, that he should enter into an explanation of the reasons whereby he was provoked into a necessity of altering his intention. But he is willing to decline saying any thing upon so well known a subject.

The Editor has been much pressed with importunities and conjectures, in relation to the person and family of the gentleman, who are the principal persons in the work; all he thinks himself at liberty to say, or is necessary to be said, is only to repeat what has already been hinted, that the story has its foundation in truth: and that there was a necessity, for obvious reasons, to vary and disguise some facts and circumstances, as also the names of persons, places, &c.

PAMELA.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

We arrived here last night, highly pleased with our journey, and the occasion of it. May God bless you both with long life and health, to enjoy your sweet farm and pretty dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful hearts too uneasy in the possession of it, by your modest diffidence of your own unworthiness: for at the same time, that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is not so *very* extraordinary considering his condition, as to cause any one to censure it as the effect of a too partial and injudicious kindness for the parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour.*

My dear master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every light he can shine in to the most obliging and sensible heart!) still proposes to fit up the large parlour, and three apartments in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when I pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days; and he has actually given orders to that effect; and that the three apartments be *so* fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition, than his *own;* for, he says, the plain simple elegance, which he will have observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture will be a variety in his retirement to this place, that will make him return to his own with the greater pleasure; and, at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bow-windows he will have preserved, but will not have them sashed, nor the woodbines, jessamines, and vines, that run up against them, destroyed: only he will have larger panes of glass, and more convenient casements to let in the sweet air and light, and make amends for that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers. For he has mentioned, three or four times, how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us, when, the last evening we stood at the window, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near, which delighted us for above two hours, and the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, 'How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind!—Never talk, my Pamela, as you frequently do, of obligation to me; one such hour as I now enjoy is an ample reward for all the benefits I can confer on you and your's in my whole life!'

The parlour will indeed be more elegant; though that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new-floored. The dear gentleman has already given orders, and you will soon have workmen to put them in execution. The parlour doors are to have brass-hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch case: 'For who knows', said he, 'my dear, but we shall have still

added blessings, in two or three charming boys and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example? And, besides, I shall no doubt entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions for a day or two.'

How am I, every hour of my life, overwhelmed with instances of God Almighty's goodness and his! O spare, blessed Father of Mercies, the precious life of this excellent man; increase my thankfulness, and my worthiness;—and then—But what shall I say?—Only that I may *continue* to be what I am; for more blessed and happy, in my own mind, I cannot be.

The beds he will have of cloth, as he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly, and purposes to be down in the early spring season, now and then, as well as in the latter autumn; and the window curtains of the same, in one room red, in the other green: but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed chamber, nor the little room he intends for my use, when I choose not to join in such company as may happen to fall in: 'Which, my dear,' says he, 'shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed, once in a year or two, to see when I am there, how I live with my Pamela and her parents, and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this: or, perhaps, they will be apt to think me ashamed of company I shall always be pleased with. Nor are you, my dear, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me: for who will offer to reproach me *with marrying*, as the world thinks, *below me*, when they shall see that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them: and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were? And how will it anticipate low reflection, when they shall see, I can bend my mind to partake with them the pleasure of their humble but decent life?—Ay,' continued he, 'and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind; so that, my dear, added he, 'I shall reap more benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.'

In this generous manner does this best of men endeavour to disclaim (though I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a beneficence natural to him; and which, indeed, as I tell him, may be in one respect deprecated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his nature) he cannot help it if he would. O that it was in my power to recompense him for it! But I am poor, as I have often said, in every thing but will—and that is, *wholly* his: and what a happiness is it to me, a happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without *reserve;* since the dear object of it requires nothing of me but what is consistent with my duty to the Supreme Benefactor the first mover and cause of all his own happiness, of my happiness, and that of my dear, my ever dear parents.

Your dutiful and happy daughter

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I NEED not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obliga-

tions to your honoured spouse; you both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. Yet my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you*, much less to the '*Squire*, with the freedom he so often invited us to take: for I don't know how it is, but though you are our daughter, and so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents, yet, viewing you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and—I don't know what to call it—that lays a little restraint upon us. And yet, we should not, methinks, let our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to set too much by it. But your merit and prudence are so much above all we could ever have any notion of: and to have gentry come only to behold and admire you, not so much for your gentleness, and amiableness, or for your behaviour, and affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying, you *deserve* to be what you are, make us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed! I am sure you have been a good angel to us; since for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honoured husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world. But little less we should have been, had we only in some far distant land heard of our dear child's happiness and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for! thus kindly to be owned, and called Father and Mother by such a brave gentleman! and so placed as to have nothing to do but to bless God, him, and you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is a providence too mighty to be borne by us, with equalness of temper: we kneel together every morning, noon, and night, and weep, and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter days; when all our fear was, that, as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome where, not our pride, but our industrious wills, would have made us wish not to be so;—but to be entitled to a happier lot: for this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear child, and your unhappy brother's children: for it is well known, that, though we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was: to be sure, partly by my own fault; for, had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and William; for so unhappy were they, poor lads! that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. B.'s lady, say *command* though, as to my dear *daughter*, I will only say *desire:* and, indeed, I will not, as you wish me not to do, let the one condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my thought: you spoke it in better words, but this was the sense. But you have the gift of utterance; and education is a fine thing, where it meets with such talents to improve upon, as God has given you. Yet let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stocked farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and which way soever we turn our head, see blessings upon blessings, and plenty upon plenty; see barns well stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing

and crowding about us: and are bid to call them our own. Then think, that all is the reward of our child's virtue!—O my dear daughter, who, can bear these things!—Excuse me! I must break off a little! For my eyes are as full as my heart: and I will retire to bless God, and your honoured husband.

So, my dear child, I now again take up my pen: but reading what I had written, in order to carry on the thread, I can hardly forbear again being in one sort affected. But do you think I will call all these things my own?—Do you think I would live rent-free? Can the honoured 'squire believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me? If his goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving? Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch, neither. He will show the world that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his temper, as by his condition. What though I cannot be as worthy of all these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery, without having their rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the squire, to pay to his steward, what any other person would pay for his noble stock, and improving farm: and I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health. I should not be worthy to crawl upon the earth, if I did not. And what *did I say to Mr.* Longman, the faith*ful Mr. Longman*! Sure no gentle*man had* ever a more worthy steward than he: it was as we were walking over the grounds together, and observing in what good order every thing was, he was praising some little contrivances of my own, for the improvement of the farm, and saying, how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. 'Ay, Mr. Longman,' said I, 'comfortably indeed, but do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?—' I can tell you,' said he, 'the 'squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman Andrews. Why, man, he has no occasion for it: he's worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land. Ad's-heartlikens, you must not affront him, I can tell you that: he's as generous as a prince, where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way.'—'Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman,' said I, 'I was thinking to make *you* my friend!'—'Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that, nor your dame neither: for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass. What I can do for you, I will, and here's my hand upon it.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'It is this: let me account to you at the rent Farmer Dickens offered, and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the 'squire know it till you can't choose; and I shall be as happy as a prince; for I doubt not by God's blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides.'—'Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews,' said he, 'that I would do such a thing? Would not his honour think if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another! Go to, honest heart, I love thee dearly; but can Mr. B. do too much for his lady, think'st thou? Come, come,' (and he

jeered me so, I knew not what to say) 'I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this. What, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his honour, would you?'—'No,' said I, 'it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child—to whom, under God, all this is owing. But some how or other it shall be so.'

And so, my dear daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest pleasures to me, to do the good 'squire service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest grandson Thomas desires to come and live with us: the boy is honest, and, I hear, industrious. And cousin Borroughs wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder, that all one's relations should wish to partake of our happy lot: and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relationship should be an objection: but yet, I think, one should not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one's relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice, as to my carriage in this my new lot; for I would not for the world be thought an encroacher. And you have so much prudence, that there is nobody's advice fitter to be followed than your's.

Our blessing (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest child; and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be in this life.) Conclude us, *your ever-loving father and mother*,

JOHN *and* ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we hope to be favoured now and then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great joy to us; indeed it would. But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I HAVE showed your letter to my beloved. Don't be uneasy that I have; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents: and I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best argument I can use, why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy without pain or anxiety all the benefits of your happy lot.

'Dear good souls!' said he, 'how every thing they say and write manifests the worthiness of their hearts! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds; for that you would do, were they not your parents: and tell them, that I am so far from having them believe what I have done for them were only from my affection for their daughter, that let 'em find out another couple as worthy as they are, and I will do as much for them. I would not place them,' continued he, 'in the *same* county, because I would wish *two* counties to be blessed for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* merit; and *bid* them enjoy it as their patrimony; and if any thing arise that is more than they themselves can wish for, in their way of life, let them look among their own relations, where it may be acceptable and communicate to them the like solid reasons for rejoicing in the situation they are pleased with: and do you, my dear, still farther enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged hearts, for fear they should deny any comfort to themselves, in order to do good to others.'

I could only fly to his generous

bosom, (for this is a subject which most affects me) and, with my eyes swimming in tears of grateful joy, and which overflowed as soon as my bold lips touched his dear face, bless God, and bless him with my whole heart; for speak I could not! But, almost chok'd with my joy, sobb'd to him my grateful acknowledgments. He clasped me in his arms, and said, 'How, my dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your parents! if it be thus to be blessed for conferring benefits so insignificant to a man of my fortune, what joys is it not in the power of rich men to give themselves, whenever they please!—Foretastes, indeed of those we are bid to hope for: which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all intellect, and better fitted to receive them.'—'Tis too much!—too much,' said I, in broken accents: 'How am I oppressed with the pleasure you give me!—O, Sir, bless me more gradually, and more cautiously—for I cannot bear it!' And, indeed, my heart went flutter, flutter, flutter, at his dear breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, my beloved parents, nobody's happiness is so great as mine!—If it proceeds thus from degree to degree, and is to be augmented by the charming hope, that the dear second author of our blessings, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind man to us, what a felicity will this be! and if our prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the pleasure to think, that his advances in piety are owing not a little to them, and to the example God shall give us grace to set; then, indeed, may we take the pride to think, we have repaid his *goodness* to us, and that we have *satisfied* the debt, which nothing *less* can discharge.

Forgive me, my worthy parents, if my style on this subject be raised above the natural simplicity, more suited to my humble talents. But how can I help it! for when the mind is elevated, ought not the sense we have of our happiness to make our expressions soar equally? Can the affections be so highly raised as mine are on those occasions, and the thoughts keep grovelling like one's ordinary self? No, indeed!—Call not this, therefore, the gift of utterance, if it should appear to you in a better light than it deserves. It is the gift of gratitude; a gift which makes you, and me to *speak* and *write*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves. Thus will our gratitude be the inspirer of joy to our common benefactor; and his joy will heighten our gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as cause and effect to each other's happiness, to bless the dear man who blesses us. And will it be right then to say, you are uneasy under such (at least as to your wills) returned and discharged obligations? God Almighty requires only a thankful heart for all the mercies he heaps upon the children of men; my dear Mr. B who, in these particulars imitates Divinity, desires no more. You *have* this thankful heart; and that to such a high degree of gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, when your worthy minds would be too much affected with your gratitude, so as to lay you under the restraints you mention, to the dear gentleman, and for his sake, to your dependent daughter; let me humbly advise you, with more particular, more abstracted aspirations, than at other times, to raise your thoughts upwards and consider who it is that gives *him* the opportunity; and pray for him and for me; for *him*, that all his future actions may be of a piece

with this noble disposition of mind; or *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blest for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a rewarder, in the hands of Providence, of this its dear excellent agent; and then we shall look forward, all of us, with pleasure, *indeed*, to that state, where there is no distinction of degree, and where the humble cottager shall be upon a par with the proudest monarch.

O my dear parents, how can you, as in your *postscript*, say, 'May we not be *favoured* now-and-then with a letter?' Call *me* your daughter, your Pamela—I am no lady to you. I have more pleasure to be called your comfort, and thought to act worthy of the sentiments with which your example and instructions have inspired me, than in any other thing in this life; my determined duty to our common benefactor, the best of gentlemen and husbands, excepted. God has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered for me all your prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous: and, O see, my excellent parents, how we are crowned with blessings upon blessings, till we are the talk of all that know us.

Hence, my dear parents, (I mean, from the delight I have in writing to you, which transports me far above my own sphere) you'll see, that I *must* write, and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great joy to you?—And is there any thing that can add to your joy, think you, in the power of your Pamela, that she would not *do?* O that the lives and healths of my dearest Mr. B. and you, my parents, may be continued to me! And who can then be so blest as your Pamela?

I *will write, depend* upon it, on every occasion—and you augment my joys to think it is in my power to add to your comforts. Nor can you conceive my pleasure in hoping that this your new happy lot may, by relieving you from corroding care, and the too wearying effects of hard labour, add, in these your advanced years, to both your days. For, so happy am I, I can have no grief, no pain, in looking forward, but from reflecting, that one day we must be separated.

But it is fit that we so comport ourselves as not to imbitter our present happiness with prospects too gloomy—but bring our minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along—and at last, when all is to be wound up—lie down, and say, '*Not mine*, but *Thy will be done*.'

I have written much; yet have still more to say relating to other parts of your kind acceptable letter; and so will soon write again: for I must think every opportunity happy whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any addition to my name, if it will make you easier, *your dutiful*

PAMELA

LETTER IV.

MY DEAREST FATHER & MOTHER,

I now write again, as I told you I should in my last; but I am half afraid to look at the copy of it; for your worthy hearts, so visible in your letter and my beloved's kind deportment upon showing it to him, raised me into a frame of mind, bordering on ecstacy: yet I wrote my heart. But you must not, my dear father, write to your Pamela so affectingly. Your *steadier* mind could hardly bear your own moving strain, and you were forced to lay down your pen, and retire: how then could I, who love you so dearly

if you had not *increased* that love by fresh and stronger instances of your worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself! But I will not again touch upon this subject.

You must know then, that my dearest spouse commands me, with his kind respects, to tell you, he has thought of a method to make your *worthy hearts* easy; those were his words; 'And this is,' said he, 'by putting that whole estate, with the new purchase, under your father's care, as I at first intended: he shall receive and pay, and order every thing as he pleases: and Longman, who grows in years, shall be eased of that burden. Your father writes a very legible hand, and shall take what assistants he pleases; and do you, Pamela, see that this new task be made as easy and pleasant to him as possible. He shall make up his accounts only to you, my dear. And there will be several pleasures arise to me upon it: first, that it will be a relief to honest Longman, who has business enough on his hands. Next, it will make the good couple easy, to have an opportunity of enjoying that as their due, which now their too grateful hearts give them so many causeless scruples about. Thirdly, it will employ your father's time, more suitably to *your* liking and *mine*, because with more ease to himself; for you see his industrious will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In the fourth place, the management of this estate will gain him more respect and reverence among the tenants and his neighbours: and yet be all in his own way. For, added he, 'you'll see, that it is always one point in view with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own intrinsic merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any *other light* than that in which they *have been* accustomed to appear.'

So, my dear father, the instrument will be drawn, and brought you by honest Mr. Longman, who will be with you in a few days to put the last hand to the new purchase, and to give you possession of your new commission, if you accept it, as I hope you will; and the rather, for my dear Mr. B's third reason; and knowing that this trust will be discharged as worthily and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. Longman himself was in it—and better it cannot be. Mr. Longman is very fond of this relief, and longs to be down to settle every thing with you, as to the proper powers, the method, &c. And he says, in his usual phrase, that he'll make it as easy to you as a glove.

If you do accept it, my dear Mr. B. will leave every thing to you, as to rent, where not already fixed, and, likewise, as to acts of kindness and favour to be done where you think proper; and he says, that, with his bad qualities, he was ever deemed a kind landlord; and that I can confirm in fifty instances to his honour. 'So that the old gentleman,' said he, 'need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh methods of proceeding, where things will do without; and he can always befriend an honest man; by which means the province will be entirely such a one as suits with his inclination. If any thing difficult, or perplexing arises,' continued he, 'or where a little knowledge in law matters is necessary, Longman shall do all that; and your father will see that he will not have in those points a coadjutor too hard-hearted for his wish; for it was a rule my father set me, and I have strictly followed, that although I have a lawyer for my steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* things, than oppressive ones; and Longman has so well answered this intention, that he was always more noted for composing differences, than promoting law-suits.'

I dare say, my dear father, this will be acceptable to you, on the several accounts my dearest Mr. B. was pleased to mention: and what a charming contrivance is here! God for ever bless his considerate heart for it! To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself: as well as respected by, and even a benefactor to all around you! What can one say to all things? But what signifies exulting in one's gratitude for *one* benefit;—every hour the dear man heaps new ones upon us, and we can hardly thank him for one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless degrees, confound one, and throw back our words upon our hearts before they are well formed, and oblige us to sit down under all with profound silence and admiration.

As to the desire of cousin Thomas, and Roger, to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our dear benefactor's opinion was. He was pleased to say, 'I have no choice in this case, my dear. Your father is his own master: he may employ whom he pleases; and, if they show respect to him and your mother, I think, as he rightly observes, relationship should rather have the preference; and as he can remedy inconveniences, if he finds any, by all means let every branch of your family have reason to rejoice with him.'

But I have thought of this matter a good deal, since I had the favour of your letter; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my advice, you will excuse me, if I give it freely; yet entirely submitting all to your liking.

First then, I think it better to have *any-body* than relations; and for these reasons:

One is apt to expect more regard from them, and they more indulgence than strangers can hope for.

That *where there is such* a difference in the expectations of both uneasiness cannot but arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, and to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no end of impositions: if you dismiss them, it will occasion ill-will They will call you unkind; and you them ungrateful: and as your prosperous lot may raise you enviers, such will be apt to believe *them* rather than *you*.

Then the world will be inclined to think that we are crowding upon a generous gentleman a numerous family of indigent people; and it will be said, 'the girl is filling every place with her relations, and *beleaguering*,' as you significantly express it, 'a worthy gentleman;' should one's kindred behave ever so worthily. So, in the next place, one would not, for *their* sakes, that this should be done; who may live with *less* reproach, and *equal* benefit, any where else; for I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his station, and made independent, at Mr. B's expense, if their industry will not do it; although I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that industry, in the way of their callings.

Then, my dear father, I apprehend, that our honoured benefactor would be under some difficulty, from his natural politeness, and regard for you and me. You see how kindly, on all occasions, he treats you both, not only as the parents of his Pamela, but as if you were his own; and if you had any body as your servants there, who called you cousin, or grandfather, or uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the foot of common servants, though they might think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I shall always think *myself*) with his commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a difficulty upon

them, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him* and to *me*, for *his* sake? For otherwise, (believe me, I hope you will, my dear father and mother) I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest relation I have. But in the world's eye, to every body but my best of parents, I must, if ever so reluctant to it, appear in a light that may not give discredit to his choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will be able, without the least injury to our common benefactor, to do kinder things by any of our relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little money to put them in a way, if any thing offers that you think will be to their advantage. You can fit out my she-cousins to good reputable places. The younger you can put to school, or, when fit, to trades, according to their talents; and so they will be of course in a way to get an honest and creditable livelihood

But, above all things, one would discourage such a proud and ambitious spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by favour instead of merit; and this the rather, for, undoubtedly, there are many more happy persons in low than in high life, take number for number all the world over.

I am sure, although four or five years of different life, had passed with me, I had so much pride and pleasure in the thought of working for my living with you, if I could but get honest to you, that it made my confinement the more grievous, and, if possible, aggravated the apprehensions attending it.

But I beg of you, not to think these my reasons proceed from the bad motives of a heart tainted with *pride on its high* condition. Indeed *there can be no* reason for it, to one *who thinks* after this manner:—the greatest families on earth have some among them who are unhappy and low in life; and shall such a one reproach me with having twenty low relations, because they have, peradventure, not above five?

Let us then, my dear parents, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last day, will judge of us all; and then the honest peasant will stand fairer in our esteem than the guilty peer.

In short, this shall be my own rule —every one who acts justly and honestly, I will look upon as my relation, whether so or not; and the more he wants my assistance, the more entitled to it he shall be, as well as to my esteem; while those who deserve it not, must expect only compassion from me, and my prayers were they my brothers or sisters. 'Tis true had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus; but if it be a right way of thinking, it is a blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of reproach to me, which one day will be matter of justification.

Upon the whole, I should think it advisable, my dear father and mother, to make such kind excuses to the offered service of my cousins, as your better reason shall suggest to you; and to do any thing else for them of *more* value, as their circumstances may require, or occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing and having them about you, will add comfort to your lives, I give up entirely my own opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of, that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever-dear parents, *your dutiful and happy daughter.*

The copy of this letter I will keep to myself, till I have your answer, that you may be under no difficulty how to act in either of the cases mentioned in it.

LETTER V.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

How shall I do to answer, as they deserve your two last letters? Sure no happy couple ever had such a child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at words like yours: and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the thankfulness of our hearts, on the kind office your honoured husband has given us; for no reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our minds in the notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so!—Happy shall I be, if I can! But I see the generous drift of his proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the nature of my employment, and, in my mind too, overloaded as I may say, with benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. Longman, shall with still greater pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall want ability; but I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's grace, will be within my own capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my power to do good to those who shall deserve it; and I will take *double* pains to find out the true merit of such as I shall recommend to favour, and that their circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing let me desire, that I make up my accounts to Mr. Longman, or to his honour himself, when he shall be here with us. I don't know how—but it will make me uneasy if I am to make up my accounts to you: for so well known is your love to us, that though you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing world might think it was like making up accounts to one's self

Do, my dearest child, get me off this difficulty, and I can have no other; for already I am in hopes I have hit upon a contrivance to improve the estate, and to better the condition of the tenants, at least not to worst them, and which, I hope, will please every body; but I will acquaint Mr. Longman with this, and take his advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear child, or to your spouse.—If I could act so for his interest, as not to be a burden, what happy creatures should we both be in our own minds!—We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and so far as shall be consistent with our new trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good wishes and prayers for the happiness of you both.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by your reasons for not taking to us any of our relations. Every one of those reasons has its force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the amount of forty shillings at one time, I will take your direction in it, that your wise hints, of making every one continue their industry, and not to rely upon favour instead of merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier* as well as *better* men and women; for as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred pounds a year, it would not do without industry; and with it, one may do with a quarter of it and less.

In short, my dear child, your reasons are so good, that I wonder

they came not into my head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the matter: but yet it ran in my own thought, that I could not like to be an encroacher: —for I hate a dirty thing; and, in the midst of my distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it.

You rejoice our hearts beyond expression, at the hope you give us of receiving letters from you now-and-then: it will be the chief comfort of our lives, next to seeing you, as we expect we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear child, don't let us inconvenience you neither. Pray don't: you'll have enough upon your hands without—to be sure you will.

The workmen have made a good progress, and wish for Mr. Longman to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your condition. You have weathered the first dangers, and but for your fine clothes and jewels, we should not see any difference between our dear Pamela and the much respected Mrs. B—. But God has given you too much sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember, in your former writings, a saying of your 'squire's, speaking of you, that it was for persons not used to praise, and who did not deserve it, to be proud of it.

Every day brings us instances of the good name his honour and you, my dear child, have left behind you in this country. Here comes one, and then another, and a third, and a fourth; 'Goodman Andrews,' cries one, and, 'Goody Andrews,' cries another—(and some call us Mr. and Mrs. but we like the other full as well) 'when heard you from his honour? How does his lady do?—What a charming couple are they! —How lovingly do they live!—What an example do they give to all about them!' Then one cries, 'God bless them both.' and another cries, 'Amen;' and so says a third and a fourth; and all say, 'But when do you expect them down again?—Such-a-one longs to see 'em—and will ride a day's journey to have but a sight of 'em at church.' And then they say, 'How this gentleman praises them, and that lady admires them.'—O what a happiness is this! How do your poor mother and I stand fixed to the earth to hear both your praises, our tears trickling down our cheeks, and our hearts heaving as if they would burst with joy, till we are forced to take leave in half words, and hand-in-hand go in together to bless God, and bless you both. O my daughter, what a happy couple have God and you made us!

Your poor mother is very anxious about her dear child! I will not touch upon a matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, though the time may be some months off, she every hour prays for your safety and happiness, and all the increase of felicity that his honour's generous heart can wish for.—That is all we will say at present; only, that we are, with continued prayers and blessings, my dearest child, *your loving father and mother.*

J. *and* E. ANDREWS

LETTER VI.

From Lady Davers, to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I INTENDED to have been with you before this: but my lord has been a little indisposed with the gout, and Jackey has had an intermitting fever: but they are pretty well recovered, and it shall not be long before I see you. now I understand you are returned from your Kentish expedition.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your papers. You have given us, by their means, many a de-

lightful hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charmed with you. Lady Betty, and her noble mamma, has been of our party, whenever we have read your accounts. She is a dear generous lady, and has shed with us many a tear over them; and my lord has not been unmoved, nor Jackey neither, at some of your distresses and reflections. Indeed, Pamela, you are a charming creature, and an ornament to your sex. We wanted to have had you among us a hundred times as we read, that we might have loved, and kissed, and thanked you.

But after all, my brother, generous, and noble as he seemed, when your trials were over, was a strange wicked young fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the trap he had laid for your virtue.

I can assure you, my lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint idea of your person. I tell him, and them all, that you are the finest girl, and the most improved in person and mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid although they should imagine all they can in your favour, from my account, that they will be disappointed when they see and converse with you. But one thing more you must do, and then we will love you still more; and that is, send us the rest of your papers, down to your marriage at least; and farther, if you have written farther; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, though we know in general what has passed.

You leave off with an account of an angry letter I wrote to my brother, to persuade him to give you your liberty, and a sum of money; not doubting but his designs would end in your ruin, and, I own, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your merit and excellence, nor could I, but for your letters so lately sent me, have had any notion of either. I don't question, but if you have recited my passionate behaviour to you, when at the hall, I shall make a ridiculous figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the pleasure you *have* given me, and will still farther give me, if you comply with my request.

Lady Betty says, it is the best story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the conclusion of it in your own words. She says now and then, 'What a hopeful brother you have, Lady Davers? O these intriguing gentlemen!—What rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine husband of him, had I received your proposal! The *dear* Pamela would have run in his head, and had I been the first lady in the kingdom, I should have stood but a poor chance in his esteem; for, you see, his designs upon her began early.'

She says, you had a good heart to go back again to him, when the violent wretch had driven you from him on such a slight occasion: but yet, she thinks the reasons you give in your relation, and your love for him, (which then you began to discover was your case) as well as the event, showed you did right.

But we'll tell you all our judgments, when we have read the rest of your accounts, So pray send them as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself *sister* till then) *your affectionate*, &c.

B. Davers.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,

You have done me great honour, in the letter your ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high

pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor papers in the least diverted you, and such honourable and worthy persons as your ladyship mentions. I could wish I might be favoured with such remarks on my conduct, so nakedly set forth, (without any imagination that they would ever appear in such an assembly) as may be of use to me in my future life, and thus make me more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be of the honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest lady, favour me so far. I am prepared to receive blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect praise so much from my *actions* as from my *intentions;* for indeed, these were always just and honourable: but why, even for these do I talk of praise, since, being prompted by impulses I could not resist, it can be no merit in me to have been governed by them?

As to the papers following those in your hands, when I say, that they must needs appear impertinent to such judges, after what you know, I dare say, your ladyship will not insist upon them; yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my dangers and trials were happily at an end: so that they only contain the conversations that passed between your ladyship's generous brother and me; his kind assurances of honourable love to me; my acknowledgments of unworthiness to him; Mrs. Jewkes's respectful change of behaviour towards me; Mr. B's reconciliation to Mr. Williams; his introducing me to the good families in the neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable intentions. A visit from my honest father, who (not knowing what to conclude from my letter to him before I returned to your honoured brother, desiring my papers *from him) came* in great anxiety of *heart to know* the worst, doubting I *had at* last been caught by a stratagem, ending in my ruin. His joyful surprise to find how happy I was likely to be. All the hopes given me, answered by the private celebration of our nuptials—an honour so much above all that my utmost ambition could make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your ladyship's arrival and anger, not knowing I was actually married, but supposing me a vile wicked creature; in which case I should have deserved the worst of usage. Mr. B's angry lessons to me, for daring to interfere, though I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful manner, between your ladyship and himself. The most acceptable goodness and favour of your ladyship afterwards to me, of which, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful sense. My return to this sweet mansion in a manner so different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy for four years, in paying my duty to the best of mistresses, your ladyship's excellent mother, to whose goodness, in taking me from my poor honest parents, and giving me what education I have, I owe, under God, my happiness. The joy of good Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and all the servants, on this occasion. Mr. B.'s acquainting me with Miss Godfrey's affair and presenting to me the pretty Miss Goodwin, at the dairy-house Our appearance at church; the favour of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who, knowing your ladyship had not disdained to look upon me, and to be favourable to me, came the more readily, into a neighbourly intimacy with me, and still so much the more readily as the continued kindness of my dear benefactor, and his condescending deportment to me before them, (as if I had been worthy of the honour done me) did credit to his own generous act.

These my lady, down to my good parents setting out to this place in order to be settled, by my honoured

benefactor's bounty, in the Kentish farm, are the most material contents of my remaining papers; and though they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet *as* they were principally matters of course, after what your ladyship has with you; *as* the joy of my fond heart can be better judged of by your ladyship than described by me; and as you are acquainted with all the particulars that can be worthy of any other person's notice but my dear parents: I am sure your ladyship will dispense with your commands; and I make it my humble request that you will.

For, madam, you must needs think, that *when* my doubts were dispelled: *when* confident all my trials were over; *when* I had a prospect of being so abundantly rewarded for what I had suffered: *when every* hour rose upon me with new delight, and fraught with fresh instances of generous kindness from such a dear gentleman, my master, my benefactor, the son of my honoured lady: your ladyship must needs think, I say, that I must be *too* much affected, my heart *too* much opened; and especially as it then (relieved from its past anxieties and fears, which had kept down and damped the latent flame) first discovered impressions of which before I hardly thought it susceptible.—So that it is scarce possible, that my *joy* and my *prudence*, if I were to be tried by such judges of delicacy and decorum as Lord and Lady Davers, the honoured countess, and Lady Betty, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled as were to be wished; although the continued sense of my unworthiness, and the disgrace the dear gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous goodness to me, always went hand in hand with my *joy* and my *prudence;* and what these considerations took *from the former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier and more equal to myself, than otherwise it was possible such a young creature as I could have been.

Wherefore my good lady, I hope I stand excused, and shall not bring upon myself the censure of being disobedient to your commands.

Besides, madam, since you inform me that my good Lord Davers will attend you hither, I should never dare to look his lordship in the face if all the emotions of my heart, on such affecting occasions, stood confessed to his lordship; and if I am ashamed they should to your ladyship, to the countess, and Lady Betty, whose goodness must induce you all three to think favourably, in such circumstances, of one who is of your own sex, how would it concern me, for the same to appear before such gentlemen as my lord and his nephew?—Indeed I could not look up to either of them in the sense of this.—And give me leave to hope, that some of the scenes, in the letters your ladyship had, were not read to gentlemen: your ladyship must needs know which I mean, and will think of my two grand trials of all. For though I was the innocent subject of wicked attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's opinion for what I could not help: yet for your dear brother's sake, as well as for the decency of the matter, one would not, when having the honour to appear before my lord and his nephew, be looked upon, methinks, with that levity of eye and thought, which, perhaps, hard-hearted gentlemen may pass upon one, by reason of those very scenes, which would move pity and concern in a good lady's breast, for a poor creature so attempted.

So, my dear lady, be pleased to tell me, if the gentlemen *have* heard all—I hope not—And also to point out to me such parts of my conduct as deserve blame: indeed, I will try to

make a good use of your censure, and am sure I shall be thankful for it; for it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the honour I have, of being exalted into such a distinguished family, and the right the best of gentlemen has given me to style myself *your ladyship's most humble, and most obliged servant,*

P. B.

LETTER VIII.

From Lady Davers in reply.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

You have given us all a great disappointment in declining to oblige me with the sequel of your papers. I was a little out of humour with you at first;—I must own I was: for I cannot bear denial, when my heart is set upon any thing. But Lady Betty became your advocate, and said, she thought you very excusable: since, no doubt, there might be many tender things, circumstanced as you were, well enough for your parents to see, but for nobody else; and relations of our side, the least of all, whose future intimacy, and frequent visits, might give occasions for raillery and remarks not otherwise agreeable. I regard her apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great baulk to her, that you did not comply with my request. But now, child, when you know me more, you'll find, that if I am obliged to give up one point, I always insist on another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing; in which last case, I know how to take my measures, and resent.

Now this is what I insist upon; that you correspond with me the *same as* you did with your parents, *and acquaint* me with every passage *that is of concern* to you; beginning with your account how both of you spent your time when in Kent; for you must know we are all taken with your duty to your parents, and the discretion of the good couple, and think you have given a very edifying example of filial piety to all who shall hear your story: for if so much duty is owing to parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is power to add to the natural obligation, all the comforts and conveniences of life? We people in upper life love to hear how gratitude and unexpected benefits operate upon honest minds, who have little more than plain artless nature for their guide; and we flatter ourselves with the hopes of many a delightful hour, by your means, in this our solitary situation, if obliged to pass the next winter in it, as my lord and the earl threaten me, and the countess, and Lady Betty, that we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you joy or trouble: and if my brother carries you to town, for the winter, while he attends parliament, the advices you can give us of what passes in London, and of the public entertainments and diversions he will take you to, related in your own artless and natural observations, will be as diverting to us, as if at them ourselves. For a young creature of your good understanding, to whom all these things will be quite new, will give us, perhaps, a better taste of them, their beauties and defects, than we might have before; for we people of quality go to those places, dressed out and adorned, in such a manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many parts of the public entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right judgment of it! but some of us behave with so much indifference to the entertainment, as if we thought ourselves

above being diverted by what we come to see, and as if our view was rather to trifle away our time, than improve ourselves by attending to the story of the action.

See, Pamela, I shall not make an unworthy correspondent altogether, for I can get into thy grave way, and moralize a little now and then: and if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all restraint, as if you were writing to your parents, (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be) then I am sure we shall have truth and nature from you; and these are things which we are generally so much lifted above, by our conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one letter; and yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your answer, which you may give to both together; and am, *your's*, &c.

B. Davers.

LETTER IX.

DEAR PAMELA,

I am very glad thy honest man has let thee into the affair of Sally Godfrey. But pr'ythee, Pamela, tell us how he did it, and thy thoughts upon it, for that is a critical case; and as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him; for I would not make mischief between you for the world.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying part of your conduct. For he loves the child, and will judge of you by your conduct towards it. He dearly loved her mother; and notwithstanding her fault, she well deserved it: *for she was a sensible*, ay, and a modest lady, and of an ancient and genteel family. But he was heir to a noble estate, was of a bold and enterprising spirit, fond of intrigue—Don't let this concern you—You have the greater happiness, and merit too, if you can hold him; and, in my opinion, if any body can, you will. Then he did not like the young lady's mother, who sought artfully to entrap him. So that the poor girl, divided between her inclination for him, and her duty to her designing mother, gave in to the plot upon him; and he thought himself—vile wretch as he was for all that!—at liberty to set up plot against plot, and the poor lady's honour was the sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him—I hope you received the child kindly—I hope you had presence of mind to do this—For it is a nice part to act; and all his observations were up, I dare say, on the occasion—Do, let me hear how it was. And write without restraint; for although I am not your mother, yet am I *his* eldest sister, you know, and as such—Come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me—*your* sister, and so entitled to expect a compliance with my request: for is there not a duty in degree, to elder sisters from younger?

As to our remarks upon your behaviour, they have been much to your credit: but nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested correspondence with me, consult Lady Betty, and will go over your papers again, and try to find fault with your conduct, and if we see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our minds.

But, before-hand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the whole. So, Pamela, you see I put myself upon the same foot of correspondence with you. Not that I will promise to answer every

letter: no, you must not expect that. Your part will be a kind of narrative, purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight, or ten letters, as it may happen, before I return one; but such a part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our opinion of your proceedings, and relations of things. And as you wish to be found fault with, you shall freely have it, (though not in a splenetic or ill-natured way) as often as you give occasion. Now, Pamela, I have two views in this. One is to see how a man of my brother's spirit, who has not denied himself any genteel liberties, (for it must be owned he never was a common town rake, and had always a dignity in his roguery) will behave himself to you, and in wedlock, which used to be freely sneered at by him; the next, that I may love you more and more, as by your letters, I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by conversation; so that you can't be off, if you would.

I know, however, you will have one objection to this; and that is, that your family affairs will require your attention, and not give the time you used to have for this employment. But consider, child, the station you are raised to, does not require you to be quite a domestic animal. You are lifted up to the rank of a lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an example, as will draw upon you the ill-will and censure of other ladies. For will any of our sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such works as either must be a reproach to herself, or to them?—You'll have nothing to do but to give orders. You will consider yourself as the task-mistress, and the common herd of female servants as so many negroes directing themselves *by your nod*; or yourself as the *master-wheel*, in some beautiful pieces of mechanism, whose dignified grave motions is to set a going all the under-wheels, with a velocity suitable to their respective parts. Let your servants, under your direction, do all that relates to household management; they cannot write to entertain and instruct as you can: so what will you have to do?—I'll answer my own question: In the first place, endeavour to please your sovereign lord and master; and let me tell you, any other woman in England, be her quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, to receive and pay visits, in order, for his credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, you will have time upon your hands (as your monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a brazen face as he has been) to write to me in the manner I have mentioned, and expect; and I see plainly, by your style, nothing can be easier for you than to do this.

Thus, and with reading, may your time be filled up with reputation to yourself, and delight to others, till a fourth employment puts itself upon you: and that is (shall I tell you in one word, without mincing the matter?) a succession of brave boys, to perpetuate a family, for many hundred years esteemed worthy and eminent, which, being now reduced, in the direct line, to him and me, *expects* it from you; or else let me tell you, (nor will I balk it) my brother, by descending to the wholesome cot—Excuse me, Pamela,—will want one apology for his conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this, child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more—but to let you know what is expected from you, and encourage you in the prospect already opening to you both, and to me,

who have the welfare of the family I sprung from so much at heart, although I know this will be attended with some anxieties to a mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as your's seems to be.

O but this puts me in mind of your solicitude, least the gentlemen should have seen every thing contained in your letters—But this I will particularly speak to in a third letter, having filled my paper on all sides: and am, till then, *yours*, &c.

B. DAVERS.

You see, and I hope will take it as a favour, that I break the ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected correspondence between us.

LETTER X

From the same.

AND so, Pamela, you are solicitous to know, if the gentlemen have seen every part of your papers? I can't say but they have: nor, except in regard to the reputation of your saucy man, do I see why the part you hint at might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shown.

I can tell you, Lady Betty, who is a very nice and delicate lady, had no objection to any part, though read before men: only now and then crying out, 'O the vile man!—See Lord Davers, what wretches you men are!' And, commiserating you, 'Ah the poor Pamela!' And expressing her impatience to hear how you escaped at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your escape. And now-and-then, 'O Lady Davers, what a vile brother you have!—I hate him perfectly. The poor girl cannot be made amends for all this, though he has married her. Who, that knows these things of him, would wish *him to be her's*, with all his advantages of person, mind, and fortune?' And such-like expressions in your praise, and condemning him and his wicked attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every tittle of your danger, how near you were to ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any measures to effect his vile purposes, even daring to attempt you in the presence of a *good* woman, which was a wickedness that every *wicked* man could not be guilty of; I say, except one had known these things, one could not have judged of the merit of your resistance, and how shocking those attempts were to your virtue, for that life itself was endangered by them: nor, let me tell you, could I, in particular, have so well justified him for marrying you, (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty temper of mind) if there had been room to think he could have had you upon easier terms.

It was necessary, child, on twenty accounts, that we, your and his well-wishers and his relations, should know that he had tried every stratagem to subdue you to his purpose before he married you: and how would it have answered to his intrepid character, and pride of heart, had we not been particularly led into the nature of those attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all, that you have deserved the good fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful treatment he can possibly show you?

Nor ought you to be concerned who sees any the most tender parts of your story, except, as I said, for *his* sake; for it must be a very unvirtuous mind that can form any other ideas from what you relate than those of terror and pity for you Your expressions are too delicate to give the nicest ear offence, except at him. You paint no scenes but

such as make his wickedness odious: and that gentleman, much more lady, must have a very corrupt heart, who could from such circumstances of distress, make any reflections, but what should be to your honour, and in abhorrence of such actions. I am so convinced of this, that by this rule I would judge of any man's heart in the world, better than by a thousand declarations and protestations I do assure you, rakish as Jackey is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord Davers has formerly lived, (for he has been a man of pleasure) they gave me, by their behaviour on these tender occasions, reason to think they had more virtue than not to be very apprehensive for your safety; and my lord often exclaimed, that he could not have thought his brother such a libertine, neither.

Besides, child, were not these things written in confidence to your mother? And, bad as his actions were to you, if you had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been room for any one, who saw what you wrote, to imagine they had been still worse? And how could the terror be supposed to have had such effects upon you, as to endanger your life, without imagining you had undergone the worst a vile man *could* offer, unless you had told us what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a bound, as it were, to one's fears of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your purity, though you could not help it?

Moreover, Pamela, it was but doing justice to the libertine himself to tell your mother the whole truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but he could stop short of the execution of his wicked purposes, which he apprehended, if pursued, would destroy the life, that, of all lives, he would choose to preserve; and you owed also thus much to your parent's peace of mind, that, after all their distracting fears for you, they might see they had reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated daughter. And one cannot but reflect, now he has made you his wife, that it must be satisfaction to the wicked man, as well as to yourself, that he was not more guilty than he *was*, nor took more liberties than he *did*.

For my own part, I must say, that I could not have accounted for your fits, by any descriptions short of those you give; and had you been less particular in the circumstances, I should have judged he had been still *worse*, and your person, though not your mind, less pure, than his pride would expect from the woman he should marry; for this is the case of all rakes, that though they indulge in all manner of libertinism themselves, there is no class of men who exact greater delicacy from the persons they marry, though they care not how bad they make the wives, the sisters and daughters of others.

I will only add, (and send all my three letters together) that we all blame you in some degree for bearing the wicked Jewkes in your sight, after her most impudent assistance in his lewd attempt: much less, we think, ought you to have left her in her place, and rewarded her; for her vileness could hardly be equalled by the worst actions of the most abandoned procuress.

I know the difficulties you labour under, in his arbitrary will, and intercession for her: but Lady Betty rightly observes that he knew what a vile woman she was, when he put you in her power, and no doubt employed her, being sure she would answer all his purposes; and that therefore she should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her, and having her put upon a foot, in the present on your nuptials with honest Jervis.

would, she says, had she been r case, have had one struggle dismission, let it have been ıs it would; and he that was l pleased with your virtues, ıave thought this a natural uence of it, if he was in ear- reclaim.

ow not whether you show him rite: but I have written this rt in the cover, as well for f room, as that you may keep him, if you please. Though think it will serve any good ım not against showing to him rite. For I must ever speak ıd, though I were to smart for that nobody can or has the o make me do, but my bold . So, Pamela, for this time,

LETTER XI.

ɔD LADY,

honoured with your lady- hree letters, the contents of are highly obliging to me: hould be inexcusable if I did mply with your injunctions, very proud and thankful for dyship's condescension in ng of my poor scribble, and ng such a rich and valuable of which you have already uch ample and delightful in- . I will not plead my defects, se my obedience. I only fear awe which will be always e, when I write to your lady- ill lay me under so great a re- that I shall fall short even of rit my papers have already tor me, through your kind nce.—Yet sheltering myself your goodness, I will cheer- ɔmply with every thing your p expects from me, that it is ɔower to do.

will give me leave, madam, to ɔ some little method, the par- *of what you desire* of me, that I may speak to them all: for since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my papers, (which indeed would not bear in many places) I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my readiness to obey you in every thing else.

First, then, your ladyship would have the particulars of the happy fortnight we passed in Kent, on one of the most agreeable occasions that could befall me.

Secondly, an account of the manner in which your dear brother acquainted me with the affecting story of Miss Godfrey, and my behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your ladyship, and Lady Betty, expect me to say something upon your welcome remarks on my conduct towards Mrs. Jewkes.

The other particulars your ladyship mentions, will naturally fall under one or other of these three heads—But expect not, my lady, though I begin in method thus, that I shall keep up to it. If you will not allow for me, and keep in view the poor Pamela Andrews in all I write, but have Mrs. B. in your eye, what will become of me?—But I promise myself so much improvement from this correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled awe and diffidence that will accompany me, in every part of the agreeable task To begin with the first article:

Your dear brother and my honest parents (I know your ladyship will expect from me, that on all occasions I should speak of them with the duty that becomes a good child) with myself, set out on the Monday morning for Kent, passing through St. Albans to London, at both which places we stopped a night; for our dear benefactor would make us take easy journeys: and on Wednesday

evening we arrived at the sweet place allotted for the good couple. We were attended only by Abraham and John, on horseback: for Mr. Colbrand, having sprained his foot, was in the travelling-coach, with the cook, the house-maid, and Polly Barlow, a genteel new servant, whom Mrs. Brooks recommended to wait on me.

Mr. Longman had been there a fortnight, employed in settling the terms of an additional purchase to this pretty well-wooded and well-watered estate: and his account of his proceedings was very satisfactory to his honoured principal. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the tenants from pursuing a formed resolution of meeting their landlord on horseback, at some miles distance; for he had informed them when he expected us: but knowing how desirous Mr. B. was of being retired, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was settled, and the new purchase actually entered upon, they would have his presence among them often; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy landlord, before we left the country.

The house is large, and very commodious; and we found every thing about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; owing to the worthy Mr. Longman's care and direction. The ground is well-stocked, the barns and outhouses in excellent repair; and my poor parents have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the goodness we experience from your bountiful brother.

But, indeed, Madam, I have the pleasure of discovering every day more and more, that there is not a better disposed and more generous man in the world than himself, for I *verily think* he has not been so *careful to conceal* his *bad* actions as his *good ones.* His heart is naturally beneficent, and his beneficence is the gift of God for the most excellent purposes, as I have often freely told him. Pardon me, my dear lady; I wish I may not be impertinently grave: but I find a great many instances of his considerate charity, which few knew of, and which, since I have been his almoner, could not avoid coming to my knowledge. But this, possibly, is no news to your ladyship. Every body knows the generous goodness of your *own* heart; every one wanting relief tasted the bounty of your excellent *mother*, my late honoured lady: so that 'tis a *family grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to you Madam.

This cannot, I hope, be construed as if I would hereby suppose ourselves less obliged. I know nothing so godlike in human nature as this disposition to do good to our fellow-creatures: for is it not following immediately the example of that generous Providence which every minute is conferring blessings upon us all, and by giving power to the rich, makes them but the dispensers of its benefits to those that want them? Yet, as there are but too many objects of compassion, and as the most beneficent cannot, like Omnipotence, do good to all, how much are they obliged who are distinguished from others!—And this being kept in mind, will always contribute to make the benefited receive, as thankfully as they *ought*, the favours of the obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood, in all I mean; but my grateful heart is so over-filled when on this subject, that methinks I want to say a great deal more at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much. Yet, perhaps, the copies of the letters I here enclose, (that marked [I.] written by me to my parents, on our return to Kent; that marked [II.] from my dear father in

answer to it; and that marked [III.] mine in reply to his) will (at the same time that they may convince your ladyship that I will conceal nothing from you in the course of this correspondence, which may in the least amuse and divert you, or better explain our grateful sentiments,) in a great measure, answer what your ladyship expects from me, as to the happy fortnight we passed in Kent.

I will now conclude, choosing to suspend the correspondence, till I know from your ladyship, whether it will not be too low, too idle for your attention; whether you will not dispense with your own commands when you see I am so little likely to answer what you may possibly expect from me: or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other way, be less tedious, less serious—in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my power, your ladyship may command from, *Madam, your obliged and faithful servant,*

P. B.

Your dearest brother, from whose knowledge, I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable portion of my time, gives me leave to proceed in this correspondence, if you command it; and is pleased to say, he will content himself to see such parts of it, and *only* such parts, as I shall show him, or read to him.—Is not this very good, Madam?—O, my lady, you don't know how happy I am!

LETTER XII.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

You very much oblige me by your cheerful compliance with my request: I leave it entirely to you to write as you shall be in the humour, when you take up your pen; and then I shall have you write with less restraint; for you must know, that what we admire in *you*, are truth and nature, not studied or elaborate epistles. We can hear at church, or read in our closets, fifty good things that we expect not from you: but we cannot receive from any body else the pleasure of sentiments flowing with that artless ease, which so much affects us when we read your letters. Then, my sweet girl, your gratitude, prudence, integrity of heart, your humility, shine so much in all your letters and thoughts, that no wonder my brother loves you as he does.

But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by praise ruin those graces which we admire, and, but for that, cannot praise you too much. In my conscience, if thou can'st hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have him *all to thyself*, and that was more than I once thought any woman on this side the seventieth year of his age would ever be able to say. The letters to and from your parents, we are charmed with, and the communicating of them to me, I take to be as great an instance of your confidence in me, as it is of your judgment and prudence; for you cannot but think, that, we, his relations are a little watchful over your conduct, and have our eyes upon you, to observe what use you are likely to make of your power over your man, with respect to your own relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled prudence, and you take the right method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your parents; for their honesty will, I perceive, be their distinguished character, and they will not forget themselves, nor their former condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were to be an en-

croacher, as the good old man calls it, my brother would be the first to see it, and would gradually think less and less of you, till possibly he might come to despise you, and to repent of his choice: for the least shadow of an imposition, or low cunning, or mere selfishness, he cannot bear.

In short, you are a charming girl; and Lady Betty says so too; and moreover adds, that if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of husbands, he cannot deserve you, for all his fortune and birth. And in my heart, I begin to think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the sequel of your letter to your father? For, you promise, my dear charming scribbler, in that you sent me, to write again to his letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter part of it, about your relations desiring already to come and live with him. I know what I *expect* from you. But let it be what it will, send it to me exactly as you wrote it; and I shall see whether I have reason to praise or reprove you. For surely, Pamela you must leave one room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more prudence, by nature, as it were, than the best of us get in a course of the genteelest education and with fifty advantages, at least, in conversation, that *you* could not have, by reason of my mother's retired life, while you were with her, and your close attendance on her person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great improvement to you; it is your own writings. This itch of scribbling has been a charming help. For here, having a natural *fund of good* sense, and prudence *above your* years, you have, with *the observations* these have enabled you to make, been flint and steel too, as I may say, to yourself: so that you have struck *fire* when you pleased, wanting nothing but a few dry leaves, like the first pair in old Du Bartas, to serve as tinder to catch your animating sparks So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, and enjoying besides a good memory, every thing you heard and read became your own; and not only so, but was improved by passing through more salubrious ducts and vehicles; like some fine fruit grafted upon a common freestock, whose more exuberant juices serve to bring to quicker and greater perfection the downy peach, or the smooth nectarine, with its crimson blush.

Really, Pamela, I belive, I, too, shall improve by writing to you—Why, you dear saucy-face, at this rate, you'll make every one that converses with you, better, and wiser, and *wittier* too, as far as I know, than they ever before thought there was *room* for 'em to be.

As to my own part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your correspondence may revive the poetical ideas tha used to fire my mind, before I entered into the drowsy married life for my good Lord Daver's turn happens not to be to books; and so by degrees my imagination was in a manner quenched, and I, as a dutiful wife should, endeavored to form my taste by that of the man I chose.—But, after all, Pamela, you are not to be a little proud of my correspondence; and I could not have thought it ever would have come to this; but you will observe that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without restraint: for already you have made us a family of writers and readers; so that Lord Davers himself is become enamoured o'

your letters, and desires of all things he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, Jackey, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering fellow you ever knew, and whose delight in a book ran no higher than a song or a catch, now comes in with an inquiring face, and vows he'll set pen to paper, and turn letter-writer himself; and intends (if my brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an answer.

I have twenty things still to say; for you have unlocked all your bosoms. And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen lines when I began; only to tell you, that I would have you take your own way, in your subjects, and in your style. And if you will but give me hope, that you are in the way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate sister; but till then, it shall only barely be *your correspondent*. B. DAVERS.

You'll proceed with the account of your Kentish affair, I doubt not.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY.

WHAT kind, what generous things are you pleased to say of your happy correspondent! And what reason have I to value myself on such an advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought, from a correspondence with so noble and so admired a lady! To be praised by such a genius, and my honored benefactor's worthy sister, whose favor, next to his, it was always my ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill with vanity a steadier and a more equal mind than *mine*.

I have heard from my late honored lady, what a fine pen her beloved daughter was mistress of, when she pleased to take it up. But I never could have presumed but from your ladyship's own motion, to hope to be in any manner the subject of it, much less to be called your correspondent.

Indeed, Madam, I *am* very proud of this honor, and consider it as such a heightening to my pleasure, as only *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your ladyship without reserve.

But, first, permit me to disclaim any merit, from my own poor writings, to that improvement which your goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast, of that sort, is owing principally, if it deserves commendation, to my late excellent lady.

It is hard to be imagined what pains her ladyship took with her poor servant. Besides making me keep a book of her charities dispensed by me, I always set down, in my way, the cases of the distressed, their griefs from misfortunes, and their joys in her bountiful relief; and so I entered early into the various turns that affected worthy hearts, and was taught the better to regulate my own, especially by the help of her fine observations, when I read what I wrote. For many a time has her generous heart overflowed with pleasure at my remarks, and with praises; and I was her good girl, her dear Pamela, her hopeful maiden; and she would sometimes snatch my hand with transport and draw me to her, and vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying what she would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to be deserving.

O my dear lady! you cannot think what an encouragement this condescending behavior and good

ness was to me. Indeed, Madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her feet, and embrace her knees; and, my eyes streaming with tears of joy, would often cry, 'O continue to me, dearest lady, the blessing of your favor, and kind instructions, and it is all your happy Pamela can wish for.'

But I will proceed to obey your ladyship, and write with as much freedom as I possibly *can*; for you must not expect that I can entirely divest myself of that awe which will necessarily lay me under a greater restraint, than if writing to my parents, whose partiality for their daughter made me, in a manner, secure of their good opinions.

To shorten the work before me, in the account I am to give of the sweet fortnight that we passed in Kent, I inclose not only the copy of the letter your ladyship requested, but my father's answer to it.

The letters I sent before, and those I now send, will afford several particulars; such as a brief description of the house and farm, and your honored brother's intentions of retiring thither now and then; of the happiness and gratitude of my dear parents, and their wishes to be able to deserve the comfort his goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest; and, particularly, the behavior of my dear benefactor towards me, and my parents. He seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before strangers, and before the tenants, and before Mr. Sorby, Mr. Bonnet, and Mr. Shepherd, three of the principal gentlemen in the neighborhood, who, with their ladies, came to visit us, and whose visits we all returned; for your dear brother would not permit my father and mother to decline the invitation of those worthy families.

Every day we rode out, or walked a little about the grounds; and while we were there, he employed hands to cut a vista through a coppice, as they call it, or rather a little wood, to a rising ground, which, fronting an old-fashioned balcony, in the middle house, he ordered it to be planted like a grove, and a pretty alcove to be erected on its summit, of which he has sent them a draught, drawn by his own hand. This and a few other alterations, mentioned in my letter to my father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear gentleman was every hour pressing me, while there, to take one diversion or other, frequently upbraiding me, that I seemed not to *choose* any thing; urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to choose for me; saying, he was half afraid that my constant compliance with every thing he proposed, laid me sometimes under a restraint; and he would have me have a will of my own, since it was impossible that it could be such as he should not take a delight in conforming to it.

I will not trouble your ladyship with any further particulars relating to this happy fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded days, to the very last; and your ladyship will judge better than I can describe, of the parting between my parents and their honored benefactor and me.

We set out, attended with the good wishes of crowds of persons of all degrees; for your dear brother left behind him noble instances of his bounty; it being the *first* time as he bid Mr. Longman say, that he had been down among them since that estate has been in his hands.

But permit me to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy period, to thank God in private, for the blessed terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which formerly were tendered to me; for your ladyship will remember, that the Kentish estate was to be part of the purchase of my infamy.

We returned through London, by the like easy journies, but tarried not to see any thing of that vast metropolis, any more than we did in going through it before; your beloved brother only stopping at his banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome house, which he proposes to take for his winter residence. He chooses it to be about the new buildings called Hanover Square; and he left Mr. Longman there to see one, which his banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear lady, I have answered your first commands, by the help of the letters which passed between my dear parents and me; and conclude this with the assurance that I am with high respect, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant,* P. B.

LETTER XIV.

MY DEAREST LADY,

I now set myself to obey your ladyship's second command, which is, to give an account in what manner your dear brother broke to me the affair of the unfortunate Miss Goodfrey, with my behavior upon it: and this I cannot do better, than by transcribing the relation I gave at that time, in letters to my dear parents, which your ladyship has not seen, in these very words.

[See p. 314, *beginning 'My dear Mr. B.' down to p. 321.*]

Thus far, my dear lady, the relation I gave to my parents, at the time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy affair.

It is a great pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself from the hints you kindly gave me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, Madam, I could not help it, for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy lady; and though I could not but rejoice that I had the grace to escape the dangerous attempts of the dear intriguer, yet never did the story of any unfortunate lady make such impressions upon me as her's did; she loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous advantages of her soft passion for him; and so, by degrees, put herself into his power; and too seldom, alas! have the noblest-minded of the seducing sex the mercy or the goodness to spare the poor creatures that do!

Then 'tis another misfortune of people in love; they always think highly of the beloved object, and lowly of themselves; such a dismal mortifier is love!

I say not this, Madam, to excuse the poor lady's fall; nothing can do that; because virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all considerations, and to life itself. But, methinks, I love this dear lady so well for the sake of her edifying penitence, that I would fain extenuate her crime, if I could; and the rather, as in all probability, it was a *first love* on *both* sides; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* deceiver.

Your ladyship will see, by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss Goodwin; and I am so fond of the little charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy mother, though personally unknown to me, as for the relation she bears to the dear gen-

tleman whom I am bound to love and honor, that I must beg your ladyship's interest to procure her to be given up to my care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly as if I was her own mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaulty baby is so justly beloved by Mr. B. But I will here conclude this letter with assuring your ladyship that I am *your obliged and humble servant*, P. B.

LETTER XV.

MY GOOD LADY,

I NOW come to your ladyship's remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes: which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving, considering the poor woman's baseness.

Your ladyship says that I ought not to have borne her in my sight, after the impudent assistance she gave to his lewd attempts; much less to have left her in her place, and rewarded her. Alas! my dear lady, what could I do? a poor prisoner as I was made for weeks together, in breach of all the laws of civil society: without a soul who durst be my friend; and every day expected to be ruined and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determined spirits in the world!—and when it pleased God to turn his heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked attempts, and to profess honorable love to me, his poor servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon conditions with such a gentleman, who had me in his power; and who, if I had provoked him might have resumed all his wicked purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoyed, after all my dangers past, (which were so great, that I could not go to rest, nor rise, but with such apprehensions, that I wished for death rather than life) to think of refusing any terms that I could yield to, and keep my honor.

And though such noble ladies as your ladyship and Lady Betty, who are born to independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a foot with the highest descended gentlemen in the land, might have exerted a spirit, and would have a right to choose your own servants, and to distribute rewards and punishments to the deserving and undeserving, at your own good pleasure; yet what had I, a poor girl, who owed even my title to common notice, to the bounty of my late good lady, and had only a kind of imputed sightliness of person, though enough to make me the subject of vile attempts; who, from a situation of terror and apprehension, was lifted up to an hope, beyond my highest ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad woman, as an instance, that I could forgive his own hard usage of me; who had experienced so often the violence and impetuosity of his temper, which even his beloved mother never ventured to oppose till it began to subside, and then, indeed, he was all goodness and acknowledgement; of which I could give your ladyship more than one instance.

What, I say, had I to do, to take upon me lady-airs, and to resent?

But, my dear ladies, (let me, in this instance, bespeak the attention of you both) I should be inexcusable, if I did not tell all the truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor wretch, in regard to *his commands*, but from *my own inclination* also. If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your ladyships; and, as I pretend not to perfection, am ready to take the blame I deserve in your ladyships' judgments: but indeed, were it to be again, I verily think, I could

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your brother before, how hard a condition it was for me to forgive so much unwomanly wickedness

But, my dear ladies, when I considered the matter in *one* particular light, I could the more easily forgive her; and *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my sight*, and act by her (as a consequence of that forgiveness) as if she had not so horridly offended. Else how would it have been forgiveness? especially as she was ashamed of her crime, and there was no fear of her repeating it.

Thus then I thought on the occasion: 'Poor wretched agent, for purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* master and *my* master will have it so.—And indeed thou art beneath the resentment of even such a poor girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject as thou art. And she who is the object of my *pity* is surely beneath my *anger*.'

Such were then my thoughts, my proud thoughts, so far was I from being guilty of *intentional* meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B's interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject *self*-mortified, and *master*-mortified, Mrs. Jewkes.

And do you think, ladies, when you revolve in your thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I had been *designed* for; when you revolve the amazing turn in my favor, and the prospects before me (so much above my hopes, that I left them entirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those prospects seemed naturally to tend); when I could see my haughty persecutor become my repentant protector; the lofty spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without awe, except in those animating cases, where his guilty attempts, and the concern I had to

preserve my innocence, gave a courage more than natural to my otherwise dastardly heart; when this impetuous spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low character of his servant, who was his prisoner, under sentence of a ruin worse than death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very purpose, could stoop to acknowledge the vileness of that purpose; could say, at one time, that my forgiveness of Mrs. Jewkes should stand me in greater stead than I was aware of; could tell her, before me, that she must for the future shew me all the respect due to one he must love; at another, acknowledged before her, that he had been stark naught, and that I was very forgiving; again, to Mrs. Jewkes, putting himself on a level with her, as to guilt, 'We are both in generous hands; and, indeed, if Pamela did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, because you acted by my instructions:' another time to the same, 'We have been both sinners, and must be both included in one act of grace:'—when I was thus lifted up to the state of a sovereign forgiver, and my lordly master became a petitioner for himself, and the guilty creature, whom he put under my feet; what a triumph was here for the poor Pamela? and could I have been guilty of so mean a pride, as to trample upon the poor abject creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortified, and wholly in my power?

Then, my dear ladies, while I was enjoying the soul charming fruits of that innocence which the Divine Grace had enabled me to preserve, in spite of so many plots and contrivances on my master's *side, and such* wicked instigations *and assistances* on her's, and all *my prospects* were improving upon me beyond my wishes; when all was unclouded sunshine, and I possessed my mind in peace, and had only to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my unworthiness; when I saw my persecutor become my protector, my active enemy no longer my enemy, but creeping with slow, doubtful feet, and speaking to me with awful hesitating doubt of my acceptance; a stamp of an insolent foot now turned into curtseying half-bent knees; threatening hands into supplicating folds; and the eye unpitying to innocence, running over with the sense of her own guilt; a faultering accent on her late menacing tongue, and uplifted handkerchief, 'I see she will be my lady: and then I know how it will go with me!'—Was not this, my ladies, a triumph of triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted, Pamela!—could I do less than pardon her? And having declared that I did so, was I not to shew the sincerity of my declaration?

Would it not have shewn my master, that the low-born Pamela was incapable of a generous action, had she refused the only request her humble condition had given her the opportunity of granting, at that time, with innocence? Would he not have thought the humble cottager as capable of insolence, and vengeance too, in her turn, as the better born? and that she wanted but the power, to shew the like unrelenting temper, by which she had so grievously suffered? And might not this have given him room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept mistress, than an humble and obliged wife!

'I see,' (might he not have said?) 'the girl has strong passions and resentments; and she that has, will

be sometimes governed by them. I will improve upon the hint she herself has now given me, by her inexorable temper: I will gratify her revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her pride, till I make it administer to her fall; for a wife I cannot think of in the low-born cottager, especially when she has lurking in her all the pride and arrogance (you know, my ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our sex) of the better descended. And by a little perseverance, and watching her unguarded hours, and applying temptations to her passions, I shall first discover them, and then take my advantage of them.

Might not his have been the language, and the resolution, of such a dear wicked intriguer? For, my lady, you can hardly conceive the struggles he apparently had to bring down his spirit to so humble a level. And though, I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* case, ineffectual, through Divine Grace, yet how do I know what lurking vileness might have appeared by degress in this frail heart, to encourage his designs, and to augment my trials and my dangers! And perhaps downright violence might have been used, if he could not, on one hand, have subdued his passions, nor, on the other, have overcome his pride—a pride, that every one, reflecting upon the disparity of birth and condition between us, would have dignified with the name of *decency;* a pride that was become such an essential part of the dear gentleman's character, in the instance of a wife, that although he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small motive of his choosing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more humility, more submission, than he *thought would be paid him* by a lady equally born and educated; and of this I will send you an instance, in a transcription from that part of my journal you have not seen, of his lessons to me, on my incurring his displeasure by interposing between yourself and him in your misunderstanding at the Hall: for, Madam, I intend to send, at times, any thing I think worthy of your ladyship's attention, out of those papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in the lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such judges.

Thus (could your ladyship have thought it?) have I ventured upon a strange paradox, that even this strongest instance of his debasing himself, is not the weakest of his pride: and he ventured once at Sir Simon Darnford's to say, in your hearing, as you may remember, that, in his conscience, he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable husband to any body but Pamela: and why? For the reasons you will see in the inclosed papers, which give an account of the noblest and earliest curtain lecture that ever girl had: one of which is, that he expects to be *borne* with (*complied* with, he meant) even when in the wrong; another, that a wife should never so much as expostulate with him, though he *was* in the wrong, till, by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shewn him, she designed rather to convince him, for his *own* sake, than for *contradiction's* sake; and then, another time, perhaps he might take better resolutions.

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your ladyship, and to Lady Betty too, that I am justified, or at least excused, in pardoning Mrs. Jewkes.

But your dear brother has just sent me word that supper waits for

me: and the post being ready to go off, I defer till the next opportunity that which I have to say as to these good effects: and am, in the mean time, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant,*

P. B.

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR LADY,

I WILL now acquaint you with the good effects my behavior to Mrs. Jewkes has had upon her, as a farther justification of my conduct towards the poor woman.

That she began to be affected as I wished, appeared to me before I left the Hall, not only in the conversations I had with her after my happiness was completed; but in her general demeanor also to the servants, to the neighbors, and in her devout behavior at church; and this still further appears by a letter I have received from Miss Darnford. I dare say your ladyship will be pleased with a perusal of the whole letter, although a part of it would answer my present design; and in confidence, that you will excuse, for the sake of its other beauties, the high and undeserved praises which she so lavishly bestows upon me, I will transcribe it all.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

'MY DEAR NEIGHBOR THAT WAS,

'I MUST depend upon your known goodness to excuse me for not writing before now, in answer to your letter of compliment to us, for the civilities and favors, as you call them, which you received from us in Lincolnshire, where we were *infinitely* more obliged to you than *you to us.*

'The truth is, my papa has been much disordered with a kind of rambling rheumatism, to which the physicians, learnedly speaking, give the name of *arthritici vaga*, or the flying gout; and when he ails ever so little, (it signifies nothing concealing his infirmities, where they are so well known, and when he cares not who knows them) he is so peevish, and wants so much attendance, that my mama and her two girls (one of which is as waspish as her papa; you may be sure I don't mean myself) have much to make his worship keep the peace; and I being his favorite, when he is indisposed, having most patience, if I may give myself a good word, he calls upon me continually, to read to him when he is grave, which is not often, and to tell him stories, and to sing to him when he is merry; and so I have been employed as a principal person about him, till I have frequently become sad to make him cheerful, and happy when I could do it at any rate. For once, in a pet, he flung a book at my head, because I had not attended him for two hours, and he could not bear to be slighted by little bastards, that was his word, that were fathered upon him for his vexation! O these men! Fathers or husbands, much alike: the one tyrannical, the other insolent; so that, between one and t'other, a poor girl has nothing for it but a few weeks' courtship, and perhaps a first month's bridalry, if that; and then she is as much a slave to her husband, as she was a vassal to her father—I mean if the father be a Sir Simon Darnford, and the spouse a Mr. B.

'But I will be a little more grave; for a graver occasion calls for it, yet such as will give you real pleasure. It is the very great change that your example has had upon your housekeeper.

'You desired her to keep us as

much regularity as she could among the servants there; and she is next to exemplary in it, so that she has every one's good word. She speaks of her lady not only with respect, but reverence; and calls it a blessed day for all the family, and particulary for herself, that you came to Lincolnshire. She reads prayers, or makes one of the servants read them, every Sunday night; and never misses being at church, morning and afternoon; and is preparing herself, by Mr. Peter's advice and direction, for receiving the sacrament; which she earnestly longs to receive, and says it will be the seal of her reformation.

'Mr. Peters gives us this account of her, and says she is full of contrition for her past mis-spent life, and is often asking him if such and such sins can be forgiven? and among them, names her vile behavior to her angel lady, as she calls you.

'It seems she has written a letter to you, which passed Mr. Peters' revisal, before she had the courage to send it; and prides herself that you have favored her with an answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will be found in a cover of black silk next her heart; for any thing from your hand, she is sure, will contribute to make her keep her good purposes; and for that reason she places it there; and when she has had any bad thoughts, or is guilty of any faulty word, or passionate expression, she recollects her lady's letter, which recovers her to a calm, and puts her again into a better frame.

As she has written to you, 'tis possible I might have spared you the trouble of reading this account of her; but yet you will not be displeased, that so free a liver and speaker *should have some* testimo*nial besides her own* assurances, to vouch for the sincerity of her reformation.

'What a happy lady are you, that persuasion dwells upon your tongue, and reformation follows your example!'

Your ladyship will forgive me for what may appear like vanity in this communication. Miss Darnford is a charming young lady. I always admired her; but her letters are the sweetest, kindest!—Yet I am too much the subject of her encomiums, and so will say no more; but add here a copy of the poor woman's letter to me; and your ladyship will see what an ample correspondence you have opened to yourself, if you go on to countenance it.

'HONORED MADAM,

'I HAVE been long laboring under two difficulties; the desire I had to write to you, and the fear of being thought presumptuous if I did. But I will depend on your goodness, so often tried; and put pen to paper, in that very closet, and on that desk, which once were so much used by yourself, when I was acting a part that now cuts me to the heart to think of. But you forgave me, Madam, and shewed me you had too much goodness to revoke your forgiveness; and could I have silenced the reproaches of my heart, I should have had no cause to think I had offended.

'But, Oh! Madam, how has your goodness to me, which once filled me with so much gladness, now, on reflection, made me sorrowful, and at times, miserable.—To think I should act so barbarously as I did, by so much sweetness and so much forgiveness. Every place that I remember to have used you hardly in, how does it now fill me with sadness, and makes me often smite my breast, and sit down

with tears and groans, bemoaning my vile actions, and my hard heart! How many places are there in this melancholy fine house, that call one thing or other to my remembrance, that give me remorse! But the pond, and the woodhouse, whence I dragged you so mercilessly, after I had driven you to despair almost, what thoughts do they bring to my remembrance! Then my wicked instigations.—What an odious wretch was I!

'Had his honor been as abandoned as myself, what virtue had been destroyed between *his* orders and *my* too rigorous execution of them; nay, stretching them to shew my wicked zeal, to serve a master, whom, though I honored, I should not (as you more than once hinted to me, but with no effect at all, so resolutely wicked was my heart) have so well obeyed in his unlawful commands!

'His honor has made you amends, has done justice to your merits, and so atoned for *his* fault. But as for *me*, it is out of my power ever to make reparation.—All that is left me, is, to let your ladyship see, that your pious example has made such an impression upon me, that I am miserable now in the reflection upon my past guilt.

'*You* have forgiven me, and *GOD* will, I hope; for the creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator; that is my hope!—Yet, sometimes, I dread that I am forgiven here, at least not punished, in order to be punished the more hereafter!—What then will become of the unhappy wretch, that has thus lived in a state of sin, and so qualified herself by a course of wickedness, as to be thought a proper instrument for the worst of purposes!

'*Pray* your ladyship, let not my *honored* master see this letter. He *will think* I have the boldness to reflect upon him: when, God knows my heart, I only write to condemn myself, and my *wanton ly* actions, as you were pleased often most justly to call them.

'But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not considering whom I am writing to, and whose precious time I am taking up. But what I chiefly write for is, to beg your ladyship's prayers for me. For, oh! Madam, I fear I shall else be ever miserable. We every week hear of the good you do, and the charity you extend to the bodies of the miserable. Extend, I beseech you, good Madam, to the unhappy Jewkes, the mercy of your prayers, and tell me if you think I have not sinned beyond hope of pardon; for there is a wo denounced against the presumptuous sinner.

'Your ladyship assured me at your departure, on the confession of my remorse for my misdoings, and my promise of amendment, that you would take it for proof of my being in earnest, if I would endeavor to keep up a regularity among the servants here; if I would subdue them with kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; and if I would endeavor to make every one think, that the best security they could give of doing their duty to their master in his *absence*, was by doing it to God Almighty, from whose all-seeing eye nothing can be hid. This, I remember, your ladyship told me, was the best test of fidelity and duty that any servants could shew; since it was impossible, without religion, but that worldly convenience, or self-interest, must be the main tie; and so the worst actions might succeed, if servants thought they should find their sordid advantage in sacrificing their duty.

'So well am I convinced of this truth, that I hope I have begun the

ample to good effect, and as no
e in the family was so wicked as
it was therefore less difficult to
orm them; and you will have
pleasure to know, that you
re now servants here, whom you
d not be ashamed to call yours.
'Tis true, I found it a little dif-
ult at first to keep them within
ht of their duty, after your lady-
p departed: but when they saw
as in earnest, and used them
rteously, as you advised, and as
ir usage of me convinced me was
rightest usage; when they were
I I had your commands to ac-
int you how they conformed to
ir injunctions; the task became
y: and I hope we shall be still
re and more worthy of the favor
o good a lady and so bountiful
aster.

I dare not presume upon the ho-
of a line to your unworthy ser-
t. Yet it would pride me much,
could have it. But I shall ever
y for your ladyship's and his
or's felicity, as becomes *your*
deserving servant,

K. JEWKES.'

have already, with these tran-
bed letters of Miss Darnford and
s. Jewkes, written a great deal:
nevertheless, as there yet re-
ins one passage in your lady-
p's letter, relating to Mrs.
vkes, that seems to require an
wer, I will take notice of it, if I
ll not quite tire your patience.
That passage is this; Lady Bet-
rightly observes, says your lady-
p, that he knew what a vile wo-
n she (Mrs. Jewkes) was, when
put you into her power; and no
ubt, employed her, because he
s sure she would answer all his
poses: and therefore she should
re had little opinion of the sin-
ity of his reformation, while he
s so solicitous in keeping her
re.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have had one struggle for her dismission, let it have been taken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with your virtue, must have thought this a natural consequence of it, if in earnest to become virtuous himself.

But, alas! Madam, he was not so well pleased with my virtue for virtue's sake, as Lady Betty thinks he was.—He would have been glad, even then, to have found me less resolved on that score. He did not so much as pretend to any disposition to virtue. No, not he!

He had entertained as it proved, a strong passion for me, which had been heightened by my resisting it. His pride, and his advantages both of person and fortune, would not let him brook control; and when he could not have me upon his own terms, God turned his evil purposes to good ones; and he resolved to submit to mine, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to him without.

But Lady Betty thinks, I was to blame to put Mrs. Jewkes upon a footing, in the present I made at my nuptials, with Mrs. Jervis. But I rather put Mrs. Jervis on a footing with Mrs. Jewkes; for the dear gentleman had named the sum for me to give Mrs. Jewkes, and I would not give Mrs. Jervis less, because I loved her better; nor more could I give her, on that occasion, without making such a difference between two persons equal in station, on a solemnity too where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shewn such a partiality, as might have induced their master to conclude, I was not so sincere in my former forgiveness, as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger reason still was behind; that I could much more agreeably, both to Mrs. Jervis and

myself, shew my love and gratitude to the dear good woman; and this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your ladyship; at the tribunal of whose judgment I am willing all my actions respecting your dear brother, shall be tried. And I hope you will not have reason to think me a too profuse or lavish creature; yet, if you have, pray, my dear lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one article, I will endeavor to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this head, the subject of a letter by itself; and am, mean time *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant,* P. B

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR LADY,

It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the subject where I left off in my last, for your ladyship to know, that your generous brother has made me his almoner, as I was my late dear lady's; and ordered Mr. Longman to pay me fifty pounds quarterly, for purposes of which he requires no account, though I have one always ready to produce.

Now, Madam, as I knew Mrs. Jervis was far from being easy in her circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay old debts for two extravagant children, who are both dead, and maintaining in schooling and clothes, three of their children, which always keeps her bare, I said to her one day, as she and I sat together, at our needles, (for we are always running over old stories when alone)—'My good Mrs. Jervis, will you allow me to ask you *after your* own private affairs, and *if you* are tolerably easy in them?'

'You are very good, Madam,' *said she,* 'to concern yourself about my poor matters, so much as your thoughts are employed, and every moment of your time is taken up, from the hour you rise, to the time of your rest. But I can with great pleasure attribute it to your bounty, and that of my honored master, that I am easier and easier every day.'

'But tell me, my dear Mrs. Jervis,' said I, 'how your matters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle concerns with my friends, and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll treat *me* with equal freedom; for I always loved you, and always will; and nothing but death shall divide our friendship.'

She had tears of gratitude in her eyes, and taking off her spectacles 'I cannot bear,' said she, 'so much goodness!—Oh! my lady!'

'Oh! my Pamela, say,' replied I. 'How often must I chide you for calling me any thing but your Pamela, when we are alone together?'

'My heart,' said she, 'will burst with your goodness! I cannot bear it!'

'But you *must* bear it, and bear still greater exercises to your grateful heart, I can tell you that. A pretty thing, truly! Here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years, her faithful services, and good management, make her a much greater merit in this family, than I can pretend to have! And shall I return, in the day of my power, insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in that of my indigence! Indeed, I won't forgive you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other light than as your daughter,

for you have been a mother to me, when the absence of my own could not afford me the comfort and good counsel I received every day from you.'

Then moving my chair nearer, and taking her hand, and wiping, with my handkerchief in my other, her reverend cheek, 'Come my dear second mother,' said I, 'call me your daughter, your Pamela; I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name; and as I have but too seldom an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy as our dear master has made my *first*.'

She hung her head, and I waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance to her words; provoking only her speech, by saying, 'You used to have three grand children to provide for in clothes and schooling. They are all living I hope?'

'Yes, Madam, they are all living; and by your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once!) made me very easy and very happy!'

'How easy and how happy, Mrs. Jervis?'

'Why, my dear lady, I paid five to one old creditor of my unhappy sons: five to a second; and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands; and with the other five I paid off all arrears of the poor children's schooling and maintenance; and all are satisfied and easy, and declare they will never do harsh things by me, if they are paid no more.'

'But tell me, Mrs. Jervis, the whole you owe in the world: and you and I will contrive, with justice to our best friend, to do all we can to make you *quite* easy; for, at your time of life, I cannot bear that you shall have any thing to disturb you which I can remove, and so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, let me know all. I know your debts, (dear, just, good woman as you are!) like David's sins, are ever before you; so come,' putting my hand in her pocket, 'let me be a friendly pick-pocket; let me take out your memorandum book, and we will see how all matters stand, and what can be done. Come, I see you are too much moved; your worthy heart is too much affected; (pulling out her book, which she always had about her) 'I will go to my closet, and return presently.'

So I left her to recover her spirits, and retired with the good woman's book to my closet.

Your dear brother stepping into the parlor just after I had gone out, 'Where's your lady, Mrs. Jervis?' said he. And being told, came up to me. 'What ails the good woman below, my dear?' said he. 'I hope you and she have had no words?'

'No, indeed, Sir,' answered I. 'If we had, I am sure it would have been my fault; but I have picked her pocket of her memorandum book, in order to look at her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with justice to our common benefactor, make her as easy as you, Sir, have made my other dear parents.'

'A blessing,' said he, 'upon my charmer's benevolent heart! I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear.—Do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis.'

I clasped my bold arms about him, the starting tear testifying my gratitude.—'Dearest Sir,' said I, 'you affect me as much as I did Mrs. Jervis: and if any one but you had a right to ask what ails your Pamela? as you do, what ails Mrs. Jervis? I must say, I am hourly so much oppressed by your

goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one's own joy.'

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging creature. 'But,' said he, 'I came to tell you, that after dinner we'll take a turn, if you please, to Lady Arthur's: she has a family of London friends for her guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your company, and attend you myself, only to drink tea with her; for I have told her we are to have friends to sup with us.'

'I will attend you, Sir,' replied I, 'most willingly; although I doubt I am to be made a show of.'

'Something like it,' said he, 'for she has promised them this favor.'

'I need not dress otherwise than I am?'

'No,' he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

So he left me to my *good works*, (those were his kind words) and I run over Mrs. Jervis's accounts, and found a balance drawn of all her matters in one leaf, and a thankful acknowledgement to God, for her master's last bounty, which had enabled her to give satisfaction to others, and to do herself great pleasure, written underneath.

The balance of all was thirty-five pounds eleven shillings and odd pence; and I went to my escritoir and took out forty pounds, and down I hasted to my good Mrs. Jervis, and I said to her, 'Here, my dear good friend, is your pocket-book; but are thirty-five or thirty-six pounds all you owe, or are bound for in the world?'

'It is, Madam,' said she, 'and enough too. It is a great sum; but 'tis in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service.'

'Nor shall it ever be in any body's *power*,' said I, 'to trouble you: I'll tell you how we'll order it.'

So I sat down, and made her sit by me. 'Here, my dear Mrs. Jervis, is forty pounds. It is not so much to me now, as the two guineas were to you, that you would have given me at my going away from this house to my father's, as I thought. I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear; indeed I won't make you so uneasy as that comes to But take this and pay the thirty-five pounds odd money to the utmost farthing; and the remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in advance towards the children's schooling. And thus you shall repay it: I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas per annum to your salary, in acknowledgment of the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela Andrews, to add five pounds per annum to it from the time I became Mrs. B. But from that time, for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole forty pounds be repaid. So, my dear Mrs. Jervis, you won't have any obligation to me, you know, but for the advance; and that is a poor matter, not to be spoken of: and I will have leave for it, for fear I should die.'

Had your ladyship seen the dear good woman's behavior, on this occasion, you would never have forgotten it. She could not speak; tears ran down her cheeks in plentiful currents; her modest hand put gently from her my offering hand, her bosom heav'd, and she sobb'd with the painful tumult that seemed to struggle within her, and which, for some few moments, made her incapable of speaking.

At last, I rising, and putting my

arm round her neck, wiping her eyes, and kissing her cheek, she cried, 'My excellent lady! 'tis too much! I cannot bear all this.'—She then threw herself at my feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it; and with uplifted hands—'May God Almighty,' said she—I kneeled by her, and clasping her hands in mine, both uplifted together—'May God Almighty,' said I, drowning her voice with my louder voice, 'bless us both together, for many happy years! And bless and reward the dear gentleman who has thus enabled me to make *the widow's heart to sing for joy!*'

And thus, my lady, did I force upon the good woman's acceptance the forty pounds.

Permit me, Madam, to close this letter here, and to resume the subject in my next: till when, I have the honor to be *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful servant,*

P. B.

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,

I now resume my last subject where I left off, that your ladyship may have the whole before you at one view.

I went after dinner with my dear benefactor, to Lady Arthur's; and met with fresh calls upon me for humility, having the two natural effects of the praises and professed admiration of that lady's guests, as well as my dear Mr. B's, and those of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, to guard myself against: and your good brother was pleased to entertain me in the chariot, going and coming, with an account of the orders he had given in relation to the London house, which is actually taken, and the furniture he should direct for it; so that I had no opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. Jervis.

But after supper, retiring from company to my closet, when his friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual bed-time: he enquired kindly after my employment, which was trying to read in the French Telemachus: for, my lady, I'm learning French, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my master? Why, the best I *could* have in the world, your dearest brother, who is pleased to say, I am no dunce: how inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a master, who teaches me on his knee, and rewards me with a kiss whenever I do well, and says I have already nearly mastered the accent and pronunciation, which he tells me is a great difficulty got over

I requested him to render for me into English two or three places that were beyond my reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in French, what I had done for Mrs. Jervis.

I said, 'Permit me, Sir, (for I am not proficient enough to answer you in my new tongue) in English, to say, I have made the good woman quite happy; and if I have your approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this instance, as I am in all others.'

'I dare answer for your prudence, my dear,' he was pleased to say: 'but this is your favorite; let me know, when you have so bountiful a heart to strangers, what you do for your favorites?'

I then said, 'Permit my bold eye, Sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must not look full upon me, then; for if you do, how shall I look at you again; how see, as I proceed, whether you are displeased? for you will not chide me in words, so partial have you the goodness to be to all I do.'

He put his arm round me, and looked down now and then as I

desired! for O! Madam, he is all condescension and goodness to his unworthy, yet grateful Pamela! I told him all I have written to you about the forty pounds.—'And now dear Sir,' said I, half hiding my face on his shoulder, 'you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your Pamela, if you please: it shall be all kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution.'

He raised my head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, 'Thus then I chide, I beat my angel!—And yet I have one fault to find with you; and let Mrs. Jervis, if not in bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you, as you deserve, before her.'—My Polly being in hearing, attending to know if I wanted her assistance to undress, I bade her call Mrs. Jervis. And though I thought from his kind looks, and kind words as well as tender behavior, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my fault was, for which I was to be exposed.

The good woman came, and as she entered with all that modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his chair further from me, and, with a set aspect, but not unpleasant, said, 'Step in, Mrs. Jervis: your lady (for so, Madam, he will always call me to Mrs. Jervis, and to the servants) has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face.'

She looked surprised—now on me, now on her dear master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive. 'I am sorry—I am very sorry for it, Sir,' said she, curtseying low:—but should be more sorry, if *I* were the unhappy occasion.'

'*Why*, Mrs. Jervis, I can't say *but it is on your account that I must blame her.*'

This gave us both confusion, her especially the good woman; for still I hoped much from his kind behavior to me just before—And she said, 'Indeed, Sir, I could never deserve—'

He interrupted her—'My charge against you, Pamela,' said he, 'is that of niggardliness, and no other; for I will put you both out of your pain; you ought not to have found out the method of repayment.

'The dear creature,' said he to Mrs. Jervis, 'seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from me, in addition to your salary, the lady should have shewed herself no less pleased with your service than the gentleman. Had it been for old acquaintance-sake, for sex-sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this head. But I will tell you that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of just distinction on many accounts: and your salary from last quarter-day shall be advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years hence; and let me only add, that when my Pamela first begins to shew a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue which is now peculiar to herself, and makes her the delight of all who converse with her.'

He was thus pleased to *say*: thus, with the most graceful generosity, and a nobleness of mind *truly* peculiar to himself, was he pleased to *act*: and what could Mrs. Jervis or I say to him?—Why, indeed, nothing at all!—We could only look upon one another, with our eyes and our hearts full of a gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but which expressed itself at last in a manner he was pleased to call more elegan

than words—with uplifted and folded hands, and tears of joy.

O my dear lady! how many opportunities have the beneficent *rich* to make *themselves*, as well as their *fellow-creatures* happy! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my duty before; what a sense of obligation then must I lie under to this most generous of men!

But here let me put an end to this tedious subject; the principal part of which can have no excuse, if it may not serve as a proof of my cheerful compliance with your ladyship's commands, that I recite *every* thing of concern to me, and with the same freedom as I used to do to my dear parents.

I have done it, and at the same time offered what I had to plead in behalf of my conduct to the two housekeepers, which you expected from me: and I shall therefore close this my humble defence, if I may so call it, with the assurance that I am, *my dearest lady, your obliged and faithful servant,*

P. B.

LETTER XIX.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in answer to the six last Letters.

'*Where she had it, I can't tell! but I think I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age;*' are, as I remember, my brother's words, speaking of his Pamela in the early part of your papers. In truth, thou art a surprising creature; and every letter we have from you, we have new subjects to admire you for.—'Do you think, Lady Betty,' said I, when I had read to the end of the subject about Mrs. Jervis. 'I will not soon set out to hit this charming girl a box of the ear or two?'—'For what, *Lady Davers?*' *said she.*

'For what!' replied I.—'Why, don't you see how many slaps of the face the bold slut hits me! *I'll* LADY-AIRS her! I will! *I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her betters, with her cottage excellencies, and improvements, that shame our education.'

Why, you dear charming Pamela, did you only excel me in *words*, I could forgive you: for there may be a knack, and a volubility, as to *words*, that a natural talent may supply; but to be thus outdone in *thought* and in *deed*, who can bear it? And in so young an insulter too!

Well, Pamela, look to it, when I see you: you shall feel the weight of my hand, or—the pressure of my lip, one or t'other, depend upon it, very quickly: for here, instead of my stooping, as I thought it would be, to call *you* sister, I shall be forced to think, in a little while, that you ought not to own *me* as *your's*, till I am nearer your standard.

But to come to business, I will summarily take notice of the following particulars in all your obliging letters, in order to convince you of my friendship, by the freedom of my observations on the subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the advantages you received from the favor of my dear mother; and as you know many things of her by your attendance upon her the last three or four years of your life, I must desire you will give me, as opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honored lady, and of her behavior and kindness to you, and with a retrospect to your own early beginnings, the dawnings of this your bright day of excellence: and this not only I, but the Countess and Lady Betty, with whom I am going over your

papers again, and her sister, Lady Jenny, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your Kentish account; though we wished you had been more particular in some parts of it; for we are greatly taken up with your conversation pieces: yet I own, your honest father's letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *defect*.

3. I am highly delighted with your account of my brother's breaking to you the affair of Sally Godfrey, and your conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet story as he brought it in, and as you relate it. The wretch has been very just in his account of it. We are in love with your charitable reflections in favor of the poor lady and the more, as she certainly deserved them, and a better mother too than she had, and a faithfuller lover than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his temper in your declared love to Miss Goodwin. I see, child, you know your man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and outdo your sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having her with you; you'd better see her now and then at the dairy-house, or at school, than have her with you. But this I leave to your own discretion.

5. You have satisfactorily answered our objections to your behavior to Mrs. Jewkes. We had not considered your circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming girl, and all your motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautious for the future how we censure you.

In short, I say with the countess, '*This good girl is not without her pride; but it is the pride that becomes, and can only attend the innocent heart*; and I'll warrant,' said her ladyship, 'nobody will become her station so well, as one who is capable of so worthy a pride as this.'

But what a curtain-lecture hadst thou, Pamela! A noble one, dost thou call it?—Why, what a wretch hast thou got, to expect thou should never expostulate against his lordly will, even when in the wrong, till thou hast obeyed it, and of consequence, joined in the evil he imposes!

Much good may such a husband do you, says Lady Betty!—Every body will admire you, but no one will have reason to envy you upon those principles.

6. I am pleased with your promise of sending what you think I shall like to see, out of those papers you choose not to show me collectively: this is very obliging. You're a good girl, and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your paradox, Pamela, that his marrying you was an instance of his pride.—The thought, though, is pretty enough, and ingenious; but whether it would hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your observation on the *forget* and *forgive* we are much pleased with.

9. You are very good in sending me a copy of Miss Darnford's letter. She is a charming young lady. I always had a great opinion of her merit; her letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every letter that passes between you, and pray send in your next a copy of your answer to her letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad, with all my heart, to hear of poor Jewkes's reformation: Your example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your answer to her letter, don't think me unreasonable

Pray--have you shewn Jewkes's letter to your good friend?—Lady Betty wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it? For, she says, it cuts him to the quick. And I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: but, as you say, he's above loving virtue for *virtue's sake*.

11. Your manner of acting by Mrs. Jervis, with so handsome a regard to my brother's interest, her behavior upon it, and your relation of the whole, and of his generous spirit in approving, reproving, and improving your prudent generosity, make no inconsiderable figure in your papers. And Lady Betty says, 'Hang him, he has some excellent qualities too. It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad.' But you, Pamela, have the glory of all.

12. I am glad you are learning French: thou art a happy girl in thy teacher, and he is a happy man in his scholar. We are pleased with your pretty account of his method of instructing and rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not thus learn any language quickly with such encouragements, from the man you love, were your genius less apt than it is. But we wished you had enlarged on that subject: for such fondness of men for their wives, who have been any time married, is so rare, and so unusual from *my* brother, that we thought you should have written a page at least upon that subject.

What a bewitching girl art thou! What an exemplar to wives now, as well as thou wast before to maidens! Thou canst tame lions, I dare say, if thoud'st try.—Reclaim a rake in the meridian of libertinism, and make such an one as my brother, not only marry thee, but love thee better at several months end, than he *did the first day*, if *possible!*

Now my dear Pamela, I think I have taken notice of the most material articles in your letters, and have no more to say to you; but write on, and oblige us; and mind to send me the copy of your letter to Miss Darnford, of that you wrote to the poor penitent Jewkes, and every article I have written about, and all that comes into your head, or that passes, and you'll oblige *yours, &c.*

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XX.

MY GOOD LADY,

I READ with pleasure your commands, in your last kind and obliging letter: and you may be sure of a ready obedience in every one of them, that is in my power.

That which I can most easily do I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the answer I sent to Miss Darnford, and that to Mrs. Jewkes the former of which, (and a long one it is) is as follows:

'DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

'I BEGIN now to be afraid I shall not have the pleasure and benefit I promised myself of passing a fortnight or three weeks at the Hall in your sweet conversation, and that of your worthy family, as well as those others in your agreeable neighborhood, whom I must always remember with equal honor and delight.

'The occasion will be principally, that we expect, very soon, Lord and Lady Davers, who propose to tarry here a fortnight at least; and after that, the advanced season will carry us to London, where Mr. B. has taken a house for his winter residence, and in order to attend Parliament: a service he says, which he has been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer to his constituents, or to his

own conscience; for though he is but one, yet if any good motion should be lost by *one*, every absent member, who is independent, has to reproach himself with the consequence of the loss of that good which might otherwise redound to the commonwealth. And besides, he says, such excuses as *he* could make, *every one* might plead; and then public affairs might as well be left to the administration, and no Parliament be chosen.

'See you, my dear Miss Darnford, from the humble cottager, what a public person your favorite friend is grown! How easy is it for a bold mind to look forward, and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now she imagines she has a stake in the country, takes upon herself to be as important, as significant, as if, like my dear Miss Darnford, she had been born to it!

'Well, but may I not ask, whether, if the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will not come to the mountain? Since Lady Davers' visit is so uncertain as to its beginning and duration, and so great a favor as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being her first visit to *me*:—and since we must go and take possession of our London residence, why can't Sir Simon spare to us the dear lady whom he could use hardly, and whose attendance (though he is indeed entitled to all her duty) he did not, just in that instance, quite so much deserve?

"Well, but after all, Sir Simon," would I say, if I had been in presence at his peevish hour, "you are a fine gentleman, are you not? to take such a method to shew your good daughter, that because she did not come *soon enough* to you, she came *too soon!* And did ever *papa* before you put a *good book* (for such I doubt not it was, *because you were in affliction*, though so little affected by its precepts) to such a *bad use?* As parent's examples are so prevalent, suppose your daughter had taken it, and flung it at her sister; Miss Nancy at her waiting-maid; and so it had gone through the family; would it not have been an excuse for every one to say, that the father, and head of the family had set the example?

"You almost wish, my dear Miss tells me, that I would undertake *you!*—This is very good of you, Sir Simon," I might (would his patience have suffered me to run on thus) have added; "but I hope, since you are so sensible that you *want* to be undertaken, (and since this peevish rashness convinces me that you *do*) that you will undertake *yourself;* that you will not, when your indisposition requires the attendance and duty of your dear lady and daughter, make it more uncomfortable to them by *adding* a difficulty of being pleased and an impatience of spirit, to the concern their duty and affection make them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to take a book into your hand again, if you cannot make a better use of it, than you did then."

'But Sir Simon will say, I have *already undertaken* him, were he to see this. Yet my Lady Darnford once begged I would give him a hint or two on this subject, which she was pleased to say, would be better received from me than from any body: and if it be a little too severe, it is but a just reprisal made by one whose ears, he knows, he has cruelly wounded more than once, twice, or thrice, besides by what he calls his *innocent* double entendres, and who, if she had not resented it, when an opportunity offered, must have been believed by him, to be neither more nor less than a hypocrite. There's for you Sir Simon: and so here ends all

my malice; for now I have spoken my mind.

'Yet I hope your dear papa will not be so angry as to deny me, for this my freedom, the request I make to *him*, to your *mamma*, and to your *dear self*, for your beloved company, for a month or two in Bedfordshire, and at London: and if you might be permitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be? It will be half done the moment you desire it. Sir Simon loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in it. Your honored mamma is always indulgent to your requests; and Mr. B. as well in kindness for me, as for the great respect he bears you, joins with me to beg this favor of you, and of Sir Simon and my lady.

'If it can be obtained, what pleasure and improvement may I not propose to myself, with so polite a companion, when we are carried by Mr. B. to the play, to the opera, and other of the town diversions? We will work, visit, read, and sing together, and improve one another; you *me*, in every word you shall speak, in every thing you shall do; I *you*, by my questions, and desire of information, which will make you open all your breast to me: and so unlocking that dear store house of virtuous knowledge, improve your own notions the more for communicating them. O my dear Miss Darnford! how happy is it in your power to make me!

'I am much affected with your account of Mrs. Jewkes's reformation. I could have wished, had I not *other* and *stronger* inducements (in the pleasure of so agreeable a neighborhood, and so sweet a companion,) I could have been down at the Hall, in hopes to have confirmed the poor woman in her newly assumed penitence. God give her grace to *persevere in it*!—To *be an humble means of* saving a soul from perdition! O my dear Miss Darnford, let me enjoy that heart-ravishing hope!—To pluck such a brand as this out of the fire, and to assist to quench its flaming susceptibility for mischief, and make it useful to edifying purposes, what a pleasure does this afford one! How does it encourage one to proceed in the way one has been guided to pursue! How does it make me hope, that I am raised to my present condition, in order to be an humble instrument in the hand of Providence to communicate great good to others, and to extend to many those benefits I have received, which, were they to go no further than myself, what a vile, what an ungrateful creature should I be!

'I see, my dearest Miss Darnford, how useful in every condition of life a virtuous and a serious turn of mind may be!

'In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on several agreeable subjects, which I could touch upon with pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former, (of my reception here, and of the kindness of our genteel neighbors,) such, particularly, as the arrival here of my dear parents, and the kind, generous entertainment they met with from my best friend; his condescension in not only permitting me to attend them to Kent, but accompanying us thither, and settling them in a most happy manner, beyond their wishes and my own: but yet so much in character, as I may say, that every one must approve his judicious benevolence; the favors of my good Lady Davers to me, who, pleased with my letters, has vouchsafed to become my correspondent; and a thousand things, which I want personally to communicate to my dear Miss Darnford.

'Be pleased to present my hum

ble respects to Lady Darnford, and to Miss Nancy; to good Madam Jones, and to your kind friends at Stamford; also to Mr. and Mrs. Peters, and their kinswoman: and beg of that good gentleman for me to encourage his new proselyte all he can; and I doubt not, she will do credit, poor woman! to the pains he shall take with her. In hopes of your kind compliance with my wishes for your company, I remain, *dearest Miss Darnford, your faithful and obliged friend and servant,* P. B.

This, my good lady, is the long letter I sent to Miss Darnford, who, at parting, engaged me to keep up a correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a month or two at the Hall, if we came down, and if she could persuade Sir Simon and her mamma to spare her to my wishes. Your ladyship will excuse me for so faintly mentioning the honors you confer upon me, but I would not add or diminish in the communications I make to you.

The following is the copy of what I wrote to Mrs. Jewkes:

'You give me, Mrs. Jewkes, very great pleasure, to find that at length God Almighty has touched your heart, and let you see, while health and strength lasted, the error of your ways. Many an unhappy one has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy afflictions, or been confined to the bed of sickness, when, perhaps, they have made vows and resolutions, that have held them no longer than the discipline lasted; but you give me much better hopes of the sincerity of your conversion; as you are so well convinced, before some sore evil has overtaken you; and it ought to be an earnest to you of the Divine favor, and should keep you from despondency.

'As to me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cordially did; since your usage of me, as it proved was but a necessary means in the hand of Providence, to exalt me to that state of happiness in which I have every day more and more cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest and most generous of gentlemen.

'As I have often prayed for you, even when you used me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard my prayers, and with high delight look upon you as a reclaimed soul given to my supplication. May the Divine goodness enable you to persevere in the course you have begun! And when you can taste the all-surpassing pleasure that fills the worthy breast, on being placed in a station where your example may be of advantage to the souls of others, as well as to your own—a pleasure that every good mind glories in, and none else can truly relish; then may you be assured, that nothing but your perseverance, and the consequential improvement resulting from it, is wanted to convince you that you are in a right way, and that the wo that is pronounced against the presumptuous sinner, belongs not to you.

'Let me, therefore, dear Mrs. Jewkes, (for now *indeed* your are dear to me) caution you against two things; the one, that you return not to your former ways, and wilfully err after this repentance; for the Divine goodness will then look upon itself as mocked by you, and will withdraw itself from you; and more dreadful will your state then be, than if you had never repented: the other, that you don't despair of the Divine mercy, which has so evidently manifested itself in your favor, and has awakened

you out of your deplorable lethargy, without those sharp medicines and operations which others, and perhaps *not more faulty* persons, have suffered. But go on cheerfully in the same happy path. Depend upon it, you are now in the right way, and turn not either to the right hand or to the left: for the reward is before you, in reputation and a good fame in this life, and everlasting felicity beyond it.

'Your letter is that of a sensible woman, as I always thought you; and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you will prove yourself to be: and I the rather hope it, as I shall always be desirous then of taking every opportunity that offers of doing you real service, as well with regard to your present as future life; for I am, good Mrs. Jewkes, as I now hope I may call you, *your loving friend to serve you*, P. B.

'Whatever good books the worthy Mr. Peters will be so kind as to recommend to you, and to those under your direction, send for them either to Lincoln, Stamford, or Grantham, and place them to my account: and may they be the effectual means of confirming you and them in the good way you are in! I have done as much for all here: and, I hope, to no bad effect; for I shall now tell them, by Mrs. Jervis, if there be occasion, that I hope they will not let me be outdone in Bedfordshire, by Mrs. Jewkes in Lincolnshire; but that the servants of both houses may do credit to the best of masters. Adieu good woman; as once more I take pleasure to style you.'

Thus, my good lady, have I obeyed you, in transcribing these two letters. I will now proceed to your ladyship's twelve articles. As to the

1. I will *oblige your ladyship, as I have opportunity, in my future* letters, with such accounts of my dear lady's favor and goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable to you, and to the noble ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted that your ladyship thinks so well of my dear honest parents: they are good people, and ever had minds that set them above low and sordid actions: and God and your good brother has rewarded them most amply in this world, which is more than they ever expected, after a series of unprosperousness in all they undertook.

Your ladyship is pleased to say, that people in upper life love to see how plain nature operates in honest minds, who have hardly any thing else for their guide: and if I might not be thought to descend too low for your ladyship's attention, (for, as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look back with pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase my thankfulness for what I *am*) I would give you a scene of resignation, and contented poverty, of which otherwise you can hardly have a notion. I will give it, because it will be a scene of nature, however low, which your ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its length.

It was upon occasion of a great loss and disappointment which happened to my dear parents; for though they were never high in life, yet they were not always so low as my honored lady found them, when she took me. My poor father came home; and as the loss was of such a nature, as that he could not keep it from my mother, he took her hand and said, after he had acquainted her with it, 'Come, my dear, let us take comfort, that we did for the best. We left the issue to Providence, as we ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must be content

though not favored as we wished. All the business is, our lot is not cast for this life. Let us resign ourselves to the Divine will, and continue to do our duty, and this short life will soon be past. Our troubles will be quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a better, I make no doubt.

Then my dear mother threw her arms about his neck, and said, with tears, 'God's will be done, my dear love! All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented, and had rather say, I have a poor, honest husband, than a guilty rich one. What signifies repining; let the world go as it will, we shall have our lengths and our breadths at last. And Providence, I doubt not, will be a better friend to our good girl here, because she is good, than we could be, if this had not happened,' pointing to me, who, then about eleven years old (for it was before my lady took me) sat weeping in the chimney corner, over a few dying embers of a fire, at their moving expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their hands, and blessing them, said, 'And this length and breadth, my dear parents, will be, one day, all that the rich and the great can possess; and, it may be, their ungracious heirs will trample upon their ashes, and rejoice that they are gone; while such a poor girl as I, am honoring the memories of mine, who, in their good names and good lessons, will have left me the best of portions.'

And they both hugged me to their fond bosoms, by turns; and all three were filled with comfort in one another.

For a further proof that *honest poverty* is not such a deplorable thing as some people imagine, let *me ask*, what pleasure can those *over-happy* persons know, who, *from the luxury* of their tastes, and their affluent circumstances, always eat before they are hungry, and drink before they are thirsty? This may be illustrated by the instance of a certain eastern monarch, who, as I have read, marching at the head of a vast army, through a wide extended desert, which afforded neither river nor spring, for the first time, found himself (in common with his soldiers) overtaken by a craving thirst, which made him pant after a cup of water. And when, after diligent search, one of his soldiers found a little dirty puddle, and carried him some of the filthy water in his nasty hemlet, the monarch greedily swallowing it, cried out that in all his life he never tasted so sweet a draught!

But when I talk or write of my worthy parents, how I run on!—Excuse me, my good lady, and don't think me, in this respect, too much like the cat in the fable, turned into a fine lady; for though I would never forget what I was, yet I would be thought to know *how* gratefully to enjoy my present happiness, as well with regard to my obligations to God, as to your dear brother. But let me proceed to your ladyship's third particular.

3. And you cannot imagine Madam, how much you have set my heart at rest, when you say that my dear Mr. B. gave me a just narrative of the affair with Miss Godfrey: for when your ladyship desired to know how he had recounted that story, lest you should make a misunderstanding between us unawares, I knew not what to think. I was afraid some blood had been shed on the occasion by him: for the lady was ruined, and as to her, nothing could have happened worse. The regard I have for Mr. B's future happiness, which in my constant supplication for him in private, costs me many a tear, gave me great apprehensions, and

not a little uneasiness. But as your ladyship tells me that he gave me a just account, I am happy again.

I now come to your ladyship's fourth particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained your approbation of my conduct to the child, as well as of my behavior towards the dear gentleman, on the unhappy lady's score. Your ladyship's wise intimations about having the child with me, make due impressions upon me; and I see in them, with grateful pleasure, your unmerited regard for me. Yet, I don't know how it is, but I have conceived a strange passion for this dear baby; I cannot but look upon her poor mamma as my sister in point of trial; and shall not the prosperous sister pity and love the poor dear sister that, in so slippery a path, has *fallen*, while *she* had the happiness to keep her feet?

The rest of your ladyship's articles gave me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself in the favor of your dear brother, and improve that of his noble sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can to deserve both. And I hope you will take as an instance of it, my cheerful obedience to your commands, in writing to so fine a judge, such crude and undigested stuff, as otherwise I ought to be ashamed to lay before you.

I am impatient for the honor of your presence here; and yet I perplex myself with the fear of appearing so unworthy in your eye when near you, as to suffer in your opinion; but I promise myself, that however this may be the case on your first visit, I shall be so much improved by the benefits I shall reap from your lessons and good example, that whenever I shall be *favored with a second*, you shall have fewer faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more favored, I shall in time be just what your ladyship will wish me to be, and, of consequence, more worthy than I am of the honor of styling myself *your ladyship's obliged and faithful servant*,

P. B.

LETTER XXI.

From Miss Darnford in answer to Mrs. B.'s, p. 375.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

You are highly obliging in expressing so warmly your wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this world, out of our own family, in whose company I should be happier; but my papa won't part with me, I think; though I have secured my mamma in my interest; and I know Nancy would be glad of my absence, because the dear, perversely envious, thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish girl, she don't consider, that if her envy be well grounded, I should return with more than double the advantages to what I now have, improved by your charming conversation.

My papa affects to be in a fearful pet, at your lecturing him justly; for my mamma would show him the letter; and he says he will positively demand satisfaction of Mr. B. for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a rank with him, unless Mr. B. will, on occasion of the new commission, take out his Dedimus; and then if he will bring you down to Lincolnshire, and join with him to commit you prisoner for a month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. B. to join in your kind invitation; but—

yet I am loth to say it to you—the character of your worthy gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the way with my papa.

My mamma pleaded his being married. 'Ads-dines, Madam,' said he, 'what of all that!'

'But, Sir,' said I, 'I hope, if I may not go to Bedfordshire, you'll permit me to go to London when Mrs. B. goes?'

'No,' said he, 'positively no!'

'Well, Sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would enable me to give a better reason to good Mrs. B. why I am not permitted to accept of her kind invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign.'

He stuck his hands in his sides, with his usual humorous positiveness, 'Why then tell her, she is a very saucy lady, for her last letter to you; and her lord and master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute will and pleasure that you ask me no more questions about it.'

'I will very faithfully make this report, Sir.'—'Do so.' And so I have. And your poor Polly Darnford is disappointed of one of the greatest pleasures she could have had.

I can't help it—if you truly pity me you can make me easier under the disappointment, than otherwise possible, by favoring me with an epistolary conversation, since I am denied a personal one; and my mamma joins in the request; particularly let us know how lady Davers' first visit passes; which Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Jones, who knew my lady so well, likewise long to hear. And this will make us the best amends in your power for the loss of your good neighborhood, which we had all promised ourselves.

This denial of my papa comes on, since I wrote the above, to be [illegible] made him of an humble servant to one of his daughters; he won't say which, he tells me in his usual humorous way, lest we should fall out about it.

'I suppose,' I tell him, 'the young gentleman is to pick and choose which of the two he likes best.' But be he a duke, 'tis all one to Polly, if he is not something above our common Lincolnshire class of fox-hunters.

I have shown Mr. and Mrs. Peters your letter. They admire you beyond expression; and Mr. Peters says he does not know that ever he did any thing in his life that gave him so much inward reproach as his denying you the protection of his family, which Mr. Williams sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined at the Hall, before Mr. B. came down to you, with his heart bent on mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that very denial, as well as the other hardships you have met with, were necessary to bring about that work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought inexcusable by you, who are so exact in *your own* duty, since he had the unhappiness to lose such an opportunity to have done honor to his function, had he had the fortitude to have done *his;* and he has begged of me to hint his concern to you on this head; and to express his hopes that neither religion nor his cloth may suffer in your opinion, for the fault of one of its professors, who never was wanting in his duty so much before.

He had it often upon his mind, he says, to write to you on this very subject; but he had not the courage; and besides, did not know *how* Mr. B. might take it, if he should see the letter, as the case had such delicate circumstances in

it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by implication, have cast still greater blame upon him.

Mr. Peters is certainly a very good man, and my favorite for that reason; and I hope *you*, who could forgive the late wicked, but now penitent Jewkes, will overlook with kindness a fault in a good man, which proceeded more from pusillanimity and constitution, than from want of principle: for once, talking of it to my mamma, before me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with tears in his eyes. She, good lady, would have given you this protection at Mr. Williams's desire; but wanted the power to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. B. how your virtue has shamed every one into such sense of what they ought to have done, that good, bad, and indifferent, are seeking to make excuses for past misbehavior, and to promise future amendment, like penitent subjects returning to their duty to their conquering sovereign, after some unworthy defection.

Happy, happy lady! May you ever be so! May you always convert your enemies, invigorate the lukewarm, and every day multiply your friends, wishes *your most affectionate* POLLY DARNFORD.

P. S. How I rejoice in the joy of your honest parents! God bless 'em! I am glad lady Davers is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best respects. Write oftener, and omit not the minutest thing, for every line of yours carries instruction with it.

LETTER XXII.

From Sir Simon Darnford to Mr. B.

SIR,

LITTLE did I think I should ever have occasion to make a formal complaint against a person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let her be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make her not care how she affronts every body else.

The person is no other than the wife of your bosom, who has taken such liberties with me as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own child against me, and make a dutiful girl a rebel.

If people will set up for virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a farthing for their pretences.

Here I have been plagued with gouts, rheumatisms, and nameless disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more attendance than ordinary; and I had reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent father can least bear to be so, that is, where he most loves; and that by young upstarts, who are growing up to the enjoyment of those pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung, and 'Where's Polly?' (for I honor the slut with too much of my notice) 'Where's Polly?' was all my cry to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And, at last, in burst the pert baggage, with an air of assurance, as if she thought all must be well the moment she appeared, with 'Do you want me papa?'

'Do I want you, Confidence? Yes, I do. Where have you been these two hours, that you never came near me, when you knew 'twas my time to have my foot rubbed, which gives me mortal pain?' For you must understand, Mr. B. that nobody's hand's so soft as Polly's

She gave me a saucy answer, as

I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a twinge, that I could scarce bear; for pain is a plaguey thing to a man of my lively spirits.

She gave me, I say, a careless answer, and turning upon her heel; and not coming to me at my first word, I flung a book which I had in my hand, at her head. And, this fine lady of your's, this paragon of meekness and humility, in so many words, bids me, or, which is worse, tells my own daughter to bid me, never to take a book into my hands again, if I won't make a better use of it:—and yet, what better use can an offended father make of the best books, than to correct a rebellious child with them and oblige a saucy daughter to jump into her duty all at once?

Mrs. B. reflects upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying things before my daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed of! then avows malice and revenge. Why neighbor, are these things to be borne?—Do you allow your lady to set up for a general corrector of every body's morals but your own?—Do you allow her to condemn the only instances of wit that remain to this generation; that dear polite *double entendre*, which keeps alive the attention, and quickens the apprehension, of the best companies in the world, and is the salt, the sauce, which gives a poignancy to all our genteeler entertainments!

Very fine, truly! that more than half the world shall be shut out of society, shall be precluded their share of conversation among the gay and polite of both sexes, were your lady to have her will! Let her first find people who can support a conversation with wit and *good sense* like her own, and then *something* may be said: but till *then*, I positively say, and will swear upon occasion, that *double entendre* shall not be banished from our tables; and where this won't raise a blush, or create a laugh, we will, if we please, for all Mrs. B. and her new-fangled notions, force the one and the other by still plainer hints; and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, Sir, you find my complaints are of a high nature, regarding the quiet of a family, the duty of a child to a parent, and the freedom and politeness of conversation; in all which your lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon satisfaction from you, or such a correction of the fair transgressor, as is in your power to inflict, and which may prevent worse consequences from *your offended friend and servant*,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. B. in answer to the preceding one.

DEAR SIR SIMON,

You cannot but believe that I was much surprised at your letter, complaining of the behavior of my wife. I could no more have expected such a complaint from such a gentleman, than I could, that she would have deserved it: and I am very sorry on *both* accounts. I have talked to her in such a manner, that I dare say, she will never give you like cause to appeal to me.

It happened that the criminal herself received it from her servant, and brought it to me in my closet; and, making her honors, (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, though she takes such saucy freedoms with my friends) away she tript; and I, inquiring for her, when, with surprise, as you may believe, I had read your charge, found she was gone to

visit a poor sick neighbor; of which indeed I knew before, because she took the chariot; but I had forgot it in my wrath.

At last, in she came, with that sweet composure in her face which results from a consciousness of doing *generally* just and generous things. I resumed, therefore, that sternness and displeasure which her entrance had almost dissipated. I took her hand; her charming eye (you know what an eye she has, Sir Simon) quivered at my over-clouded aspect; and her lips, half drawn to a smile, trembling with apprehension of a countenance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost her—'Come along with me, Pamela, to my closet. I want to talk with you.'

'What have I done? Let me know, good Sir!' looking round with her half-affrighted eyes, this way and that, on the books and pictures, and on me, by turns.

'You shall know soon,' said I, 'the *crime* you have been guilty of.'—'*Crime*, Sir! Pray let me—This closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* time witness to the flutter you put me in.'

There hangs a tale, Sir Simon, which I am not very fond of relating, since it gave beginning to the triumphs of the little sorceress. I still held one hand, and she stood before me, as criminals ought to do before their judge, but said, 'I see Sir, sure I do,—or what will else become of me!—less severity in your eyes, than you affect to put on in your countenance. Dear Sir, let me but know my fault: I will repent, aknowledge, and amend.'

'You must have great presence of mind, Pamela, such is the nature of your *fault, if you can look me in the face, when I tell it you.*'

'Then let me,' said the irresistible charmer, hiding her face in my bosom, and putting her other arm about my neck, 'let me thus, my dear Mr. B. hide this guilty face, while I hear my fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, by my tears, and my penitence.'

I could hardly hold out. What infatuating creatures are these women, when they thus soothe and calm the tumults of an angry heart! When, instead of *scornful* looks darted in return for *angry* ones, words of *defiance* for words of *peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* error by *another*, and returning *vehement wrath* for *slight indignation*, and all the hostile provocations of the marriage warfare; they can thus hide their dear faces in our bosoms, and wish but to *know* their faults, to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet girl's behavior; nay, I believe I did, and in defiance to my resolved displeasure, press her forehead with my lips, as the rest of her face was hid on my breast; but, considering it was the cause of my *friend*, I was to assert, my *injured* friend, wounded and insulted, in so various a manner by the fair offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling mischief, in a pomp of style theatrically tragic:

'I will not, too inadvertent, and undistinguishing Pamela, keep you long in suspense, for the sake of a circumstance, that, on this occasion, ought to give you as much joy, as it has, till now, given me—since it becomes an advocate in your favor, when otherwise you might expect severe treatment. Know then, that the letter you gave me before you went out, was a letter from a friend, a neighbor, a worthy neighbor, complaining of your behavior to him;—no other than Sir Simon Darnford! Her

would not amuse her too much,) 'a gentleman I must always respect, and whom, as my friend, I expected *you* should: since, by the value a wife expresses for one esteemed by her husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself, or not, a man ought always to judge of the sincerity of her regards to himself.'

She raised her head at once on this:—'Thank heaven,' said she, 'it is no worse!—I was at my wit's end almost, in apprehension: but I know how this must be. Dear Sir, how could you frighten me so?—I know how all this is! I can look you in the face, and hear all that Sir Simon can charge me with! For I am sure I have not so affronted him as to make him angry indeed. And truly,' (ran she on, secure of pardon, as she seemed to think,) 'I should respect Sir Simon not only as your friend, but on his own account, if he was not so sad a rake at a time of life—'

Then I interrupted her, you must needs think, Sir Simon; for how could I bear to hear my worthy friend so freely treated! 'How now Pamela,' said I; 'and is it thus, by repeating your fault, that you atone for it? Do you think I can bear to hear my friend so freely treated?'

'Indeed,' said she, 'I do respect Sir Simon very much as your *friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty conversation if one can hear it, and not discourage it, when the occasion comes in so pat?—And, indeed, I was glad of an opportunity,' continued she, 'to give him a little rub; I must *needs* own it; but if it displeases *you, or has* made him angry in *earnest*, I am sorry for it, and will *be less* bold for the future.'

'Read then,' said I, 'the heavy charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your answer to it.' So I went from her for a few minutes. But, would you believe it, Sir Simon? she seemed, on my return, very little concerned at your just complaints. What self-justifying minds have the meekest of these women?—Instead of finding her in repentant tears, as one would expect, she took your angry letter for a jocular one; and I had great difficulty to convince her of the heinousness of her fault, or the reality of your resentment. Upon which, being determined to have justice done to my friend, and a due sense of her own great error impressed upon her, I began thus:

'Pamela, take heed that you do not suffer the purity of your own mind, in breach of your charity, to make you too rigorous a censurer of other people's actions: don't be so puffed up with your own perfections, as to imagine that because other persons allow themselves liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir Simon is a gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant vein, and, I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great rake and libertine:' (You'll excuse me, Sir Simon, because I am taking your part) 'but what then? You see it is all over with him now. He says, that he *must*, and therefore he *will* be virtuous: and is a man for ever to hear of the faults of his youth, when so willing to forget them!'

'Ah! but, Sir, Sir,' said the bold slut, 'can you say he is *willing* to forget them?—Does he not repine in this very letter, that he *must* forsake them; and does he not plainly cherish the *inclination*, when he owns—' She hesitated—'Owns what?—' You know what I mean, Sir, and I need not speak it: and can there well be a more

censurable character?—Then *before* his maiden daughters! his virtuous lady! *before* any body!—What a sad thing is this, at a time of life which should afford a better example!'

'But, dear Sir,' continued the bold prattler, (taking advantage of a silence more owing to displeasure than approbation) 'let me, for I would not be too *censorious*,' (No, not she! in the very act of censoriousness to say this!) 'let me offer but one thing: don't you think Sir Simon himself would be loth to be thought a reformed gentleman? Don't you see his delight, when speaking of his former pranks, as if sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *enjoys*, as one may say, the relations of his own rakish actions, when he tells a bad story!'

'But,' said I, 'were this the case (for I profess, Sir Simon, I was at a grievous loss to defend you) for you to write all these free things against a father to his daughter, is that right, Pamela?'

'O, Sir! the good gentleman himself has taken care that such a character as I presumed to draw to Miss of her papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. B. whenever his arch leers, and his humorous attitude on those occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking story, how his lady and daughters, (used to him as they are) have suffered in their apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it; how, particularly, dear Miss Darnford has looked at me with concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her papa from the censure which his faulty expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear Sir, is it not a sad thing for a young lady who loves and honors her papa, to observe that he is discrediting *himself*, and *wants* the example he ought to *give*? And pardon me, Sir, for smiling on so serious an occasion; but is it not a fine sight to see a gentleman, as we have often seen Sir Simon, when he has thought proper to read a passage in some bad book, pulling off *his spectacles* to talk filthily upon it? Methinks I see him now,' added the bold slut, 'splitting his arch face with a broad laugh, showing a mouth with hardly a tooth in it, and making obscene remarks upon what he has read.'

And then the dear saucy-face laughed out, to bear *me* company; for I could not, for the soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the figure she brought to my mind, which I have seen my old friend more than once make, with his dismounted spectacles, arch mouth, and gums of shining jet, succeeding those of polished ivory, of which he often boasts, as one ornament of his youthful days.—And I the rather in my heart, Sir Simon, gave you up, because, when I was a sad fellow, it was always my maxim to endeavor to touch a lady's heart without wounding her ears. And, indeed, I found my account sometimes in observing it.

But, resuming my gravity—'Hussy,' said I, 'do you think, I will have my old friend thus made the object of your ridicule?—Suppose a challenge should have ensued between us on your account—what might have been the issue of it? To see an old gentleman, stumping, as he says, on crutches, to fight a duel in defence of his wounded honor!'—'Very bad, Sir, to be sure; I see that, and am sorry for it: for had you carried off Sir Simon's crutch as a trophy, he must have lain sighing and groaning like a wounded soldier in the field of battle, till another had been brought him to have stumped home with.

But, dear Sir Simon, I have brought this matter to an issue, that will, I hope, make all easy: Miss Polly, and my Pamela, shall both be punished as they deserve, if it be not your own fault. I am told, that the sins of your youth don't sit so heavily upon your limbs, as in your imagination; and I believe change of air, and the gratification of your revenge, a fine help to such lively spirits as yours, will set you up. You shall then take coach and bring your pretty criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and you can absolve or punish them, as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy friend insulted in so heinous a manner, by a couple of saucy girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from fault to fault, till there will be no living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your lady and you will lend Miss Darnford to my Pamela's wishes, whose heart is set upon the hope of her wintering with us in town, you will lay an obligation upon us both; which will be acknowledged with great gratitude by, dear Sir, *your affectionate and humble servant,*

LETTER XXIV.

From Sir Simon Darnford in reply.

Hark ye, Mr. B.—A word in your ear:—to be plain: I like neither you nor your wife well enough to trust my Polly with you.

But here's war declared against my poor gums it seems. Well, I will never open my mouth before your lady as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these ten years *avoided to put on my cravat*; and *for what reason*, do you think?—*Why, because* I could not bear to see what ruins a few years have made in a visage that used to inspire love and terror as it pleased. And here your—what shall I call her of a wife, with all the insolence of youth and beauty on her side, follows me with a glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguey good-humored old fellow—if I *am* an o'd fellow—or I should not bear the insults contained in your letter. Between you and your lady, you make a wretched figure of me, that's certain.—And yet 'tis *taking my part.*

But what must I do?—I'd be glad at any rate to stand in your lady's graces, that I would; nor would I be the last rake libertine unreformed by her example, which I suppose will make virtue the fashion, if she goes on as she does. But here I have been used to cut a joke and toss the squib about; and, as far as I know, it has helped to keep me alive in the midst of pains and aches, and with two women-grown girls, and the rest of the mortifications that will attend on advanced years; for I won't (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *old age!*

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortified with a looking glass held before me, and every wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a furrow—And what, pray, is to succeed to this reformation?—I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt.—And besides, if my stomach and my jest depart from me, farewell, Sir Simon Darnford!

But cannot I pass as one necessary character, do you think: as a foil (as, by-the-bye, some of your own actions have been to your lady's virtue) to set off some more edifying example, where variety of characters make up a feast in conversation?

Well, I believe I might have trusted you with my daughter, under your lady's eye, rake as you have been yourself; and fame says wrong, if you have not been, for your time a bolder sinner than ever I was, with your maxim of touching ladies' hearts, without wounding their ears, which made surer work with them, that was all; though 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed; and if you are, the whole country round you, east, west, north and south, owe great obligations to your fair reclaimer. But here is a fine prim young fellow, coming out of Norfolk, with one estate in one county, another in another, and jointures and settlements in his hand, and more wit in his head, as well as more money in his pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our Polly; though I tell her I much question the former quality, his wit, if he is for marrying.

Here then is the reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. B.'s request. But if this matter should go off; or if he should not like *her*, or she *him*; or if I should not like *his* terms, or he *mine*;—or still another *or*, if he should like Nancy better—why, then perhaps, if Polly be a good girl, I may trust to her virtue, and to your honor, and let her go for a month or two.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say, further, that I can forgive your severe lady, and yourself too, (who, however, are less to be excused in the airs you assume, which looks like one chimney-sweeper calling another a sooty rascal) I give a proof of my charity, which I hope with Mrs. B. will cover a multitude of faults; and the rather, since, though I cannot be a *follower* of her virtue in the strictest sense, I can be an admirer of it; and *that is some little merit*; *and indeed all that can be at present pleaded by yourself*, I doubt, any more than *your humble servant*,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXV.

MY HONORED AND DEAR PARENTS,

I HOPE you will excuse my long silence, which has been owing to several causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with; and yet this last is but a poor excuse to you, who think every trifling subject agreeable from your daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady Davers. This gives me no small pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some uneasiness at times; lest I should not, when viewed so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her ladyship's expectations. But I resolve not to endeavor to move out of the sphere of my own capacity, in order to emulate her ladyship. She must have advantages, by conversation, as well as education, which it would be arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to show such a respectful obligeingness to my lady, as shall be consistent with the condition to which I am rised; so that she may not have reason to reproach me of pride in my exaltation, nor her dear brother to rebuke me for meanness in condescending; and, as to my family arrangement I am the less afraid of inspection, because, by the natural bias of my own mind, I bless God, I am above dark reserves, and have not one selfish or sordid view, to make me wish to avoid the most scrutinizing eye.

I have begun a correspondence with Miss Darnford, a young lady of uncommon merit. But yet you know her character from my forme

writings. She is very solicitous to hear of all that concerns me, and particulary how Lady Davers and I agree together. I loved her from the moment I saw her first: for she has the least pride, and most benevolence and solid thought, I ever knew in a young lady, and does not envy any one. I shall write to her often; and as I shall have so many avocations besides to fill up my time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from this lady the return of my letters to her, for your perusal, and for the entertainment of your leisure hours. This will give you, from time to time, the accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest delights, that I have such worthy parents (as I hope in God, I long shall) to bless me, and to correspond with me.

The papers I send herewith will afford you some diversion, particularly those relating to Sir Simon Darnford; and I must desire, that when you have perused them, (as well as what I shall send for the future) you will return them to me.

Mr. Longman greatly pleased me on his last return, in his account of your health, and the satisfaction you take in your happy lot; and I must recite to you a brief conversation on this occasion, which, I dare say, will please you as much as it did me.

After having adjusted some affairs with his dear principal, which took up two hours, my best beloved sent for me. 'My dear,' said he, seating me by him, and making the good old gentleman sit down, (for he will always rise at my approach) 'Mr. Longman and I have *settled, in two hours*, some accounts *which would have taken up as many months with some persons*: for never was there an exacter or more methodical accomptant. He gives me (greatly to my satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an account of the Kentish concern, and of the pleasure your father and mother take in it.—Now, my charmer,' said he, 'I see your eyes begin to glisten: O how this subject raises your whole soul to the windows of it!—Never was so dutiful a daughter, Mr. Longman; and never did parents better deserve a daughter's duty.'

I endeavored before Mr. Longman to rein in a gratitude that my throbbing heart confessed through my handkerchief, as I perceived: but the good old gentleman could not hinder his from showing itself at his worthy eyes, to see how much I was favored—*oppressed*, I should say—with the tenderest goodness to me, and kind expressions.—'Excuse me,' said he, wiping his cheeks: 'my delight to see such merit so justly rewarded will not be contained, I think.' And so he arose and walked to the window.

'Well, good Mr. Longman,' said I, as he returned towards us, 'you give me the pleasure to know that my father and mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a goodness and bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in.'

'Well and happy, Madam;—ay, they are indeed! A worthier couple never lived. Most nobly do they go on in the farm. Your honor is one of the happiest gentlemen in the world. All the good you do, returns upon you in a trice. It may well be said *you cast your bread upon the waters*; for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the Kentish tenants, Madam, are hugely delighted with their good steward; every thing prospers under his management: the gentry love both him and my

dame; and the poor people adore them.'

Thus ran Mr. Longman on, to my inexpressible delight, you may believe; and when he withdrew—''Tis an honest soul,' said my dear Mr. B. 'I love him for his respectful love to my angel, and his value for the worthy pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* wishes. May they long live, and be happy!'

The dear man makes me spring to his arms, whenever he touches this string; for he speaks always thus kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you don't live only to yourselves; and now and then adds, that he is as much satisfied with your prudence, as he is with mine: that parents and daughter do credit to one another; and that the praises he hears of you from every mouth, make him take as great pleasure in you, as if you were his own relations. How delighting, how transporting rather, my dear parents, must this goodness be to your happy daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do?

When the expected visit from Lord and Lady Davers is over, the approaching winter will call us to London; and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may oftener hear from one another, which will be a great heightening to my pleasures.

But I hear such an account of the immoralities which persons may observe there, along with the public diversions, that it takes off a little from the satisfaction I should otherwise have in the thought of going thither. For, they say, quarrels, and duels, and gallantries, as they are called, so often happen in London, that those enormities are heard of without the least wonder or surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest benefactor, and continue to me his affection, and then I shall be always happy, especially while your healths and felicity confirm and crown the delights of *your ever dutiful daughter*,

P. B.

LETTER XXVI

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the nature of the kindnesses is, which we confer on our poor neighbors, and the laboring people, lest it should be surmised by any body that we are lavishing away wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either your honored husband or you will suspect so, or that the worthy Mr Longman would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a report of it as you write he did. What we do is in small things, though the good we hope from them is not small perhaps; and if a very distressful case should happen among our poor neighbors, requiring any thing considerable, and the objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God should direct you.

My dear child, you are very happy, and if it *can* be, may you be happier still? Yet I verily think you cannot be more happy than your father and mother, except in this one thing, that all *our* happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other parents bless their children with plenty and benefits, you have blessed your parents (or your honored husband rather for your sake) with all the good things this world can afford.

Your papers are the joy of our

leisure hours; and you are kind beyond all expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now and then you let us hear of your health and welfare. But it is not enough with such a good daughter, that you have made our lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us, all that befals you; and then you write so piously, and with such a sense of God's goodness to you, and intermix such good reflections in your writings, that whether it be our partial love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you; and you make our hearts and eyes so often overflow, as we read, that we join hand in hand, and say to each other, in the same breath—'Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my love,'—'For such a daughter,' says the other—'And she has your own sweet temper,' cry I.—'And she has your own honest heart,' cries she; and so we go on, blessing God, and you, and blessing your spouse and ourselves!—Is any happiness like ours, my dear daughter?

We are really so enraptured with your writings, that when our spirits flag through the infirmity of years, which hath begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to some of your papers:—'Come, my dear,' cry I, 'what say you to a banquet now?'—She knows what I mean. 'With all my heart,' says she. So I read, although it be on a Sunday, so good are your letters; and you must know, I have copies of many, and after a little while are as much alive and brisk as if we had no flagging at all, and return to the duties of the day with double *delight*.

Consider then, my dear child, *what joy* your writings give us: and yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who have so much to do of other kinds; and we are heartily glad you have found out a way to save trouble to yourself, and rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young lady as Miss Darnford, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear goodness, and notice of me at the Hall, kindly pressing my rough hands with her fine ones, and looking in my face with so much kindness in her eyes!—What good people as well as bad, there are in high stations!—Thank God there are; else our poor child would have had a sad time of it too often, when she was obliged to *step out of herself*, as once I heard you phrase it, into company you could not *live with*.

Well, but what shall I say more? and yet how shall I end?—Only, with my prayer, that God will continue to you the blessings and comforts you are in possession of!—And pray now, be not over-thoughtful about London; for why should you let the dread of future evils lessen your present joys?—There is no absolute perfection in this life, that's true; but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis time enough to be troubled when troubles come—'*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*'

Rejoice then, as you have often said you would, in your present blessings, and leave the event of things to the Supreme Disposer of all events. And what have *you* to do but to rejoice? *You*, who cannot see a sun rise but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their beds numbers to join in the blessing! *You*, who can bless your high-born friends, and your low-born parents, and obscure relations! the rich by your example, and the poor by your bounty; and bless besides so good and so brave a husband;—O my dear child,

what, let me repeat it have *you* to do but rejoice?—*For many daughters have done wisely but you have excelled them all.*

I will only add, that every thing the squire ordered is just upon the point of being finished. And when the good time comes, that we shall be again favored with his presence and yours, what a still greater joy will this afford to the already overflowing hearts of *your ever loving father and mother,*

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS.

LETTER XXVII.

MY DEAREST MISS DARNFORD,

THE interest I take in every thing that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the gentleman, whom some of your best friends and well-wishers have recommended to your favour. I hope he will deserve your good opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried gentlemen in England.

Your papa, in his humourous manner, mentions his large possessions and riches; but were he as rich as Crœsus, he should not have my consent, if he has no greater merit; though that is what the generality of parents look out for first; and indeed an easy fortune is so far from being to be disregarded, that when attended with equal merit, I think it ought to have a *preference* given to it, supposing affections disengaged. For 'tis certain, that a man or woman may stand as good a chance for happiness in marriage with a person of fortune, as with one who has not that advantage; and notwithstanding I had neither riches nor descent to boast of, I must be of opinion with those who say, that they never knew any body despise *either, that had them.* But *to permit riches to be the principal* inducement, to the neglect of superior merit, that is the fault which many a one smarts for, whether the choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a title to their obedience.

Here is a saucy body, might some who have not Miss Darnford's kind consideration for her friend, be apt to say, who being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes to give her opinion, in these high cases, unasked.—But I have this to say; that I think myself so entirely divested of partiality to my own case, that, as far as my judgment shall permit. I will never have that in view, when I am presuming to hint my opinion of general rules. For, most surely, the honours I have received, and the debasement to which my best friend has subjected himself, have, for their principal excuse, that the gentleman was entirely independent, had no questions to ask, and had a fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the person he chose, happy, though she brought him nothing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a character for good sense, and knowledge of the world, that nobody could impute to him any other inducement, but that of a noble resolution to reward a virtue he had so frequently, and, I will say, so wickedly, tried, and could not subdue.

My dear Miss, let me, as a subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind mention of the worthy Mr. Peters's sentiments to that part of his conduct to me, which (oppressed by the terrors and apprehensions to which I was subjected) once I censured; and the readier, as I had so great an honor for his cloth, that I thought, to be a clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good, and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr

Peters, I had a high opinion of his worthiness, and as no one can be perfect in this life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my lot, to be the cause of stumbling to so worthy a heart. To be sure, a gentleman, one who knows, and practices so well, his duty, in every other instance, and preaches so efficaciously to others, must have been *one day* sensible, that it would not have mis-become his function and character to have afforded that protection to oppressed innocence, which was requested of him: and how would it have grieved his considerate mind, had my ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a namesake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater instance, let not *my* want of charity exceed *his* fault; but let me look upon it as an infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable; I was a stranger to him; a servant girl carried off by her master, a young gentleman of violent and lawless passions, who, in this very instance, shewed how much in earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile purpose; and whose heart although *God* might touch, it was not probable any lesser influence could. Then he was not, sure, that, though he might assist my escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the hands of so determined a violator: and that difficulty would not, with such an one, enhance his resolution to overcome all obstacles.

Moreover, he might think, that the person, who was moving him to this worthy measure, possibly sought to gratify a view of his own, and that while endeavoring to save, in outward appearance, a virtue in danger, he was, in reality, only helping another to a wife, at the *hazard of* exposing himself to the *vindictiveness* of a violent temper, *and a rich* neighbor, who had power as well as will to resent; for such was his apprehension, entirely groundless as it was, though too improbable, as it might seem to him.

For all these considerations, I must pity, rather than too rigorously censure, the worthy gentleman, and I will always respect him. And thank him a thousand times, my dear, in my name, for his goodness in condescending to acknowledge, by your hand, his infirmity, as such: for this gives an excellent proof of the natural worthiness of his heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed my dear friend, I have so much honor for the clergy of all degrees, that I never forget in my prayers one article, that God will make them shining lights to the world; since so much depends on their ministry and examples, as well with respect to our public as private duties. Nor shall the faults of a few make impression upon me to the disadvantage of the order; for I am afraid a very censorious temper, in this respect, is too generally the indication of an uncharitable and perhaps a profligate heart, levelling characters, in order to cover some inward pride, or secret enormities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not be instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear, this tedious scribble; I cannot for my life write short letters to those I love. And let me hope that you will favor me with an account of your new affair, and how you proceed in it; and with such of your conversations, as may give me some notion of a polite courtship. For, alas! your poor friend knows nothing of this. All her courtship was sometimes a hasty snatch of the hand, a black and blue gripe of

the arm, and—'Whither now?'—'Come to me when I bid you!' And Saucy-face, and Creature, and such like, on his part—with fear and trembling on mine; and——'I will I will!—Good Sir, have mercy!' At other times a scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplift hands, bent knees, and tearful eyes—'For God's sake, pity your poor servant.'

This my dear Miss Darnford, was the hard treatment that attended my courtship—pray, then, let me know, how gentlemen court their equals in degree; how they address you, with their knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir, Simon says, with the words Slave, Servant, Admirer, continually at their tongue's end.

But after all, it will be found, I believe, that, be the language and behavior ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike.—The English, the plain English, of the politest addresses, is,—'I am now, dear Madame, your humble servant: pray be so good as to let me be your master.'—'Yes, and thank you too,' says the lady's heart, though not her lips, if she likes him. And so they go to church together; and, in conclusion, it will be happy, if these obsequious courtships end no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinced, that with a man of sense, a woman of tolerable prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you happy as I now am, notwithstanding all that's past, wishes and prays *your obliged friend and servant.* P. B.

N. B. Although Miss Darnford could not receive the above letter so soon, as to answer it before *others were sent to her* by her fair correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the order of time, that the reader may have the letter and answer at one view, and shall on other occasions take the like liberty.

LETTER XXVIII

In answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

You charm us all with your letters. Mr. Peters says, he will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desire I will return his thankful acknowledgment for your favourable opinion of him, and kind allowances. If there be an angel on earth, he says, you are one. My papa, although he has seen your stinging reflection upon his refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to Lincolnshire again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good earnest: for he thinks it was wrong in him to deny you his protection.

We all smiled at the description of your own uncommon courtship. And, as they say, the days of courtship are the happiest part of life, if we had not known that your days of marriage are happier by far than any other body's courtship, we must needs have pitied. But as the one were days of trial and temptation, the others are days of reward and happiness: may the last always continue to be so, and you'll have no occasion to think any body happier than Mrs. B.!

I thank you heartily as to the man of sense. Mr. Murray has been here, and continues his visits. He is a lively gentleman, well enough in his person, has a tolerable character, yet loves company, and will take his bottle freely: my papa likes him ne'er the worse for

that: he talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, and seems to like his own person very well—no great pleasure this for a lady to look forward to; yet he falls far short of that genteel ease, and graceful behavior, which distinguish your Mr. B. from any body I know.

I wish Mr. Murray would apply to my sister. She is an ill-natured girl; but would make a good wife, I hope; and fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his conversation: his complaisance is not pretty; he is, however, well versed in country sports; and my papa loves him for that too, and says—'He is a most accomplished gentleman.'—'Yes Sir,' cry I, 'as gentlemen go.'—'You must be saucy,' says Sir Simon, 'because the man offers himself to your acceptance. A few years hence, perhaps, if you remain single, you'll alter your note, Polly, and be willing to jump at a much less worthy tender.'

I could not help answering that, although I paid due honour to all my papa was pleased to say, I could not but hope he would be mistaken in this. But I have broken my mind to my dear mamma, who tells me, she will do me all the pleasure she can; but would be loth the youngest daughter should go first, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now and then, I did not care who married, unless such an one offered as I never expect.

I have great hopes the gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me for Nancy; for I see he has not delicacy enough to love with any great distinction. He says, as mamma tells me by the *bye, that* I am the handsomest, and *best humoured*, and he has found *out, as he thinks*, that I have some wit, and have ease and freedom (and he tacks innocence to them) in my address and conversation. 'Tis well for me that he is of this opinion: for if he thinks justly which I must question, *any body* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking pains to engage his good word, having been under more reserve to him, than ever I was before to any body.

Indeed, I can't help it: for the gentleman is forward without delicacy; and (pardon me, Sir Simon) my papa has not one bit of it neither; but is for pushing matters on, with his rough raillery, that puts me out of countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid part of the preliminaries, as he tells me.

Yet I hope Nancy's three thousand pound fortune more than I am likely to have, will give her the wished-for preference with Mr. Murray; and then, as to a brother-in-law, in prospect, I can put off all restraint, and return to my usual freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of notice from us: but from you, we expect an account of Lady Davers's visit, and of the conversations that offer among you; and you have so delightful a way of making every thing momentous, either by your subject or reflections, or both, that we long for every post-day, in hopes of the pleasure of a letter. And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many testimonies of the honor I receive in this correspondence: which will be always esteemed as it deserves, by, my dear Mrs. B. *your obliged and faithful,*

POLLY DARNFORD.

Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jones, my papa, mamma, and sister, present their respects. Mr. Peters I mentioned before. He continues to

give a very good account of poor Jewkes; and is much pleased with her.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

At your desire, and to oblige your honored mamma, and your good neighbors, I will now acquaint you with the arrival of Lady Davers, and will occasionally write what passes among us, I will not say worthy of notice; for were I only to do so, I should be more brief, perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a bit now, and a bit then, you must excuse me if I dispense with some forms, which I ought to observe, when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it journal-wise, as it were, and have no regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my freedom of narration, to inscription or subscription; but send it as I have opportunity, and if you please to favor me so far, as to lend it me, after you have read the stuff, for the perusal of my father and mother, to whom my duty, and promise require me to give an account of my proceedings, it will save me transcription, for which I shall have no time; and then you will excuse blots and blurs, and I will trouble myself no father for apologies on that score, but this once for all.

If you think it worth while when they have read it, you shall have it again.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 6 O'CLOCK.

For my dear friend permits me to rise an hour sooner than usual, that I may have time to scribble; for he is always pleased to see me so employed, or in reading; often saying, when I am at my needle, (as his sister once wrote) 'Your maids can do this, Pamela: but they cannot write as you can.' And yet, as he says, when I choose to follow my needle, as a diversion from too intense study, (but, alas! I know not what study is, as may easily be guessed by my hasty writing, putting down every thing as it comes) I shall then do as I please. But I promised at setting out, what a good wife I'd endeavor to make: and every honest body should try to be as good as her word, you know, and such particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible: especially as I promised no more than what was my duty to perform, if I had not promised. But what a preamble is here! Judge by it what impertinence you may expect as I proceed.

Yesterday evening arrived here my Lord and Lady Davers, their nephew, and the Countess of C., mother and Lady Betty, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater favor. It seems her ladyship longed, as she said, to see *me;* and this was her principal inducement. The two ladies and their two women were in Lord Daver's coach and six, and my lord and his nephew rode on horseback, attended by a train of servants.

We had expected them to dinner, but they could not reach time enough; for the countess being a little incommoded with her journey, the coach travelled slowly. My lady would not suffer her lord, nor his nephew, to come hither before her, though on horseback, because she would be present, she said, when his lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her mother's* Pamela; that was her word.

It rained when they came in, so the coach drove directly to the door, and Mr. B. received them

there; but I was in a little sort of flutter, which Mr. B. observing, made me sit down in the parlor to compose myself.

'Where's Pamela?' said my lady, as soon as she alighted.

I stept out, lest she should take it amiss; and she took my hand and kissed me: 'Here, my lady countess, said she, presenting me to her, 'here's the girl: see if I said too much in praise of her person.'

The countess saluted me with a visible pleasure in her eye, and said, 'Indeed, Lady Davers, you have not. 'Twould have been strange, (excuse me Mrs. B. for I know your story) if such a fine flower had not been transplanted from the field to the garden.'

I made no return, but by a low curtsey, to her ladyship's compliment. Then Lady Davers taking my hand again, presented me to her lord: 'See here, my lord, my mother's Pamela.—'And see here my lord,' said her generous brother, taking my other hand most kindly, 'see here your brother's Pamela too!'

My lord saluted me: 'I do,' said he to his lady, and to his brother; 'and I see the first person in her, that has exceeded my expectation, when every mouth had *prepared* me to expect a wonder.'

Mr. H. whom every one calls Lord Jackey, after his aunt's example, when she is in good humor with him, who is a very young gentleman, though about as old as my best friend, came to me next, and said, 'Lovelier and lovelier, by my life!—I never saw your peer, Madam.'

Will you excuse me, my dear, all this seeming vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

'*Well, but,*' said my lady, taking *my hand*, in her free quality way, *which quite* dashed me, and holding it at a distance, and turning herself round, her eye fixed to my waist, 'let me observe you a little, my sweet-faced girl;—I hope I am right—I hope you will do credit to my brother, as he has done you credit. Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. B.?

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, Miss: my face all over scarlet, was hid in my bosom, and I looked so silly!—

'Ay,' said my naughty lady, 'you may well look down, my good girl: for works of this nature will not be long hidden.—And, oh! my lady,' (to the countess) 'see how like a pretty *thief* she looks!'

'Dear my lady!' said I: for she still kept looking at me; and her good brother seeing my confusion, in pity to me, pressed my blushing face a moment to his generous breast, and said, 'Lady Davers, you should not be thus hard upon my dear girl, the moment you see her, and before so many witnesses: but look up, my best love, take your revenge of my sister, and tell her you wish her in the same way.'

'It is so then?' said my lady, 'I'm glad of it with all my heart, I will now love you better and better: but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my dear child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you.' And so she gave me a kiss of congratulation, as she said.

Do you think I did not look very silly? My lord, smiling, and gazing at me from head to foot; Lord Jackey grinning and laughing like an oaf, as I then, in my spite, thought. Indeed the countess said, encourageingly to me, but severely on persons of birth, 'Lady Davers, you are as much too teazing as Mrs. B. is too bashful. But you are a happy man, Mr. B. that your lady's bashfulness is the principal mark by which we can judge she

is not of quality. Lord Jackey, in the language of some character in a play, cried out, '*A palpable hit, by Jupiter!*' and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating the same words.

We talked only upon common topics till supper time, and I was all ear, as I thought it became me to be; for the countess had, by her first compliment, and by an aspect as noble as intelligent, overawed me, as I may say, into a respectful silence, to which Lady Davers's free, though pleasant raillery (which she could not help carrying on now-and-then) contributed. Besides, Lady Davers's letters had given me still greater reason to revere her wit and judgment than I had before, when I reflected on her passionate temper, and such parts of the conversation I had with her ladyship in your neighborhood; which (however to be admired) fell short of her letters.

When we were to sit down at table, I looked, I suppose, a little diffidently: for I really then thought of my lady's anger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at table with her; and Mr. B. saying, 'Take your place, my dear; you keep our friends standing;' I sat down in my usual seat. And my lady said, 'None of your reproaching eye, Pamela; I know what you hint at by it; and every letter I have received from you has made me censure myself for my lady-airs, as you call 'em, you sauce-box you: I told you, I'd lady-airs you when I saw you; and you shall have it all in good time.'

'I am sure,' said I, 'I shall have nothing from your ladyship, but what will be very agreeable. but, indeed, I never meant any thing particular by that, or any other word that I wrote; nor could I think of any thing but what was highly respectful to your ladyship.'

Lord Davers was pleased to say, that it was impossible I should either write or speak any thing that could be taken amiss.

Lady Davers, after supper, and the servants were withdrawn, began a discourse on titles, and said, 'Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord Davers; for he has spoken to Lord S. who made him a visit a few days ago, to procure you a baronet's patent. Your estate, and the figure you make in the world, are so considerable, and your family besides is so ancient, that, methinks, you should wish for some distinction of that sort.'

'Yes, brother,' said my lord, 'I did mention it to Lord S. and told him, withal, that it was without your knowledge or desire that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it; but 'tis a thing your sister has wished for a good while.'

'What answer did my Lord S make to it?' said Mr. B.

'He said, "We," meaning the ministers, I suppose, "should be glad to oblige a man of Mr. B.'s figure in the world; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect courtiers will tender it to any gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord Davers, we seldom grant honours without a view: I tell you that," added he, smiling.'

'My Lord S. might mention this as a jest, returned Mr. B. 'but he spoke the truth. But your lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. 'Tis an hereditary title; but the rich citizens, who used to be satisfied with the title of Knight, (till they made it so common, that it is brought into as great contempt almost as that of

the French knights of St. Michael,* and nobody cares to accept of it) now are ambitious of this; and, as I apprehend, it is hastening apace into like disrepute. Besides, 'tis a novel honor, and what the ancestors of our family who lived at its institution, would never accept of. But were it a peerage, which has some essential privileges and splendors annexed to it, to make it desirable to some men, I would not enter into conditions for it. Titles at best,' added he, 'are but shadows: and he that has the substance should be above vaulting them; for who that has the whole bird, would pride himself upon a single feather?'

'But' said my lady, 'although I acknowledge that the institution is of late date, yet, abroad, as well as at home, it is regarded as a title of dignity, and the best families among the gentry are supposed to be distinguished by it. I should wish you to accept of it. And as to citizens who have it, they are not many; and some of this class of people, or their immediate descendants, have brought themselves into the peerage itself of the one kingdom or the other.'

'As to what it is looked upon abroad,' said Mr. B. 'this is of no weight at all; for when an Englishman travels, be he of what degree he will, if he has an equipage, and squanders his money away, he is a lord of course with foreigners: and therefore Sir Such-a-one is rather a dimunition to him, as it gives him a lower title than his vanity would perhaps make him aspire to be thought in the possession of. Then, as to citizens, in a trading nation like this, I am not displeased in the main, with seeing the over grown ones creeping into nominal honors; and we have so many of our first titled families, who have allied themselves to trade, (whose inducements were money only) that it ceases to be either a wonder as to the fact, or a disgrace as to the honour.'

'Well brother,' said my lady, 'I will tell you farther, the thing may be had for asking for; if you will but go to court, and desire to kiss the king's hand, that will be all the trouble you'll have: and pray now oblige me in it.'

'If a title would make me either a better or a wiser man,' replied Mr. B. 'I would embrace it with pleasure. Besides, I am not so satisfied with some of the measures now pursuing, as to owe any obligation to the ministers. Accepting of a small title from them, is but like putting on their badge, or listing under their banners; like a certain lord we all know, who accepted of one degree more of title to shew he was theirs, and would not have an higher, lest it should be thought a satisfaction tantamount to half the pension he demanded: and could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ungrateful man for voting as I pleased, because they gave me the title of a Baronet?'

The countess said, the world always thought Mr. B. to be a man of steady principles, and not attached to any party; but, in her opinion, it was far from being inconsistent with any gentleman's honor and independency, to accept of a title from a prince he acknowledged as his sovereign

''Tis very true, Madam, that I am attached to no party, nor ever will. I will be a country gentleman, in the true sense of the word, and will accept of no favour that shall make any one think I was a

* This order was become so scandalously common in France, that, in order to suppress it, the hangman was vested with the ensigns of it, which effectually abolished it.

not be of the opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a round to any man's ladder of preferment, or a caballer for the sake of my own.'

'You say well, brother,' returned Lady Davers; 'but you may undoubtedly keep your own principles and independency, and yet pay your duty to the king, and accept of this title; for your family and fortune will be a greater ornament to the title, than the title to you.'

'Then what occasion have I for it, if that be the case, Madam?'

'Why, I can't say, but I should be glad you had it, for your family's sake, as it is an hereditary honor. Then it would mend the style of your spouse here; for the good girl is at such a loss for an epithet when she writes, that I see the constraint she lies under. It is, "*My dear gentleman, my best friend, my benefactor, my dear Mr. B.*" Whereas Sir William would turn off her periods more roundly, and no other softer epithets would be wanting.'

'To me,' replied he, 'who always desire to be distinguished as my Pamela's best friend, and think it an honor to be called *her dear Mr. B. and her dear man*, this reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir William in the kingdom than *her* Sir William: for I am very emulous of her favour, I can tell you, and think it no small distinction.'

I blushed at this too great honor, before such company, and was afraid my lady would be a little picqued at it. But after a pause, she said, 'Well then, brother, will you let Pamela decide upon this point?'

'Rightly put,' said the countess, 'Pray let Mrs. B. choose for you, Sir. *My lady has hit the thing.*'

'Very good, by my soul,' says Lord Jackey; let my *young aunt*,' that was his word, 'choose for you, Sir.'

'Well, then, Pamela,' said Mr. B. 'give us your opinion, as to this point.'

'But, first,' said Lady Davers, 'say you will be determined by it; or else she will be laid under a difficulty.'

'Well then,' replied he. 'be it so —I will be determined by your opinion, my dear; give it me freely.

Lord Jackey rubbed his hands together, 'Charming, charming, as I hope to live! By Jove, this is just as I wished!'

'Well, now, Pamela,' said my lady, 'speak your true heart without disguise: I charge you do.'

'Why then, gentlemen and ladies,' said 'I, if I must be so bold as to speak on a subject, upon which on several accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be against the title; but perhaps my reason is of too private a nature to weigh any thing: and if so, it would not become me to have any choice at all.'

They all called upon me for my reason; and I said, looking down a little abashed, 'It is this; Here my dear Mr. B. has disparaged himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low creature as I; and the world will be apt to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the honor he has lost *another!* and then, perhaps it will be attributed to my pride and ambition: "Here," they will perhaps say, "the proud cottager will needs be a lady, in hopes to conceal her descent;" whereas had I such a vain thought, it would be but making it the more remembered against both Mr. B. and myself. And indeed, as to my own part, I take too much pride in having been lifted up into this distinction, for

the causes to which I own it, your father's bounty and generosity, than to be ashamed of what I was: only now and then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censured. But this would not be prevented, but rather be promoted by the title. So I am humbly of opinion against the title.'

Mr. B. had hardly patience to hear me out, but came to me, and folding his arms about me, said, 'Just as I wished, have you answered, my beloved Pamela: I was never yet deceived in you; no, not once.'

'Madam,' said he to the countess, 'Lord Davers, Lady Davers, do we want any titles, think you, to make us happy, but what we can confer upon ourselves?' And he pressed my hand to his lips, as he always honors me most in company; and went to his place highly pleased; while his fine manner drew tears from my eyes, and made his noble sister's and the countess's glisten too.

'Well, for my part,' said Lady Davers, 'thou art a strange girl: where, as my brother once said, gottest thou all this?' Then pleasantly humorous, as if she was angry, thy meek words and humble speeches, when by thy actions, as well as sentiments, thou reflectest upon us all? Pamela,' said she, 'have less merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more patience with thee, than thy monarch has just now shewn.'

The countess was pleased to say, 'You're a happy couple indeed!'

Such sort of entertainment as this you are to expect from your correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear *such a mixture of self-praise, vanity and impertinence*, that I expect *you will tell me* freely, as soon as *this comes* to your hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear father and mother's sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of every thing that comes from me for no other reason than that: and I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to any one else, without expecting as much partiality and favor from others as I have from my dear parents—Mean time I conclude here my first conversation piece; and am, and will be, *a'ways yours, &c.*

P. B.

LETTER XXX.

THURSDAY MORNING, 6 O'CLOCK.

Our breakfast conversation yesterday (at which only Mrs. Worden, my lady's woman, and my Polly attended) was so whimsically particular, (though I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling) that I must acquaint my dear Miss Darnford with it, who is desirous of knowing all that relates to Lady Davers' conduct towards me.

You must know then I have the honor to stand very high in the graces of Lord Davers, who on every occasion is pleased to call me his *good sister*, his *dear sister*, and sometimes his *charming sister*, and he says he will not be out of my company for an hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My lady seems to relish this very well in the main, though she cannot quite so readily, yet, frame her mouth to the sound of the word *sister*, as my lord does; of which this that follows is one instance:

His lordship had called me by that tender name twice before, and saying, 'I will drink another dish, I think, my good sister.' My lady said, 'Your lordship has got a

word by the end, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken notice that you have called Pamela *sister, sister, sister,* no less than three times in a quarter of an hour.'

My lord looked a little serious; 'I shall one day,' said he, 'be allowed to choose my own words and phrases, I hope—Your sister, Mr. B.' added he, 'often questions whether I am of age or not, though the House of Peers made no scruple of admitting me among them some years ago.'

Mr. B. said severely, but with a smiling air, ''Tis well she has such a gentleman as your lordship for a husband, whose affectionate indulgence to her makes you overlook all her saucy sallies! I am sure, when you took her out of our family into your own, we all thought ourselves, I in particular, bound to pray for you.'

I thought this a great trial of my lady's patience; but it was from Mr. B. And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious air, 'How now, Confidence!—None but my brother could have said this, whose violent spirit was always much more intolerable than mine: but I can tell you, Mr. B., I was always thought very good-humored and obliging to every body, till your impudence came from college, and from your travels; and then, I own, your provoking ways made me now and then a little out of the way.'

'Well, well, sister, we'll have no more of this subject; only let us see that my Lord Davers wants not his proper authority with you, although you used to keep *me* in awe formerly.'

'Keep *you* in awe!—That nobody could ever do yet, boy or man. But, my lord, I beg your pardon; for this brother will make mischief betwixt us *if he can*—I only took *notice of the word sister* so often used, which looked more like affectation than affection.'

'Perhaps, Lady Davers,' said my lord, gravely, 'I have two reasons for urging the word so frequently.'

'I'd be glad to hear them,' said the dear taunting lady; 'for I don't doubt they're mighty good ones. What are they, my lord?'

'One is, because I love, and am fond of my new relation: the other, that you are so sparing of the word, that I call her so for us both.'

'Your lordship says well,' replied Mr. B. smiling: 'and Lady Davers can you give two reasons why she does *not*.'

'Well,' said my lady, 'now we are in for't, let us hear *your* two reasons likewise; I doubt not they're wise ones too.'

'If they are yours, Lady Davers, they must be so. One is, that every condescension (to speak in a proud lady's dialect) comes with as much difficulty from her, as a favor from the House of Austria to the petty princes of Germany. The second, because those of your sex —(Excuse me, Madam,' to the countess) 'who have once made scruples, think it inconsistent with themselves to be over hasty to alter their own conduct, choosing rather to persist in an error, than own it to be one.'

This proceeded from his impatience to see me in the least slighted by my lady; and I said to Lord Davers, to soften matters, 'Never, my lord, were brother, and sister so loving in earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in jest, as my good lady and Mr. B. But your lordship knows their way.'

My lady frowned at her brother, but turned it off with an air: 'I love the mistress of this house,' said she, 'very well; and am quite reconciled to her; but methinks there is such a hissing sound in the

word *Sister*, that I cannot abide it. 'Tis a true English word but a I have not been used to, having never had a sis-s-ter before, as you know.'—Speaking the first syllable of the word with an emphatical hiss.

Mr. B. said, 'Observe you not, Lady Davers, that you used a word (to avoid that) which had twice the hissing in it that sister has? And that was mis-s-s-tress, with two other hissing words to accompany it, of this-s-s hous-s-e: but to what childish follies does not pride make one stoop!—Excuse, Madam,' (to the countess) 'such poor low conversation as we are dwindled into.'

'O Sir,' said her ladyship, 'the conversation is very agreeable;—and I think, Lady Davers, you're fairly caught.'

'Well,' said my lady, 'then help me, good *sister*—there's for you!—to a little sugar. Will that please you, Sir?'

'I am always pleased,' replied her brother, smiling, 'when Lady Davers acts up to her own character, and the good sense she is mistress of.'

Ay, ay, my good brother, like other wise men, takes it for granted that it is a mark of good sense to approve of whatever he does.—And so, for this one time, I am a very sensible body with him—And I'll leave off, while I have his good word. Only one thing I must say to you, my dear,' turning to me, 'that though I call you Pamela, as I please, be assured, I love you as well as if I called you *Sister*, as Lord Davers does, at every word.'

'Your ladyship gives me great pleasure,' said I, 'in this kind assurance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the honor of being called *by that tender* name, if I can be so *happy as to* deserve it; and I'll *lose no* opportunity that shall be afforded me, to show how sincere I will endeavor to do so.'

She was pleased to rise from her seat: 'Give me a kiss, my dear girl; you deserve every thing; and permit me to say Pamela, sometimes, as the word occurs, for I am not used to speak in print; and I will call you *sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever sister loved another.'

'These proud and passionate folks,' said Mr. B. 'how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their characters!'

'So, then,' rejoined my lady, 'I am to have no merit of my own, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my brother, as one might expect.'

'Why, you saucy sister—excuse me, Lord Davers—what merit would you assume? Can people merit by doing their duty? And is it so great a praise, that you think fit to own for a sister so deserving a girl as this, whom I take pride in calling my wife?'

'Thou art what thou always wert,' returned my lady, 'and were I in this my imputed pride to want an excuse, I know not the creature living, that ought so soon to make one for me, as you.'

'I do excuse you,' said he, 'for that very reason, if you please: but it little becomes either your pride, or mine, to do any thing that wants excuse.'

'Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly?—Pamela, friend, sister,—there's for you!—thou art a happy girl to have made such a reformation in thy honest man's way of thinking as well as acting. But now we are upon this topic, and only friends about us, I am resolved to be even with thee, brother—Jackey, if you are not for another dish, I wish you'd withdraw.—Polly Barlow, we don't want you. Beck, you may stay.' Mr. B.

obeyed; and Polly went out; for you must know, Miss, that my Lady Davers will have none of the menfellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at tea. And I cannot say but I think her entirely in the right, for several reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my lady repeated, 'Now we are upon this topic of reclaiming and reformation, tell me, thou bold wretch; for you know I have seen all your rogueries in Pamela's papers; tell me, if ever rake but thyself made such an attempt as thou didst, on this dear good girl, in presence of a virtuous woman, as Mrs. Jervis was always noted to be? As to the other vile creature, Jewkes, 'tis less wonder, although in that thou hadst the impudence of *him* who set thee to work: but make thy attempt before Mrs. Jervis, and in spite of her struggles and reproaches, was the very stretch of shameless wickedness.'

Mr. B seemed a little disconcerted, and said, 'Surely, Lady Davers, this is going too far! Look at Pamela's blushing face, and downcast eye, and wonder at yourself for this question, as much as you do at me for the action you speak of.'

The countess said to me, 'My dear Mrs. B. I wonder not at this sweet confusion on so affecting a question!—but, indeed, since it is come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. B. that we have all, and my daughters too, wondered at this, more than at any part of your attempts; because, Sir, we thought you one of the most civilized men in England, and that you could not but wish to have saved appearances at least.'

'Though this is to you, my Pamela, the renewal of griefs; yet hold up your dear face. You may —*The triumph was yours*—the shame and the blushes ought to be mine—And I will humour my saucy sister in all she would have me say.'

'Nay,' said Lady Davers, 'you know the question; I cannot put it stronger.'

'That's very true,' replied he: 'But would you expect I should give you a reason for an attempt that appears to you so very shocking?'

'Nay, Sir,' said the countess, 'don't say *appears* to Lady Davers; for (excuse me) it will appear so to every one who hears of it.

'I think my brother is too hardly used,' said Lord Davers; 'he has made all the amends he could make —and *you*, my sister, who were the person offended, forgive him now, I hope; dont you?'

I could not answer, for I was quite confounded; and made a motion to withdraw: but Mr. B. said, 'Don't go my dear; though I ought to be ashamed of an action set before me in so full a glare, in presence of Lord Davers and the countess; yet I will not have you stir because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me.'

'Indeed, Sir, I cannot,' said I; 'pray my dear ladies—pray, my good lord—and, dear Sir, don't thus renew my griefs, as you were pleased justly to phrase it.'

'I have the representation of that scene in my pocket,' said my lady, 'for I was resolved, as I told Lady Betty, to shame the wicked wretch with it the first opportunity; and I'll read it to you; or rather, you shall read it yourself, Bold face, if you can.'

So she pulled those leaves out of her pocket, wrapped up carefully in paper. 'Here,—I believe he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare Pamela's confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was.'

'I think,' said he, taking the papers, 'I can say something to abate the heinousness of this heavy charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent bar of my sister, answering her interrogatories.'

I send you, my dear Miss Darnford, a transcript of the charge. To be sure, you'll say, he was a very wicked man.

Mr. B. read it to himself, and said, 'This is a dark affair, as here stated; and I can't say, but Pamela and Mrs. Jervis too, had great reason to apprehend the worst: but surely readers of it, who were less parties in the supposed attempt, and not determined at all events to condemn me, might have made a more favorable construction for me, than you, Lady Davers, have done in the strong light in which you have set this heinous matter before us.'

'However, since my lady,' bowing to the countess, 'and Lord Davers seem to expect me particularly to answer the black charge, I will, at a proper time, if agreeable, give you a brief history of my passion for this dear girl; how it commenced and increased, and my own struggles with it, and this will introduce with some little advantage to myself, perhaps, what I have to say as to this supposed attempt: and at the same time enable you the better to account for some facts which you have read in my pretty accuser's papers'

This pleased every one, and they begged him to begin then; but he said it was time we should think of dressing, the morning being far advanced; and if no company came in, he would in the afternoon give them the particulars they desired to hear.

The three gentlemen rode out, and returned to dress before dinner; my lady and the countess also took an airing in the chariot. Just as they returned, compliments came from several of the neighboring ladies to our noble guests, on their arrival in these parts, and to as many as sent, Lady Davers desired their companies for to-morrow afternoon, to tea; but Mr. B. having fallen in with some of the gentlemen likewise, he told me we should have most of our visiting neighbors at dinner, and desired Mrs. Jervis might prepare accordingly for them.

After dinner Mr. H. took a ride out, attended by Mr. Colbrand, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frightened Lady Davers' footmen at the Hall, threatening to chine them, if they offered to stop his lady; for, he says, he loves a man of courage; very probably knowing his own defects that way, for my lady often calls him a chicken hearted fellow. And then Lord and Lady Davers, and the countess, revived the subject of the morning; and Mr. B. was pleased to begin in the manner I shall mention by-and-bye. For here I am obliged to break off.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, I will proceed.

'I began,' said Mr. B. 'very early to take notice of this lovely girl, even when she was hardly thirteen years old; for her charms increased every day, not only in my eye but in the eyes of all who beheld her. My mother, as you (Lady Davers) know, took the greatest delight in her, always calling her, her Pamela, her good child; and her waiting-maid and her cabinet of rarities were her boasts, and equally shewn to every visitor; for besides the beauty of her figure, and the genteel air of her person, the dear girl had a surprising memory, and a solidity of judgment above her years, and a docility so unequalled, that she took all parts of learning which her lady, as fond of instructing her as she of impro-

ving by instruction, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had masters to teach her to dance, sing, and play on the spinnet, whom she every day surprised by the readiness wherewith she took every thing.

'I remember once, my mother praising her girl before me, and my aunt B. (who is since dead), I could not but notice her fondness for her, and said, "What do you design, Madam, to do with or for this Pamela of yours? The accomplishments you give her will do her more hurt than good; for they will set her so much above her degree, that what you intend as a kindness, may prove her ruin."

'My aunt joined with me, and spoke in a still stronger manner against giving her such an education: and added, as I well remember, "Surely, sister, you do wrong. One would think, if one knew not my nephew's discreet pride, that you design her for something more than your own waiting maid."

"Ah! sister," said the old lady, "there is no fear of what you hint at; his family pride and stately temper, will secure my son: he has too much of his father in him. And as for Pamela, you know not the girl. She has always in her thoughts, and in her mouth too, her parent's mean condition, and I shall do nothing for them, at least at present, though they are honest folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the girl humble.

"But what can I do with the little baggage?" continued my mother, "she conquers every thing so fast, and has such a thirst after knowledge, and the more she knows, I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help letting go, as my son, when a little boy, used to to do to his kite, as fast as she pulls; and to what height she'll soar I can't tell.

"I intended," proceeded the good lady, "at first, only to make her mistress of some fine needle-work, to qualify her (as she has a delicacy in her person, that makes it a pity ever to put her to hard work) for a genteel place; but she masters that so fast, that now as my daughter is married and gone from me, I am desirous to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thoughtful hours: and were you, sister, to know what she is capable of, and how diverting her innocent prattle is to me, and her natural simplicity, which I encourage her to preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my son either, wonder at the pleasure I take in her. Shall I call her in?"

"I don't want," said I, 'to hav the girl called in: if you, Madam are diverted with her, that's enough To be sure, Pamela is a better companion for a lady, than a monkey or a harlequin; but I fear you'll set her above herself, and make her vain and pert; and that, at last, in order to support her pride, she may fall into temptations which may be fatal to herself, and others too."

"I'm glad to hear this from my son," replied the good lady. "But the moment I see my favor puffs her up, I shall take other measures."

"Well," thought I to myself, "I only want to conceal my views from your penetrating eye, my good mother; and I shall one day take as much delight in your girl, and her accomplishments, as you now do; so go on, and improve her as fast as you will. I'll only now and then talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that all you do will qualify her the better for my purpose. Only," thought I, "fly swiftly on, two or three more tardy years, and I'll nip this bud by the time it begins to open, and

place it in my bosom for a year or two at least; for so long, if the girl behaves worthy of her education, I doubt not, she'll be new to me.—Excuse me ladies;—excuse me, Lord Davers;—if I am not ingenuous, I had better be silent."

I will not interrupt this affecting narration, by mentioning my own alternate blushes, confusions, and exclamations, as the naughty man went on; nor the censures, and many *Out upon you's* of the attentive ladies, and *Fie, brother's*, of Lord Davers; nor yet with apologies for the praises on myself, so frequently intermingled—contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very sentences of the dear relator. And as to our occasional exclaimings and observations, you may suppose what they were.

'So,' continued Mr. B. 'I went on dropping hints against her now and then; and whenever I met her in the passages about the house, or in the garden, avoiding to look at, or to speak to her, as she passed me, curtseying, and putting on a thousand bewitching airs of obligingness and reverence; while I (who thought the best way to demolish the influence of such an education, would be not to alarm her fears on one hand, or to familiarize myself to her on the other, till I came to strike the blow) looked haughty and reserved, and passed by her at a stiff nod at most. Or, if I spoke, "How does your lady this morning, girl?—I hope she rested well last night;" then, covered with blushes, and curtseying at every word, as if she thought herself unworthy of answering my questions, she'd trip away in a kind of confusion, as she had spoken. And once I *heard her* say to Mrs. Jervis, 'Dear *Sirs*, my young master spoke to *me*, and called me by my name, saying—How slept your lady last night, Pamela?—Was not that very good, Mrs. Jervis?'—"Ay,' thought I, "I am in the right way, I find: this will do in proper time. Go on, my dear mother, improving as fast as you will: I'll engage to pull down in three hours, what you'll be building up in as many years, in spite of all the lessons you can teach her."

'"Tis enough for me, that I am establishing in you, ladies, and in you, my lord, a higher esteem for my Pamela (I am but too sensible I shall lose a good deal of my own reputation) in the relation I am now giving you.

'I dressed, grew more confident, and as insolent withal, as if, though I had not Lady Daver's wit and virtue, I had all her spirit—(excuse me, Lady Davers;) and having a pretty bold heart, which rather put me upon courting than avoiding a danger or difficulty, I had but too much my way with every body; and many a menaced complaint have I *looked down*, with a haughty air, and a promptitude, like that of Colbrand's to your footmen at the Hall, to clap my hand to my side; which was of the greater service to my bold enterprises, as two or three gentlemen had found I knew how to be in earnest.'

'Ha!' said my lady, thou wast ever an impudent fellow: and many a vile roguery have I kept from my poor mother.—Yet, to my knowledge, she thought you no saint.'

'Ay, poor lady,' continued he, 'she used now-and-then to catechize me; and was sure I was not so good as I ought to be:—"For, son," she would cry "these late hours, these all night works, and to come home so *sober* cannot be right.—I'm not sure, if I were to know all, (and yet I'm afraid of

inquiring after your ways) whether I should not have reason to wish you were brought home in wine, rather than to come in so sober, and so late as you do."

'Once, I remember, in the summer-time, I came home about six in the morning, and met the good lady unexpectedly by the garden back-door, of which I had a key to let myself in at all hours. I started, and would have avoided her: but she called me to her, and then I approached her with an air, "What brings you Madam, into the garden at so early an hour?" turning my face from her; for I had a few scratches on my forehead—with a thorn, or so—which I feared she would be more inquisitive about than I cared she should.

"And what makes you," said she, "so early here, Billy?—What a rakish figure dost thou make!—One time or other these courses will yield you but little comfort, on reflection: would to God thou wast but happily married?"

"So, Madam, the old wish!—I'm not so bad as you think me:—I hope I have not merited so great a punishment."

'These hints I give, not as matter of glory, but shame: yet I ought to tell you all the truth, or nothing. "Meantime," thought I, (for I used to have some compunction for my vile practices, when cool reflection, brought on by satiety, had taken hold of me) "I wish this sweet girl was grown to years of susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked course of life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest folks' peace, and endangering myself." And as I had, by a certain very daring and wicked attempt, in which, however, I did not succeed, set a hornet's nest about my ears, which I had began to apprehend would sting me to death, having once escap'd an ambush by dint of mere good luck; I thought it better to remove the seat of my warfare into another kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for the future in my amours. So I went to France a second time, and passed a year there in the best of company, and with some improvement both to my morals and understanding; and had a very few sallies, considering my love of intrigue, and the ample means I had to prosecute successfully all the desires of my heart.

'When I returned, several matches were proposed to me, and my good mother often requested me to make her so happy, as she called it, as to see me married before she died; but I could not endure the thoughts of the state: for I never saw a lady whose temper and education I liked, or with whom I thought I could live tolerably. She used in vain therefore to plead family reasons to me:—like most young fellows. I was too much a self-lover, to pay so great a regard to posterity; and to say truth, had little solicitude at that time, whether my name were continued or not, in my own descendants. However, I looked upon my mother's Pamela with no small pleasure, and I found her so much, improved, as well in person as behavior, that I had the less inducement either to renew my intriging life, or to think of a married state.

'Yet, as my mother had all her eyes about her, as the phrase is, I affected great shyness, both before her, and to the girl! for I doubted not, my very looks would be watched by them both; and what the one discovered would not be a secret to the other; and laying myself open too early to a suspicion, I thought, would but ice the girl over, and make her lady more watchful.

'So I used to go into my mother's apartment, and come out of it, without taking the least notice of her, but put on stiff airs; and as she always withdrew when I came in, I never made any pretence to keep her there.

'Once, indeed, my mother, on my looking after her, when her back was turned, said, "My dear son, I don't like your eye following my girl so intently.—Only I know that sparkling lustre natural to it, or I should have some fear for my Pamela, as she grows older."

"I look after her, Madam!—My eyes sparkle at such a girl as that! No indeed! She may be your favorite as a waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy curtseys and awkward airs about her. A little rustic affectation of innocence, that to such as cannot see into her, may pass well enough."

"Nay, my dear," replied my mother, "don't say that, of all things. She has no affectation, I am sure."

"Yes, she has, in my eye, Madam, and I'll tell you how it is; you have taught her to assume the airs of a gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a room with a grace; and yet bid her keep her low birth and family in view: and between the one character, which she wants to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set her feet: so 'tis the same in every gesture: her arms she knows not whether to swim with, or to hold before her, nor whether to hold her head up or down: and so does neither, but hangs it on one side: a little awkward piece of one-and-t'other I *think her*. And, indeed, you'd do *the girl* more kindness to put her *into your dairy*, than to keep her *about your person*; for she'll be utterly spoiled, I doubt, for any useful purpose."

"Ah, son!" said she, 'I fear, by your description, you have minded her too much in one sense, though not enough in another. 'Tis not my intention to recommend her to your notice, of all men; and I doubt not, if it pleased God I live, and she continues a good girl, but she will make a man of some middling, genteel business, very happy.'

'Pamela came in just then, with an air so natural, so humble, and yet so much above herself, that I was forced to turn my head from her, lest my mother should watch my eye again, and I be inclined to do her that justice, which my heart assented to, but which my lips had just before denied her.

'All my difficulty, in apprehension, was my good mother; the effect of whose lessons to her girl, I was not so much afraid of as her vigilance. "For," thought I, "I see by the delicacy of her person, the brilliancy of her eye, and the sweet apprehensiveness that plays about every feature of her face, she must have tinder enough in her constitution, to catch a well-struck spark; and I'll warrant I shall know how to set her in a blaze in a few months more."

'Yet I wanted, as I passed, to catch her attention too: I expected her to turn after me, and look so as to shew a liking towards me; for I had a great opinion of my person and air, which had been fortunately distinguished by the ladies, whom, of course, my vanity made me allow to be very good judges of these outward advantages.

'But to my great disappointment, Pamela never, by any favorable glance, gave the least encouragement to my vanity." "Well," thought I, "this girl has certainly nothing ethereal in her mould; all unanimated clay! But the dancing,

and singing airs my mother is teaching her, will better qualify her in time, and another year will ripen her into my arms, no doubt of it. Let me only go on thus, and make her fear me: that will inhance in her mind every favor I shall afterwards vouchsafe to show her: and never question old *humdrum* virtue," thought I, "but the tempter *without*, and the tempter *within*, will be too many for the perversest nicety that ever the sex boasted."

'Yet, though I could not once attract her eye towards me, she never failed to draw mine after her, whenever she went by me, or wherever I saw her, except, as I said, in my mother's presence; and particularly when she had passed me, and could not see me look at her, without turning her head, as I expected so often from her in vain.

'You will wonder, Lord Davers, who, I suppose, was once in love, or you'd never have married such an hostile spirit as my sister's there—'

'Go on sauce-box,' said she, 'I wont interrupt you,'

'You will wonder how I could behave so coolly as to escape all discovery so long from a lady so watchful as my mother, and from the apprehensiveness of the girl.

'But, to say nothing of her tender years, and that my love was not of this bashful sort, I was not absolutely determined, so great was my pride, that I ought to think her worthy of being my *mistress*, when I had not much reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon persons of higher birth (were I disposed to try) to live with me upon my own terms. My pride, therefore, kept my passion at bay, as I may say; so far was I from imagining I should ever be brought to what has *since happened*! But *to proceed:*

'Hitherto my mind was taken up with the beauties of her person only. My *eye* had drawn my *heart* after it, without giving myself any trouble about that sense and judgment which my mother was always praising in her Pamela, as exceeding her years and opportunities: but an occasion happened, which, though slight in itself, took the *head* into the party, and I thought of her, young as she was, with a distinction, that before I had not for her. It was this:

'Being with my mother in her closet, who was talking to me on the old subject, *matrimony*, I saw Pamela's common-place-book, as I may call it; in which, by her lady's direction, from time time, she had transcribed from the Bible, and other good books, such passages as most impressed her as she read—A method, I take it, my dear,' (turning to me,) 'of great service to you, as it initiated you into writing with that freedom and ease, which shine in your saucy letters and journals; and to which my present fetters are not a little owing: just as pedlars catch monkeys in the baboon kingdoms, provoking the attentive fools by their own example, to put on shoes and stockings, till the apes of imitation, trying to do the like, entangle the feet, and so cannot escape upon the boughs of the tree of liberty, on which before they were wont to hop and skip about, and play a thousand puggish tricks.

'I observed the girl wrote a pretty hand, and very swift and free; and affixed her points or stops with so much judgment (her years considered,) that I began to have a high opinion of her understanding. Some observations likewise upon several of the passages were so just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly surprised at them.

'My mother watched my eye, and was silent: I seemed not to observe that she did; and after a while laid down the book, shutting it with great indifference, and talking of another subject.

'Upon this, my mother said, "Don't you think Pamela writes a pretty hand, son?"

"I did not mind it much," said I, with a careless air. "This is her writing, is it?" taking the book, and opening it again, at a place of Scripture. "The girl is mighty pious!" said I.

"I wish *you* were so, child."

"I wish so too, Madam, if it would please you."

"I wish so for your *own* sake, child."

"So do I, Madam;" and down I laid the book again, very carelessly.

"Look once more in it," said she, "and see if you can't open it upon some place that may strike you."

'I opened it at—"*Train up a child in the way he should go*," &c. "I fancy," said I, "when I was of Pamela's age, I was pretty near as good as she."

"Never, never," said my mother; "I am sure I took great pains with you; but, alas! to very little purpose. You had always a violent headstrong will."

"Some allowances for boys and girls, I hope, Madam; but you see I am as good for a man as my sister for a woman."

"No indeed, you are not, I do assure you."

"I am sorry for that Madam: you give me a sad opinion of myself."

'Brazen wretch!' said my lady; 'but go on.'

"Turn to one of the girl's observations on some text," said my mother.

'I did, and was pleased with it more than I would own. "The girl's well enough," said I, "for what she is; but let's see what she'll be a few years hence. Then will be the trial."

"She'll be always good, I doubt not."

"So much the better for her. But can't we talk of any other subject? You complain how seldom I attend you; and when you are always talking of matrimony, or of this low born, raw girl, it must needs lessen the pleasure of approaching you."

'But now, as I hinted to you, ladies, and my lord, I had a still higher opinion of Pamela; and esteemed her more worthy of my attempts. 'For,' thought I, 'the girl has good sense, and it will be some pleasure to watch by what gradations she may be made to rise into love, and into a higher life, than that to which she was born.' And so I began to think she would be worthy in time of being my *mistress*, which, till now, as I said before, I had been a little scrupulous about.

'I took a little tour soon after this, in company of some friends, with whom I had contracted an intimacy abroad, into Scotland and Ireland, they having a curiosity to see those countries, and we spent six or eight months on this expedition: and when I had landed them in France, I returned home, and found my mother in a very indifferent state of health, but her Pamela arrived to a height of beauty and perfection which exceeded all my expectations. I was so taken with her charms when I first saw her, which was in the garden, with a book in her hand, just come out of a little summer house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a parley with her; but while I was resolving, she tript away with her

curtesies and reverences, and was out of my sight before I could determine.

'I was resolved, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. Jewkes having been recommended to me a little before, by a brother-rake, as a woman of tried fidelity, I asked her if she would be faithful, if I had occasion to commit a pretty girl to her care?

'She hoped, she said, it would be with the lady's own consent, and she should make no scruple in obeying me.

'So I thought I would way-lay the girl, and carry her first to a little village in Northamptonshire, to an acquaintance of Mrs. Jewkes'. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacified a little, I designed that Jewkes should attend her to Lincolnshire; for I knew there was no coming at her here, under my mother's wing, by her own consent, and that to offer terms to her, would be to blow up my project all at once. Besides, I was sensible that Mrs. Jervis would stand in the way of my proceedings as well as my mother.

'The method I had contrived was quite easy, as I imagined, and such as could not have failed to answer my purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not of making her well satisfied in her good fortune very quickly: for, having a notion of her affectionate duty to her parents, I was not displeased that I could make the terms very easy and happy to them all.

'What stood most in my way, was my mother's fondness for her; but supposing I had got her favorite in my hands, which appeared to me, as I said, a task very easy to be conquered, I had actually formed a letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a love affair, and laying her withdrawing herself so privately, to an implicit obedience to her husband's commands, to whom she was married that morning, and who, being a young gentleman of genteel family, and dependent on his friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound secret; and begging, on that account, her lady not to divulge it, so much as to Mrs. Jervis.

'And to prepare for this, and make her escape the more probable, when matters were ripe for my plot, I came in one night, and examined all the servants, and Mrs. Jervis, the latter in my mother's hearing, about a genteel young man, whom I pretended to find with a pillion on the horse he rode upon, waiting about the back door of the garden, for somebody to come to him; and who rode off when I came up to the door, as fast as he could. Nobody knew any thing of that matter, and they were much surprised at what I told them; but I begged Pamela might be watched, and that no one would say any thing to her about it.

'My mother said she had two reasons not to speak of it to Pamela: one to oblige me; the other and chief, because it would break the poor innocent girl's heart to be suspected. "Poor dear child!" said she, "whither can she go, to be so happy as with me? Would it not be inevitable ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody comes after her; she receives no letters, but now and then one from her father and mother, and those she shows me."

"Well," replied I, "I hope she can have no design; 'twould be strange if she had formed any to leave so good a mistress; but you can't be sure all the letters she receives are from her father! and her showing to you those he writes, looks like a cloak to others she may receive from another hand. But it can be no harm to have an

eye upon her. You don't know, Madam, what tricks there are in the world."

"Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the girl shall be under no restraint, if she is resolved to leave me, well as I love her."

'Mrs. Jervis said she would have an eye upon Pamela, in obedience to my command; but she was sure there was no need; nor would she so much wound the poor child's peace, as to mention the matter to her.

'This I suffered to blow off, and seemed to my mother to have so good an opinion of her Pamela, that I was sorry I told her, I had such a surmise: saying, that though the fellow and the pillion were odd circumstances, yet I dared to say, there was nothing in it: for I doubted not, the girl's duty and gratitude would hinder her from doing a foolish or rash thing.

'This my mother heard with pleasure: although my motive was but to lay Pamela on the thicker to her, when she was to be told she had escaped.

'She was glad I was not an enemy to the poor child. "Pamela has no friend but me," continued she; "and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done her more harm than good (as you and your aunt B. have often said,) in the accomplishments I have given her: and yet the poor girl, I see that," added she, "would not be backward to turn her hand to any thing for the sake of an honest livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continues good, she never shall be

'I wonder not Pamela, at your tears on this occasion. Your lady was an excellent woman, and deserved this tribute to her memory. *All my* pleasure now is, that she *knew not half* my wicked pranks, and that I did not vex her worthy heart in the prosecution of this scheme; which would have given me a severe sting, inasmuch as I might have apprehended, with too much reason that I had shortened her days by the knowledge of the one and the other.

'I had thus every thing ready for the execution of my project: but my mother's ill state of health gave me too much concern, to permit me to proceed. And, now-and-then, as my frequent attendance in her illness gave me an opportunity of observing more and more of the girl; her affectionate duty, and continual tears (finding her often on her knees, praying for her mistress,) I was moved to pity her; and while those scenes of my mother's illness and decline were before me, I would resolve to conquer, if possible, my guilty passion, and those scenes taught me, while their impressions held, justly to call it; and I was much concerned to find it so difficult a task; for, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual enterprising temper, and a love of intrigue; and that I had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to subdue it.

'But I was greatly mistaken: for I had insensibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she said or did; and there was so much gracefulness, humility, and innocence in her whole behavior, and I saw so many melting scenes between her lady and her, that I found I could not master my esteem for her.

'My mother's illness increasing beyond hopes of recovery, and having settled all her greater affairs, she talked to me of her servants; I asked what she would have done for Pamela and Mrs. Jervis.'

"Make Mrs. Jervis, my dear son, as happy as you can: she is a gentlewoman born, you know; let her always be treated as such: but

for your own sake, don't make her independent; for then you'll want a faithful manager. Yet if you marry, and your lady should not value her as she deserves, allow her a competency for the rest of her life, and let her live as she pleases.

"As for Pamela, I hope you will be her protector!—She is a good girl: I love her next to you and your dear sister. She is just arriving at a trying time of life. I don't know what to say for her. What I had designed was, that if any man of a genteel calling should offer, I would give her a little pretty portion, had God spared my life till then. But were she made independent, some idle fellow might snap her up; for she is very pretty: or if she should carry what you give her to her poor parents, as her duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily involved, that a little matter would be nothing to them, and the poor girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady Davers will take her. But I wish she was not so pretty! She may be the bird for which some wicked fowler will spread his snares; or, it may be, every lady will not choose to have such a waiting-maid. You are a young gentleman, and I am sorry to say, not better than I wish you to be—Though I hope my Pamela would not be in danger from her master, who owes to all his servants protection, as much as the king does to his subjects. Yet I don't know how to wish her to stay with you, for your own reputation's sake, my dear son;—for the world will censure as it lists.—Would to God!" said she, "the dear girl had the small-pox in a mortifying manner; she'd be lovely enough in the gentleness of her person and the excellencies of her mind; and more out of danger of suffering from the trancient beauties of countenance. Yet I think," added she, "she might be safe and happy under Mrs. Jervis's care; and if you marry, and your lady parts with Mrs. Jervis, let 'em go together, and live as they like. I think that will be the best for both. And you have a generous spirit enough: I will not direct you in the *quantum*. But, my dear son, remember that I am the less concerned, that I have not done for the poor girl myself, because I depend upon you: the manner how fitly to provide for her, has made me defer it till now, that I have so much more important concerns on my hands; life and strength ebbing so fast, that I am hardly fit for any thing, or to wish for any thing, but to receive the last releasing stroke."

Here he stopped, being under some concern himself, and we in much more. At last he resumed the subject.

'You will too naturally think, my lord—and you, my good ladies—that the mind must be truly diabolical, that could break through the regard due to the solemn injunctions of a dying parent. They did hold me a good while indeed; and as fast as I found any emotions of a contrary nature rise in my breast, I endeavored for some time to suppress them, and to think and act as I ought; but the dear bewitching girl every day rose in her charms upon me: and finding she still continued the use of her pen and ink, I could not help entertaining a jealousy, that she was writing to somebody who stood well in her opinion; and my love for her, and my own spirit of intrigue, made it a sweetheart of course. And I could not help watching her motions; and seeing her once putting a letter she had just folded up, into her bosom, at my entrance into my mother's dressing-room, I made no doubt of detecting her, and her

correspondent, and so I took the letter from her stays, she trembling and curtseying with a sweet confusion: and highly pleased I was to find it contained only innocence and duty to the deceased mistress, and the loving parents, expressing her joy that, in the midst of her grief for losing the one, she was not obliged to return to be a burden to the other; and I gave it her again, with words of encouragement, and went down much better satisfied than I had been with her correspondence.

'But when I reflected upon the innocent simplicity of her style, I was still more in love with her, and formed a stratagem, and succeeded in it, to come at her other letters, which I sent forward, after I had read them, all but three or four which I kept back, when my plot began to ripen for execution; although the little slut was most abominably free with my character to her parents.

'You will censure me, no doubt, that my mother's injunctions made not a more lasting impression. But really I struggled hard with myself to give them their due force: and the dear girl, as I said, every day grew lovelier, and more accomplished. Her letters were but so many links to the chains in which she had bound me; and though once I had resolved to part with her to Lady Davers, and you, Madam, had an intention to take her, I could not for my life give her up; and thinking more honorably then of the state of a mistress than I have done since, I could not persuade myself (since I intended to do as handsomely by her as ever man did to a lady in that situation) but that I should do better for her than my mother had wished me to do, and so more than answer all her injunctions, as to me providing for her. and I could not imagine I should meet with resistance I had seldom encountered from persons much her superiors as to descent; and was amazed at it; for it confounded me in all the notions I had of her sex, which, like a true libertine, I supposed wanted nothing but importunity and opportunity, a bold attempt, and a mind not ungenerous. Sometimes I admired her for her virtue; at other times, impetuous in my temper, and unused to controul, I could have beat her. She well, I remember, describes the tumults of my soul, repeating what once passed between us, in words like these:—"Take the little witch from me, Mrs. Jervis.—I can neither bear, nor forbear her.—But stay—you shan't go—Yet be gone!—No, come back again."—She thought I was mad, she says in the papers. Indeed I was little less. She says, I took her arm, and griped it black and blue, to bring her back again: and then sat down and looked at her as silly as such a poor girl as she!—Well did she describe the passion I struggled with; and no one can conceive how much my pride made me despise myself at times for the little actions my love for her put me upon, and yet to find that love increasing every day, as her charms and her resistance increased.—I have caught myself in a raging fit, something vowing I would have her; and, at others, jealous that, to secure herself from my attempt, she would throw herself into the arms of some menial or inferior, whom otherwise she would not have thought of.

'Sometimes I soothed, sometimes threatened her; but never was such courage, when her virtue seemed in danger, mixed with so much humility, when her fears gave way to her hopes of a juster treatment.—Then I would think a

impossible (so slight an opinion had I of woman's virtue) that such a girl as this, cottage-born, who owed every thing to my family, and had an absolute dependence upon my pleasure: myself not despicable in person or mind, as I supposed; she unprejudiced in any man's favor, at an age susceptible of impressions, and a frame of constitution not ice nor snow: "Surely," thought I, "all this frost must be owing to the want of fire in my attempts to thaw it: I used to dare more, and succeeded better. Shall such a girl as this awe me by her rigid virtue? No, she shall not."

'Then I would resolve to be more in earnest. Yet my love was a traitor, that was more faithful to her than to me; it had more honor in it at bottom than I had designed. Awed by her unaffected innocence, and a virtue I had never before encountered, so uniform and immoveable, the moment I saw her I was half disarmed; and I courted her consent to that, which, though I was not likely to obtain, yet it went against me to think of extorting by violence. Yet marriage was never in my thoughts: I scorned so much as to promise it.

'To what numberless mean things did not this unmanly passion subject me!—I used to watch for her letters, though mere prittle-prattle and chit-chat, received them with delight, though myself was accused in them, and stigmatized as I deserved.

'I would listen meanly at her chamber-door, try to overhear her little conversation; in vain attempted to suborn Mrs. Jervis to my purposes, inconsistently talking of honor, when no one step I took, or action I attempted, showed any thing like it: lost my dignity among my servants; made a party in her favor against me, of everybody, but whom my money corrupted, and that hardly sufficient to keep my partisans steady to my interest; so greatly did the virtue of the servants triumph over the vice of the master, when confirmed by such an example!

'I have been very tedious, ladies and my Lord Davers, in my narration; but I am come within view of the point for which I now am upon my trial at your dread tribunal (bowing to us all.)

'After several endeavors of a smooth and rough nature, in which my devil constantly failed me, and her good angel prevailed, I had talked to Mrs. Jervis to seduce the girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I had given warning, but which she rejected to take, to my great disappointment) to desire to stay; and suspecting Mrs. Jervis played me booty, and rather confirmed her in her coyness, and her desire of leaving me, I was mean enough to conceal myself in the closet in Mrs. Jervis's room, in order to hear their private conversation; but really not designing to make any other use of my concealment, than to tease her a little, if she should say any thing I did not like; which would give me a pretence to treat her with greater freedoms than I had ever yet done, and would be an introduction to take off from her unprecedented apprehensiveness another time.

'But the dear prattler, not knowing I was there, as she undressed herself, begun such a bewitching chit-chat with Mrs. Jervis, who, I found, but ill kept my secret, that I never was at such a loss what to resolve upon. One while I wished myself, unknown to them, out of the closet, into which my inconsiderate passion had meanly led me; another time I was incensed at the freedom with which I heard myself treated; but then, rigidly considering that I had no business to

hearken to their private conversation, and it was such as became them, while I ought to have been ashamed to give occasion for it, I excused them both, and admired still more and more the dear prattler.

'In this suspense, the undesigned rustling of my night-gown, from changing my posture, alarming the watchful Pamela, she in a fright came towards the closet to see who was there. What could I then do, but bolt out upon the apprehensive charmer; and having so done, and she running to the bed, screaming to Mrs. Jervis, would not any man have followed her thither, detected as I was? But yet, I said if she forbore her screaming, I would do her no harm; but if not, she should take the consequence. I found by their exclamations, that this would pass with both for an attempt of the worst kind; but really I had no such intentions as they feared. When I found myself detected: when the dear frightened girl ran to the bed; when Mrs. Jervis threw herself about her; when they would not give over their hideous squallings; when I was charged by Mrs. Jervis with the worst designs: it was enough to make me go farther than I designed; and could I have prevailed upon Mrs. Jervis to go up and quiet the maids, who seemed to be rising, upon the other screaming, I believe, had Pamela kept out of her fit, I should have been a little freer with her than ever I had been; but, as it was, I had no thought but of making as honorable a retreat as I could, and to save myself from being exposed to my whole family: and I was not guilty of any freedoms, that her modesty, unaffrighted, could reproach herself with having suffered; and the dear creature's fainting fits gave me almost as great apprehensions as I could give her.

'Thus, ladies—and my lord—have I tediously, and little enough to my own reputation, given you my character, and told you more against myself than any one person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the credit of my Pamela, redounds in part to my own; and so I have the less regret to accuse myself, since it exalts her. But as to a formed intention to hide myself in the closet, in order to attempt the girl by violence, and in the presence of a good woman, as Mrs. Jervis is, which you impute to me, bad as I was, I was not so vile, so abandoned as that.

'Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate votaries to innumerable meannesses, and unlawful passion to many more. I could not live without this dear girl. I hated thoughts of matrimony with any body: and to be brought to the stake by my mother's waiting maid. "Forbid it, pride!" thought I; "forbid it example! forbid it, all my past sneers, and constant ridicule, both on the estate, and on those who descended to inequalities in it! and, lastly, forbid it my family spirit, so visible in Lady Davers as well as myself, to whose insults, and those of all the world, I shall be obnoxious, If I take such a step!"

'All this tends to demonstrate the strength of my passion: I could not conquer my love; so I conquered a pride, which every one thought unconquerable; and since I could not make an innocent heart vicious, I had the happiness to follow so good an example; and by this means a vicious heart has become virtuous. I have the pleasure of rejoicing in the change, and hope to do so still more and more; for I really view with contempt my past follies; and it is now a greater wonder to me how I could act as I did, than that I should detest those actions which made me a curse to

stead of a benefit to society. I am not yet so pious as my Pamela; but that is to come; and it is one good sign, that I can truly say, I delight in every instance of her piety and virtue: and now I will conclude my tedious narration.'

Thus he ended his affecting relation: which in the course of it gave me a thousand different emotions; and made me often pray for him, that God will entirely convert a heart so generous and worthy, as his is on most occasions. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to London, I shall greatly hope that nothing will affect his morals again.

I have just read over again the foregoing account of himself. As near as I remember, (and my memory is the best faculty I have) it is pretty exact; only he was fuller of beautiful similitudes, and spoke in a more flowery style, as I may say. Yet don't you think, Miss, (if I have not done injustice to his spirit) that the beginning of it, especially, is in the saucy air of a man too much alive to such notions? For so the ladies observed in his narration.—It is very like the style of a true penitent?—But indeed he went on better, and concluded best of all.

But don't you observe what a dear good lady I had? A thousand blessings on her beloved memory! Were I to live to see my children's children, they should be all taught to lisp her praises before they could speak. My gratitude should always be renewed in their mouths; and God, and my dear father and mother, my lady, and my master that was, my best friend that is, but principally, as most due, the First, who inspired all the rest, should have their morning, their noon-tide, and their evening praises as long as I *lived!*

I will only observe farther, as to this my third conversation piece, that my Lord Davers offered to extenuate some part of his dear brother-in-law's conduct, which he did not himself vindicate; and Mr. B. was pleased to say, that my lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his allowances for the sallies of ungovernable youth. Upon which my lady said, a little tartly, 'Yes, and for a very good reason, I doubt not; for who cares to condemn himself?'

'Nay,' said my lord pleasantly, 'don't put us upon a footing neither, for what sallies I made before I knew your ladyship, were but like those of a fox, which now and then runs away with a straggling pullet, when nobody sees him, whereas those of my brother were like the invasions of a lion, breaking into every man's fold, and driving the shepherds as well as the sheep, before him.'—'Ay,' said my lady, 'but I can look round me, and have reason, perhaps, to think the invading lion has come off, little as he deserved it, better than the creeping fox, who, with all his cunning, sometimes suffers for his pilfering theft.'

O, my dear these gentlemen are strange creatures!—What can they think of themselves? for they say there is not one virtuous man in five; but I hope, for our sex's sake, as well as for the world's sake, all is not true that evil fame reports; for you know every man-trespasser must find or make a woman-trespasser!—And if so, what a wor'd is this! | And how must the innocent suffer from the guilty! Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the cause of another's sufferings? I long to hear of you, and must shorten my future accounts, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire you into the bargain, though I cannot my dear father

[illegible] mother. I am, my dear Miss, [illegible] *ays your's*, P. B.

LETTER XXXI.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

EVERY post you more and more oblige us to admire and love you: and let me say, I will gladly receive your letters upon your own terms: only when your worthy parents have perused them, see that I have every line of them again.

Your account of the arrival of your noble guests, and their behavior to you, and yours to them; your conversation, and wise determination, on the offered title of Baronet; the just applauses conferred upon you by all, particularly the good countess; your breakfast conversation, and the narrative of your saucy abominable master, though amiable husband; all delight us beyond expression.

Do go on, dear excellent lady, with your charming journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the state of matters with us, I have desired my papa to allow me to decline Mr. Murray's addresses. The good man loved me most violently, nay, he could not live without me: life was no life unless I favored him: but yet, after a few more of these flights, he is trying to sit down satisfied without my papa's foolish perverse girl, as Sir Simon calls me, and to transpose his affections to a worthier object my sister Nancy; and it would make you smile to see how, a little while before he directly applied to her, she screwed up her mouth to my mama, and, truly, she'd have *none* of Polly's leavings, no, not *she!*—But no sooner did he declare *himself* in form, than the *gaudy wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well-dressed* gentleman; the *chattering magpye*, (for he talks and laughs much) *quite conversable*, and has something agreeable to say upon every subject. Once he would make a good master of the buck-hounds; but now, really, the more one is in his company, the more polite one finds him.

Then, on his part,—he happened to see Miss Polly first; and truly he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young lady; yet there was always something of majesty (what a stately name for ill nature!) in Miss Nancy, something so awful; that while Miss Polly engaged the affections at first sight, Miss Nancy struck a man with reverence; insomuch that the one might be beloved as a woman, but the other revered as something more: a goddess, no doubt!

I do but think, that when he comes to be lifted up to her celestial sphere, as her fellow constellation, what a figure Nancy and her *ursus major* will make together; and how will they glitter and shine to the wonder of all beholders!

Then she must make a brighter appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too: for why? She has three thousand *satellites*, or little stars in her train more than Polly can pretend to. Won't there be a fine twinkling and sparkling, think you, when the greater and lesser bear-stars are joined together?

But excuse me, dear Mrs. B this saucy girl has vexed me just now, by her ill-natured tricks; and I am even with her, having thus vented my spite, though she knows nothing of the matter.

So, fancy you see Polly Darnford abandoned by her own fault her papa angry at her; her mamma pitying her, and calling her vil

ıy girl; Mr. Murray, who is a rough lover, growling over his mistress, as a dog over a bone he fears to lose; Miss Nancy, putting on her prudish pleasantry snarling out a kind word, and breaking through her sullen gloom, for a smile now and then in return; and I laughing at both in my sleeve, and thinking I shall soon get leave to attend you in town, which will be better than twenty humble servants of Mr. Murray's cast: or, if I can't, that I shall have the pleasure of your correspondence here, and enjoy, unrivalled, the favour of my dear parents, which this ill-tempered girl is always envying me.

Forgive all this nonsense. I was willing to write something, though worse than nothing, to shew how desirous I am to oblige you, had I a capacity or subject, as you have. But nobody can love you better, or admire you more; of this you may be assured, (however unequal in all other respects) than your

POLLY DARNFORD.

I send you up some of your papers for the good couple in Kent. Pray, pay my respects to them: and beg they'll let me have 'em again as soon as they can, by your conveyance.

Our Stamford friends desire their kindest respects; they mention you with delight in every letter.

LETTER XXXII.

The Journal continued.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY EVENING.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I AM returned from a very busy ay, having had no less than fourteen of our neighbors, gentlemen nd ladies, to dinner: the occasion, *rincipally, to welcome our noble* guests into these parts; Mr. B. having, as I mentioned before, turned the intended visit into an entertainment, after his usual generous manner.—He and Lord Davers are gone part of the way with them home; and Lord Jackey, mounted with his favourite Colbrand, as an escort to the countess and Lady Davers, who are taking an airing in the chariot. They offered to take the coach, if I would have gone; but being fatigued, I desired to be excused. So I retired to my closet; and Miss Darnford, who is seldom out of my thoughts, coming into my mind, I had a new recruit of spirits, which enabled me to resume my pen, and thus I proceed with my journal.

Our company was, the Earl and Countess of D, who are so fashionable a married couple, that the earl made it his boast, and his countess bore it like one accustomed to such treatment, that he had not been in his lady's company an hour abroad before for seven years. You know his lordship's character: every body does; and there is not a worse, as reports says, in the peerage.

Sir Thomas Atkyns, a single gentleman, not a little finical and ceremonious, and a mighty beau, though of the twadry sort, and affecting foreign airs; as if he was afraid it would not be judged by any other mark that he had travelled.

Mr. Arthur and his lady, a moderately happy couple, who seem always, when together, to behave as if upon a compromise; that is, that each should take it in turn to say free things of the other, though some of their freedoms are of so cutting a nature, that it looks as if they intended to divert the company at their own expense. The lady, being of a noble family, strives to let every one know the

she values herself not a little upon that advantage: but otherwise has many good qualities.

Mr. Brooks and his lady. He is a free joker on serious subjects, but a good-natured man, and says sprightly things with no ill grace: the lady a little reserved, and haughty, though to-day was freer than usual; as was observed at table by

Lady Towers, who is maiden lady of family, noted for her wit and repartee, and who says many good things, with so little doubt and really so good a grace, that one cannot help being pleased with her. This lady is generally gallanted by

Mr. Martin of the Grove, so called, to distinguish him from a rich citizen of that name, settled in these parts, but being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the gentry in their visits or parties of pleasure.

Mr. Dormer, one of a very courteous demeanour, a widower, was another, who always speaks well of his deceased lady and of all the sex for her sake. Mr. Chapman and his lady, a well-behaved couple, not ashamed to be very tender and observing to each other, but without that censurable fondness which sits so ill upon some married folks in company.

Then there was the dean, our good minister, whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest; and his daughter, who came to supply her mamma's place, who was indisposed; a well-behaved prudent young lady. And here were our fourteen guests.

The Countess of C., Lord and Lady Davers, Mr. H. my dear Mr B. and your humble servant, made up the rest of the company. Thus we had a capacious and brilliant *circle; and* all the avenues to the *house* were crowded with their *equipages.*

The subjects of discourse at dinner were various, as you may well suppose; and the circle was too large to fall upon any regular or very remarkable topics. A good deal of sprightly wit, however, flew about, between the Earl of D. Lady Towers, and Mr. Martin, in which that lord suffered as he deserved; for he was no match for the lady, especially as the presence of the dean was a very visible restraint upon him, and Mr. Brooks too: so much awe will the character of a good clergyman always have upon even forward spirits where he is known to have had an inviolable regard to it himself.- Besides, the good gentleman has, naturally, a genteel and inoffensive vein of raillery, and so was too hard for them at their own weapons. But after dinner, and the servants being withdrawn, Mr. Martin singled me out, as he loved to do, for a subject of encomium, and made some high compliments to my dear Mr. B. upon his choice; and wished, (as he often does) he could find just such another for himself.

Lady Towers told him it was a thing as unaccountable as it was unreasonable, that every rake who loved to destroy virtue, should expect to be rewarded with it: and if his brother B. had come off so well, she thought no one else ought to expect it.

Lady Davers said, it was a very just observation: and she thought it a pity there was not a law, that every man who made a harlot of an honest woman, should be obliged to marry one of another's making.

Mr. B. said, that would be too severe; it would be punishment enough, if he was to marry his own; and especially if he had not seduced her under promise of marriage.

Then you'd have a man be obliged to stand to his promise, I suppose, Mr. B?' replied Lady Davers. 'Yes, madam.'—'But,' said she, 'the proof would be difficult perhaps: and the most unguilty heart of our sex might be least able to make it out.—But what say you my lord D.; will you, and my Lord Davers join to bring a bill into the House of Peers, for the purposes I mentioned? I fancy my brother would give it all the assistance he could in the Lower House.'

'Indeed,' said Mr. B. 'If I may be allowed to speak in the plural number, *we* must not pretend to hold an argument on this subject. What say you, Mr. H.? Which side are you of?'—'Every gentleman,' replied he, 'who is not of the ladies' side, is deemed a criminal; and I was always of the side that had the power of the gallows.'

'That shews,' returned Lady Towers, 'that Mr. H. is more afraid of the *punishment*, than of deserving it.'—'Tis well,' said Mr B. 'that any consideration deters a man of Mr. H.'s time of life. What may be *fear* now, may improve to *virtue* in time.'

'Ay,' said Lady Davers, 'Jackey is one of his uncle's *foxes*; he'd be glad to snap up a straggling pullet, if he was not well looked after, perhaps.'—'Pray, my dear,' said Lord Davers, 'forbear; you ought not to introduce two different conversations into different companies.'

'Well, but,' said Lady Arthur, 'since you seem to have been so hard put to it, as *single* men, what's to be done with the married man who ruins an innocent body? What punishment, Lady Towers, shall we find out for such an one; and what reparation to the injured?' This was said with a particular view to the earl, on a late scandalous occasion; as I afterwards found.

'As to the punishment of the gentleman,' replied Lady Towers, 'where the law is not provided for it, it must be left, I believe, to his conscience. It will then one day be heavy enough. But as to the reparation to the woman, so far as can be made, it will be determinable as the unhappy person *may* or may *not* know, that her seducer is a married man; if she knows he is, I think she neither deserves redress nor pity, though it elevate not *his* guilt. But if the case be otherwise, and *she* had no means of informing herself that he was married, and he promised to make her his wife, to be sure, though *she* cannot be acquitted, *he* deserves the severest punishment that can be inflicted?'—What say you, Mrs. B.?'

'If I must speak, I think that since custom now exacts so little regard to virtue from men, and so much from women, and since the designs of the former upon the latter are so flagrantly avowed and known, the poor creature, who suffers herself to be seduced, either by a single or married man, with promises, or without, has only to sequester herself from the world, and devote the rest of her days to penitence and obscurity. As to the gentleman,' added I, 'he must, I doubt be left to his conscience, as you say, Lady Towers, which he will one day have enough to do to pacify.'

'Every young lady has not your angelic perfection, Madam,' said Mr. Dormer. 'And there are cases in which the fair sex deserve compassion, ours execration. Love may insensibly steal upon a soft heart; when once admitted, the oaths, vows, and protestations of the favored object, who declaims against the deceivers of his sex,

confirm her good opinion of him, till having lull'd asleep her vigilance, in an unguarded hour he takes advantage of her unsuspecting innocence. Is not such a poor creature to be pitied? And what punishment does not such a seducer deserve?'

'You have put, Sir,' said I 'a moving case, and in a generous manner. What, indeed, does not such a deceiver deserve?'—'And the more,' said Mrs. Chapman, 'as the most innocent heart is generally the most credulous.'—'Very true,' said my countess; 'for such an one as would do no harm to others, seldom suspects any from others; and her lot is very unequally cast; admired for that very innocence which tempts some brutal savage to ruin it.'—'Yet, what is that virtue,' said the dean, which cannot stand the test?

'But,' said Lady Towers, very satirically, 'whither, ladies, are we got? We are upon the subject of virtue and honor. Let us talk of something in which the gentlemen can join with us. This is such an one, you see, that none but the dean and Mr. Dormer can discourse upon.'—'Let us then,' retorted Mr. Martin, 'to be even with one lady at least find a subject that will be new to her: and that is charity.'

'Does what I said concern Mr. Martin more than any other gentleman,' returned Lady Towers, 'That he is disposed to take offence at it?'

'You must pardon me, Lady Towers,' said Mr. B. 'but I think a lady should never make a motion to wave such subjects as those of virtue and honor; and less still, in company, where there is so much occasion, as she seems to think, for enforcing them.'

'*I desire* not to wave the subject, *I'll* assure you,' replied she. *And if, Sir,* you think it may do good, we will continue it for the sakes of all you gentlemen,' (looking round her archly) 'who are of opinion you may be benefited by it.'

A health to the king and royal family, brought on public affairs and politics; and the ladies withdrawing to coffee and tea, I have no more to say to this conversation, having repeated all that I remember was said to any purpose.

SATURDAY MORNING.

THE countess being a little indisposed, Lady Davers and I took an airing this morning in the chariot, and had a long discourse together. Her ladyship was pleased to express great favor and tenderness towards me; gave me much good advice, as to the care she would have me take of myself; and told me, that her hopes, as well as her brother's, all centered in my welfare; and that the way I was in made her love me better and better.

She was pleased to tell me, how much she approved of the domestic management; and to say, that she never saw such regularity and method in any family in her life, where was the like number of servants: every one, she said, knew their duty, and did it without speaking too, in such silence, and with so much apparent cheerfulness and delight, without the least hurry or confusion, that it was her surprise and admiration: but kindly would have it that I took too much care upon me. 'Yet,' said she, 'I don't see but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tired or fatigued; and are always dressed and easy, so that no company find you unprepared, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to breakfast or dinner.'

I told her ladyship, I owed a

this and most of the conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear brother, who, at the beginning of my happiness, gave me several cautions and instructions for my behavior; which had been the rule of my conduct ever since, and I hoped ever would be: —'To say nothing,' added I, 'which yet would be very unjust, of the assistance I received from worthy Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent manager.'

Good Creature, Sweet Pamela, and Charming Girl, were her common words; and she was pleased to attribute to me a graceful and unaffected ease, and that I have a natural dignity in my person and behavior, which at once command love and reverence; so that, my dear Miss Darnford, I am in danger of being proud. For you must believe, that her ladyship's approbation gives me great pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have come off near so well in her opinion. As the chariot passed along she took great notice of the respects paid me by people of different ranks, and of the blessings bestowed upon me by several, as we proceeded; and said she should fare well, and be rich in good wishes, for being in my company.

'The good people who know us will do so, Madam,' said I; 'but I had rather have their silent prayers than their audible ones: and I have caused some of them to be told so. What I apprehend is, that you will be more uneasy tomorrow, when at church you'll see a good many people in the same way. Indeed my story, and your dear brother's tenderness to me, are so much talked of, that many strangers are brought hither to see us: 'tis the only thing, continued I, (and so it is, Miss) 'that makes me desirous to go to London; for by the time we return, the novelty, I hope, will cease.'

Then I mentioned some verses of Mr. Cowley, which were laid under my cushion in our seat at church, two Sundays ago, by some unknown hand; and how uneasy they have made me. I will transcribe them, my dear, and give you the particulars of our conversation on that occasion. The verses are these:

Thou robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights.
Ah! lovely thief! what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heaven too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to GOD, and end them all to thee.

No, to what purpose should I speak?
No, wretched heart, swell till you break.
She cannot love me, if she would,
And, to say truth, 'twere a pity that she should.
No, to the grave thy sorrow bear,
'As silent as they will be there,
'Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
'So handsomely the thing contrive
'That she may guiltless of it live;
'So petish, that her killing thee
'May a chance-medley, and no murder be!'

I had them in my pocket and read them to my lady, who asked me if her brother had seen them! I told her it was he that found them under the cushion I used to sit upon; but did not show them to me till I came home; and that I was so vexed at them, that I could not go to church in the afternoon.

'What should you be vexed at, my dear?' said she: 'how could you help it? My brother was not disturbed at them, was he?'—'No indeed," replied I: 'he chid me for being so; and was pleased to make me a fine compliment upon it; that he did not wonder that every body who saw me loved me. But I said, this was all that wicked wit is good for, to inspire such bold

ness in bad hearts, which might otherwise not dare to set pen to paper to affront any one. 'But pray, Madam,' added I, 'don't own I have told you of them, lest the least shadow of a thought should arise, that I was prompted by some vile secret vanity, to tell your ladyship of them, when I am sure, they have vexed me more than enough. For is it not a sad thing, that the church should be profaned by such actions, and such thoughts, as ought not to be brought into it? Then, Madam, to have any wicked man dare to think of one with impure notions! It gives me the less opinion of myself, that I should be so much as thought of as the object of any wicked body's wishes. I have called myself to account upon it, whether any levity in my looks, my dress, my appearance, could embolden such an offensive insolence. And I have thought upon this occasion better of Julius Cæsar's delicacy than I did when I read of it; who, upon an attempt made on his wife, to which, however, it does not appear she gave the least encouragement, said to those who pleaded for her against the divorce he was resolved upon, that the wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected.—Indeed Madam,' continued I, 'it would extremely shock me, but to know that any wicked heart had conceived a design upon me; upon *me*, give me leave to repeat, whose only glory and merit is, that I have had the grace to withstand the greatest of trials and temptations, from a gentleman more worthy to be beloved, both for person and mind, than any man in England.'

Your observation, my dear, is truly delicate, and such as becomes your mind and character. And I *really* think, if any lady in the *world* is secure from vile attempts, *must be* you; not only from your story, so well known, and the love you bear to your man, and his merit to you, but from the prudence and natural dignity, I will say, of your behavior, which, though easy and cheerful, is what would strike dead the hope of any presumptuous libertine the moment he sees you.'

'How can I enough,' returned I, and kissed her hand, 'acknowledge your ladyship's polite goodness in this compliment! But, my lady, you see by the very instance I have mentioned, that a liberty is taken, which I cannot think of without pain.'

'I am pleased with your delicacy, my dear, as I said before. You can never err, whilst thus watchful over your conduct; and I own you have the more reason for it, as you have married a mere Julius Cæsar, an open eyed rake,' (that was her word) 'who would, on the least surmises, though ever so causeless on your part, have all his passions up in arms, in fear of liberties being offered like those he has not scrupled to take.'—'O but, Madam,' said I, 'he has given me great satisfaction in one point; for you must think I should not love him as I ought, if I had not a concern for his future happiness, as well as for his present; and that is, he has assured me, that in all the liberties he has taken, he never attempted a married lady, but always abhorred the thought of so great an evil.' 'Tis a pity,' said her ladyship that a man who could conquer his passion so far, could not subdue them entirely. This shews it was in his own power to do so; and increases his crime: and what a wretch is he, who scrupling, under pretence of conscience, of honor, to attempt ladies within the pale, boggles not to ruin a poor creature without; although he knows he thereby, most probably, for ever deprived her of that protection, by preven-

ing her marriage, which even among such rakes as himself, is deemed, he owns, inviolable; and so casts the poor creature headlong into the jaws of perdition.'

'Ah! Madam,' replied I, 'this was the very inference I made upon the occasion.'—'And what could he say?'—'He said, my inference was just; but called me pretty preacher;—and once having cautioned me not to be over-serious to him, so as to cast a gloom, as he said, over our innocent enjoyments, I never dare to urge matters farther, when he calls me by that name.'

'Well,' said my lady, 'thou'rt an admirable girl! God's goodness was great to our family, when it gave thee to it. No wonder,' continued she, 'as my brother says, every body that sees you and has heard your character, loves you. And this is some excuse for the inconsiderate folly even of this unknown transcriber.'—'Ah! Madam,' replied I, 'but is it not a sad thing, that people, if they must take upon them to like one's behavior in general, should have the worst, instead of the best thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I ought to be, and as some think me, must they wish to make me bad for that reason?

Her ladyship was pleased to kiss me as we sat. 'My charming Pamela, my more than sister.'—(Did she say?)—Yes, she did say so! and made my eyes overflow with joy to hear the sweet epithet. 'How your conversation charms me!—I charge you, when you get to town, let me have your remarks on the diversions you will be carried to by my brother. Now I know what to expect from you, and you know how acceptable every thing from you will be to me, I promise great pleasure, as well to myself as to my worthy friends, particularly to Lady Betty, in your unrestrained free correspondence.—Indeed, Pamela, I must bring you acquainted with Lady Betty: she is one of the worthies of our sex, and has a fine understanding.—I'm sure you'll like her.—But (for the world say it not to my brother, nor let lady Betty know I tell you so, if ever you should be acquainted) I had carried the matter so far by my officious zeal to have my brother married to so fine a lady, not doubting his joyful approbation, that it was no small disappointment to her, when he married you: and this is the best excuse I can make for my furious behavior to you at the Hall For though I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost mad.—Indeed my disappointment had given me so much indignation both against you and him, that is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you did feel the weight of my hand: but what was that? 'Twas well I did not kill you dead.' These were her ladyship's words—'For how could I think the wild libertine capable of being engaged by such noble motives, or thee what thou art!—So this will account to thee a little for my violence.'

'Your ladyship,' said I, 'all these things considered, had but too much reason to be angry at your dear brother's proceedings, so well as you always loved him, so high a concern as you always had to promote his honor and interest, and so far as you had gone with Lady Betty.'

'I tell thee, Pamela, that the old story of Eleanor and Rosamond run in my head all the way of my journey, and I almost wished for a potion to force down my throat: when I found my rude paramour absent, (for little did I think thou wast married to him, though I expected thou wouldst try to persuade

a demonstration of her guilt; and then," thought I, "I will make the creature provoke me in the presence of my nephew and my woman," (and I hoped to have got that woman Jewkes to testify for me too,) 'and I cannot tell what I might have done, if thou hadst not escaped out of the window, especially after telling me thou wast as much married as I was, and hadst shown me his tender letter to thee, which had a quite different effect upon me than you expected. But if I had committed any act of violence, what remorse should I have had on reflection, and knowing what an excellence I had injured! Thank God thou disdst escape me!' And then her ladyship folded her arms about me and kissed me.

This was a sad story, you'll say, my dear: and I wonder what her ladyship's passion would have made her do! Surely she would not have killed me dead! Surely she would not!—Let it not, however, Miss Darnford—nor you, my dear parents—

compelled your return; for I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, although but with the talk of your woman and mine. For here they have been giving me such an account of Mrs. B.'s economy, and family management, as has highly delighted me. I never knew the like; and in so young a lady too.—We shall have strange reformations to make in our families, Lady Davers, when we go home, were we to follow so good an example.—Why, my dear Mrs. B.' continued her ladyship, 'you out-do all your neighbors. And indeed I am glad I live so far from you:—for were I to try to imitate you, it would still be but imitation, and you'd have the honor of it.'—'Yet you hear, and you see by yesterday's conversation,' said Lady Davers, 'how much her best neighbors, of both sexes, admire her: they all yield to her the palm, unenvying.'—'Then, my good ladies, said I, 'it is a sign I have most excellent neighbors, full of generosity, and willing to encourage a young peson in doing right things: so it makes, considering what I was, more for their honor than my own. For what censures should not such a one as I deserve, who have not been educated to fill up my time like ladies of condition, were I not to employ myself as I do? I, who have so little other merit, and who brought no fortune at all.'—'Come, come, Pamela, none of your self-denying ordinances,' that was Lady Davers's word; 'you must know something of your own excellence: if you do not, I'll tell it you, because there is no fear you will be proud or vain upon it; I don't see, then, that there is the lady in yours, or any neighborhood, that behaves with more decorum, or better keeps up the part of a lady, *than you do. How you manage* it, I can't tell; but you do as much by a look, and a pleasant one too, that's the rarity! as I do by high words, and passionate exclamations: I have often nothing but blunder upon blunder, as if the wretches were in a confederacy to to try my patience.'—'Perhaps,' said I, 'the awe they have of your ladyship, because of your high qualities, makes them commit blunders; for I myself was always more afraid of appearing before your ladyship, when you have visited your honored mother, than of any body else, and have been the more sensibly awkward through that very awful respect.'—'Psha, psha, Pamela, that is not it: 'tis all in yourself. I used to think my mamma, and my brother too, had as awkward servants as ever I saw any where—except Mrs. Jervis—Well enough for a batchelor, indeed!—But, here!—thou has not parted with one servant—Hast thou?'—'No, Madam.'—'How!' said the countess; 'what excellence is here!—All of them, pardon me, Mrs. B. your fellow-servants, as one may say, and all of them so respectful, so watchful of your eye; and you, at the same time, so gentle to them, so easy, so cheerful.'

Don't you think me, my dear, insufferably vain! But 'tis what they were pleased to say. 'Twas their goodness to me, and shewed how much they can excel in generous politeness. So I will proceed. 'Why this,' continued the countess, 'must be born dignity—born discretion—Education cannot give it:—if it could, why should not we have it?'

The ladies said many more kind things of me then; and after dinner they mentioned all over again, with additions, before my best friend, who was kindly delighted with the encomiums given me by

work, in paying or receiving visits, in music, and I can't tell how many other qualifications, which they were pleased to attribute to me, over and above the family management: saying, that I had an understanding which comprehended every thing, and an eye that penetrated into the very bottom of matters in a moment, and never was at a loss for the *should be*, the *why* or *wherefore*, and the *how*—those were their comprehensive words; that I did every thing with celerity, clearing all as I went, and left nothing, they observed, to come over again, that could be dispatched at once: by which means, they said, every hand was clear to undertake a new work, as well as my own head to direct it; and there was no hurry nor confusion: but every coming hour was fresh and ready, and unincumbered (so they said,) for its new employment; and to this they attributed that ease and pleasure with which every thing was performed, and that I could do and cause to be done, so much

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aid Mr. H. laughing. The countess smiled. Lady Davers shook er head at her brother, and said her nephew, 'Thou'rt a good-atured foolish fellow, that thou rt.'—'For what, Madam! Why ie word foolish aunt? What ave I said now?'

'Nothing to any purpose, inced,' said she; 'when thou dost, 'll write it down.'—'Then, Madm,' said he, 'have your pen and ink always about you, when I am resent; and put that down to bein with!' This made every one ugh. 'What a happy thing it is,' ought I, 'that good nature genrally accompanies this character; lse, how would some people be apportable?'

But here I'll break off. 'Tis me, you'll say. But you know whom I write, as well as to ourself, and they'll be pleased ith all my silly scribble. So exse one part for that, and another r friendship's sake, and then I all be wholly excusable to eu.

Now the trifler again resumes er pen. I am in some pain, Miss, r tomorrow, because of the rules e observe of late in our family on undays, and of going through a owd to church; which will afrd new scenes to our noble visirs, either for censure or otherise: but I will sooner be censured r doing what I think my duty, an for the want of it; and so will nit nothing that we have been customed to do.

I hope I shall not be thought riculous, or as one who aims at orks of supererogation, for what think is very short of my duty. ome order, surely, becomes the ads of families; and besides, it ould be discrediting one's own actice, if one did not appear at e time what one does at another For that which is a reason for discontinuing a practice for some company, would seem to be a reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a family visiting and visited as ours. And I remember well a hint given me by my dearest friend once on another subject, that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself, after a while, and persons to see what is one's way, and that one is not to be put out of it. But my only doubt is, that to ladies, who have not been accustomed perhaps to the necessary strictness, I should make myself censurable, as if I aimed at too much perfection: for, however one's duty is one's duty, and ought not to be dispensed with, yet, when a person, who uses to be remiss, sees so hard a task before them, and so many great points to get over, all to be more than tolerably regular, it is rather apt to frighten and discourage, than to allure: and one must proceed, as I have read soldiers do, in a difficult siege, inch by inch, and be more studious to entrench and fortify themselves, as they go on gaining upon the enemy, than by rushing all at once upon an attack of the place, be repulsed, and perhaps obliged with great loss to abandon a hopeful enterprise. And permit me to add, that young as I am, I have often observed, that overgreat strictness all at once enjoined and insisted upon, are not fit for a beginning reformation, but for stronger christians only; and therefore generally do more harm than good.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear friend?—Excuse me; for this is Saturday night: and as it was a very good method which the ingenious authors of the Spectator took, generally to treat their more serious subjects on this day; so I think one should, when one can,

not only permits, but en-
courages me to take, in the famil
he leaves to my care, as to th
Sunday duty.

The worthy dean, at my request and by my beloved's permission, recommended to me, as a sort of family chaplain, for Sundays, a young gentleman of great sobriety and piety, and sound principles, who having but lately taken orders, has at present no other provision. And this gentleman comes, and reads prayers to us about seven in the morning, in the lesser hall, as we call it, a retired apartment, next the little garden; for we have no chapel with us here, as in your neighborhood; and this generally, with some suitable exhortation or meditation out of some good book, which he is so kind as to let me choose now-and-then, when I please, takes up little more than half an hour. We have a great number of servants of both sexes: and myself, Mrs. Jervis, and Polly Barlow, are generally in a little closet, which, when we open

diance in my countenance, as gives him double pleasure to behold me; and often tells me, that but for appearing too fond before company, he could meet me as I enter, with embraces as pure as my own heart.

I hope in time I shall prevail upon the dear man to give me his company. But, thank God, I am enabled to go thus far already! I will leave the rest to his providence. For I have a point very delicate to touch upon in this particular; and I must take care not to lose the ground I have gained, by too precipitately pushing at too much at once. This is my comfort, that next to being uniform himself, is that permission and encouragement he gives me to be so, and his pleasure in seeing me so delighted—and besides, he always gives me his company to church. O how happy should I think myself, if he would be pleased to accompany me to the divine office, which yet he has not done, though I have urged him as much as I durst. Mrs. Jervis asked me on Saturday evening, if I would be concerned to see a larger congregation in the lesser hall next morning than usual? I answered, 'No, by no means,' She said, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley (the two ladies' women) and Mr. Sidney, my lord Davers's gentleman, and Mr. H.'s servant, and the coachmen and footmen belonging to our noble visiters, who are, she says, all great admirers of our family management and good order, having been told our method, begged to join in it. I knew I should be a little dashed at so large a company; but the men being orderly for lords' servants, and Mrs. Jervis assuring me that they were very earnest in their request, I consented to it.

When, at the usual time, (with my Polly) I went down, I found Mr. Adams here (to whom I made my first compliments,) and every one of our own people waiting for me, Mr. Colbrand excepted (whom Mr. H. had kept up late the night before,) together with Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, and Mr. Sidney, with the servants of our guests, who, as also worthy Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Jonathan, paid me their respects: and I said, 'This is early rising, Mrs. Lesley and Mrs. Worden; you are very kind to countenance us with your companies in this our family order. Mr. Sidney, I am glad to see you. How do you do, Mr. Longman?' and looked round with complacency on the servants of our noble visiters. And then I led Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley to my little retiring place, and Mrs. Jervis and my Polly followed; and throwing the door open, Mr. Adams began some select prayers; and he reads with great emphasis and propriety, as if his heart was in what he read, all the good folks were exceedingly attentive. After prayers, Mr. Adams read a meditation, from a collection made for private use, which I shall more particularly mention by and by; and ending with the usual benediction, I thanked the worthy gentlemen, and gently chid him in Mr. B.'s name, for his modesty in declining our table; and thanking Mr. Longman, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley, received their kind wishes, and hastened, blushing through their praises, to my chamber, where, being alone, I pursued the subject for an hour, till breakfast was ready, when I attended the ladies, and my best beloved, who had told them of the verses placed under my cushion at church. We set out, my Lord and Lady Davers, and myself, and Mr. H. in our coach, and Mr. B. and the countess in the chariot; both ladies and

[illegible] are charming in every dress.'

The chariot first drawing up to the church door, Mr. B. led the countess into church. My Lord Davers did me that honor; and Mr. H. handed his aunt through a crowd of gazers, many of whom, as usual, were strangers. The neighboring gentlemen and their ladies paid us their silent respects; but the thoughts of the wicked verses, or rather, as Lady Davers will have me say, wicked action of the transcriber of them, made me keep behind the pew; but my lady sat down beside me, and whisperingly talked between whiles, to me, with great tenderness and freedom in her aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I knew she intended by it, to shew every one she was pleased with me.

Afterwards she was pleased to add, taking my hand, and Mr. B. and the countess heard her (for she raised her voice to an audible whisper,) 'I'm proud to be in thy company, and in this solemn place, I take thy hand, and [illegible]

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more, however, to admire your lady, I can tell you that, than your wine.—Get into your coaches, ladies,' said he, with his usual freedom; 'our maiden and widow ladies have a fine time of it, wherever you come: by my faith they must every one of them quit this neighborhood, if you were to stay in it: but all their hopes are, that while you are in London, they'll have the game in their own hands.' '*Sister*,' said Lady Davers, most kindly to me, in presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gathered near us, 'Mr. Martin is the same gentleman he used to be, I see.'

'Mr. Martin, Madam,' said I, smiling, 'has but one fault: he is too apt to praise whom he favors, at the expense of his absent friends.'

'I am always proud of your reproofs, Mrs. B.' replied he.—'Ay, said Lady Towers, 'that I believe. —And, therefore, I wish, for all our sakes, you'd take him oftener to task, Mrs. B.'

Lady Towers, Lady Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mr. Martin, all claimed visits from us; and Mr. B. making excuses, that he must husband his time, being obliged to go to town soon, proposed to breakfast with Lady Towers the next morning, dine with Mrs. Arthur and sup with Mrs. Brooks: and as there cannot be a more social and agreeable neighborhood any where, his proposal, after some difficulty, was accepted; and our usual visiting neighbors were all to have notice accordingly, at each of the places.

I saw Sir Thomas Atkyns coming towards us, and fearing to be stifled with compliments, I said—'Your servant, ladies and gentlemen; and giving my hand to Lord Davers, stept into the chariot instead of the coach; for people that would avoid bustle, sometimes make it. Finding my mistake, I would have come out, but my lord said, 'Indeed you shan't, for I'll step in, and have you all to myself.'

Lady Davers smiled—'Now,' said she, (while the coach drew up) 'is my Lord Davers pleased; but I see, sister, you were tired with part of your company in the coach.' ''Tis well contrived, my dear,' said Mr. B. 'as long as you have not deprived me of this honor:' taking the countess's hand, and leading her into the coach.

Will you excuse all this impertinence, my dear?—I know my father and mother will be pleased with it; and you will therefore bear with me; for their kind hearts will be delighted to hear every minute thing in relation to Lady Davers and myself.

When Mr. Martin came in the evening with his friend, (who is Sir William G. a polite young gentleman of Lincolnshire) he told us of the praises lavished away upon me by several genteel strangers; one saying to his friend, he had travelled twenty miles to see me.—My Lady Davers was praised too for her goodness to me, and the gracefulness of her person; the countess for the noble serenity of her aspect, and that charming ease and freedom which distinguished her birth and quality. My dear Mr. B. he said, was greatly admired too; but he would not make him proud: for he had superiorities enough already, that was his word, over his neighbors: 'But I can tell you,' said he, 'that for most of your praises you are obliged to your lady, and for having rewarded her excellence as you have done: for one gentleman added he, 'said, he knew no one but you could deserve her; and he believed you did, from that tenderness in your behavior to her, and

from tha. grandeur of air, and majesty of person, that seemed to show you formed for her protector, as well as rewarder.—Get you gone to London, both of you,' said he. 'I did not intend to tell you, Mrs. B. what was said of you.'

The women of the two ladies had acquainted their ladyships with the order I observed for the day, and the devout behavior of the servants. And about seven, I withdrawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised as I was going through the great hall, to be joined by both.

'I shall come at all your secrets Pamela,' said my lady, 'and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know whither you are going.'

'My good ladies,' said I, 'pardon me for leaving you. I will attend you in half an hour.'

'No, my dear,' said Lady Davers, 'the countess and I have resolved to attend you for that half hour, and we will return to the company together.

'Is it not descending too much, my ladies, as to the company?'—'If it is for us, it is for you,' said the countess; 'so we will either act up to you, or make you come down to us; and we will judge of all your proceedings.'

Every one, but Abraham (who attended the gentlemen,) and all their ladyships' servants, and their two women, were there; which pleased me, however, because it showed that even the strangers, by this their second voluntary attendance, had no ill opinion of the service. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see the ladies accompany me.

I stept up to Mr. Adams—'I was in hopes, Sir,' said I, 'we *should* have been favored with *your company* at our table.' He *bowed*.—'Well, Sir,' said I, 'these ladies come to be obliged to you for your good offices; and you'll have no better way of letting them return their obligations, than to sup, though you would not dine with them.'—'Mr. Longman,' said my lady, 'how do you do?—We are come to be witnesses of the family decorum.'—'We have a blessed lady, Madam,' said he; 'and your ladyship's presence augments our joys.'

I should have said, we were not at church in the afternoon; and when I do not go, we have the evening service read to us, as it is at church; which Mr. Adams performed now, with his usual distinctness and fervor.

When all was concluded, I said, 'Now, my dearest ladies, excuse me for the sake of the delight I take in seeing all my good folks about me in this decent and obliging manner.—Indeed, I have no ostentation in it, if I know my own heart.'

The countess and Lady Davers delighted to see such good behavior in every one, sat a moment or two looking upon one another in silence: and then my Lady Davers took my hand: 'Beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of husbands, what a blessing art thou to this family!'—'And to every family,' said the countess, 'who have the happiness to know, and the grace to follow, her example!'—'But where,' said Lady Davers, 'collectedst thou all this good sense, and fine spirit in thy devotion?'—'The Bible,' said I, 'is the foundation of all.'—Lady Devers then turning herself to Mrs. Jervis—'How do you do, good woman?' said she. 'Why you are now made ample amends for the love you bore to this dear creature formerly.'

'You have an angel, and not a woman, for your lady, my good

Mrs. Jervis, said the countess. Mrs. Jervis, folding her uplifted hands together—'O my good lady you know not our happiness; no, not one half of it. We were before blessed with plenty, and a bountiful indulgence, by our good master; but our plenty brought on wantonness and wranglings; but now we have peace as well as plenty; and peace of mind, my dear lady, in doing all in our respective powers, to show ourselves thankful creatures to God, and to the best of masters and mistresses.'

'Good soul!' said I, and was forced to put my handkerchief to my eyes: 'your heart is always overflowing thus with gratitude and praises, for what you so well merit from us.'

Mr. Longman,' said my lady, assuming a sprightly air, although her eye twinkled, to keep within its lids the precious water, that sprang from a noble and well affected heart, 'I am glad to see you here, attending your pious young lady.—Well might you love her, honest man!—I did not know there was so excellent a creature in any rank.'

'Madam,' said the other worthy heart, unable to speak but in broken sentences, 'You don't know—indeed you don't, what a—what a—hap—happy—family we are! Truly, we are like unto Alexander's soldiers, every one fit to be a general; so well do we all know our duties, and practice them too, let me say.—Nay, and please your ladyship, we all of us long till morning comes, thus to attend my lady; and after that is past, we long for evening, for the same purpose: for she is good to us—You cannot think how good she is! But permit your honored father's old servant to say one word more, that *though we are always* pleased and joyful on these occasions; yet we are in transports to see our master's noble sister thus favoring us—with your ladyship too,' (to the countess) 'and approving our young lady's conduct and piety,'

'Blessing on you all!' said my lady, 'Let us go, sister, for I cannot stop any longer!'

As I slid by, following their ladyships—'How do you do, Mr. Colbrand? said I, softly: 'I feared you were not well in the morning.' He bowed—'Pardoned me, Madame—I was leetel indispose dat ish true!'

Now, my dear friend, will you forgive me all this self-praise, as it may seem?—Yet when you know I give it you, and my dear parents, as so many instances of my Lady Davers' reconciliation and goodness to me, and as it will shew what a noble heart she has at bottom, when her pride and quality and her passion have subsided, and her native good sense and excellence taken place, I flatter myself, I may be the rather excused; and especially, as I hope to have your company and countenance one day in this my delightful Sunday employment.

I should have added, for I think a good clergyman cannot be too much respected, that I repeated my request to Mr. Adams, to oblige us with his company at supper; but he so very earnestly begged to be excused, and with so much concern of countenance, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it: though I was sorry for it, sure as I am that modesty is always a sign of merit.

We returned to the gentlemen when supper was ready, as cheerful and easy, Lady Davers observed, as if we had not been present at so solemn a service. 'And this,' said she, after they were gone, 'makes religion so pleasant and

[illegible] ; and there were such preachments against vanities, and for self-denials, that were we to have followed the good man's precepts, (though indeed not his practice, for well did he love his belly) half God Almighty's creatures and works would have been useles, and industry would have banished the earth.

'Then,' added her ladyship, have I heard the good man confess himself guilty of such sins, as, if true, (and by his hiding his face with his broad-brimmed hat, it looked a little bad against him) he ought to have been hanged on a gallows fifty feet high.'

These reflections, as I said, fell from my lady, after the gentlemen were gone, when she recounted to her brother, the entertainment, as she was pleased to call it, I had given her. On which she made high encomiums, as did the countess: and they praised also the natural dignity which they imputed to me, saying, I had taught them a way they never could have found out, to dese[illegible]

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dies cannot bear to sit by neglected, while two lovers are playing pug's tricks with each other.'

'Then,' said he, 'all the preparations to matrimony, the clothes to be bought, the visits to be paid and received, the compliments of friends, the busy novelty of the thing, the day to be fixed, all the little foolish humours and nonsense attending a concluded courtship, when one sister is to engross all the attention and regard, the new equipages, and so forth; these are all subjects of mortification to the other, though she has no great value for the man perhaps.'

'Well, but, Sir,' said I, 'a lady of Miss Darnford's good sense, and good taste, is not to be affected by these parades, and has well considered the matter, no doubt; and I dare say, rejoices, rather than repines, at missing the gentleman.'

I hope you will leave the happy pair (for they are so, if they think themselves so) together, and Sir Simon to rejoice in his accomplished son-in-law elect, and give us your company to London. For who would stay to be vexed by that ill-natured Miss Nancy, as you own you were, at your last writing?—But I will proceed, and the rather, as I have something to tell you of a conversation, the result of which has done me great honour, and given inexpressible delight; of which in its place.

We pursued Mr. B.'s proposal, returning several visits in one day; for we have so polite and agreeable neighborhood, that all seem desirous to accommodate each other.

We came not home till ten in the evening, and then found a letter from Sir Jacob Swynford, uncle by the half blood to Mr. B., acquainting him that hearing his nephew, Lady Davers, was with him, he would be here in a day or two (*being then upon his journey*) to pay a visit to both at the same time. This gentleman is very particularly odd and humoursome: and his eldest son being next heir to the maternal estate, if Mr. B should have no children, was exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me: and would have been better pleased had he not married at all, perhaps.

There never was any cordial love between Mr. B.'s father and him, nor between the uncle, and nephew and niece: for his positiveness, roughness, and self interestedness too, has made him, though very rich, but little agreeable to the generous tempers of his nephew and niece; yet when they meet, which is not above once in four or five years, they are very civil and obliging to him. Lady Davers wondered what could bring him hither now: for he lives in Herefordshire, and seldom stirs ten miles from home. Mr. B. said, he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our nuptials. 'No, rather,' said my lady, 'to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own cubs.'—'Thank God, we are,' said he, 'Whenever I was strongest set against matrimony, the only reason I had to weigh against my dislike to it was, that I was unwilling to leave so large a part of my estate to that family. My dear,' said he to me, 'don't be uneasy; but you'll see a relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine; but no doubt you have heard his character.'

'Ah, Pamela,' said Lady Davers, 'We are a family that value ourselves upon our ancestry; but, upon my word, Sir, Jacob, and all his line, have nothing else to boast of. And I have been often ashamed of my relation to them.'—'No family, I believe, my lady, has every body excellent in it,' replied I: 'but I

I am now, Miss, coming to the conversation I hinted at.

TUESDAY

On Tuesday, Mr. Williams came to pay his respects to his kind patron. I had been to visit a widow gentlewoman, and on my return, went directly to my closet, so knew not of his being here till I came to dinner; for Mr. B. and he were near two hours in discourse in the library. When I came down, Mr. B. presented him to me. 'My friend Mr. Williams, my dear,' said he. 'Mr. Williams, how do you do?' said I; 'I am glad to see you.'

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well; and had longed for an opportunity to pay his respects to his worthy patron and me before: but had been prevented twice when upon the point of setting out. Mr. B. said, 'I have prevailed upon my old acquaintance to reside with us, while he stays in these parts. Do you, my dear, see that every thing is

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'And must I, Sir, speak my mind on such a point, before so many better judges?'

'Yes, sister, said her ladyship (a name she is now pleased to give me freely before strangers, after her dear brother's example, who is kindest, though always kind, at such times) 'you must; if I may be allowed to say must.'—'Why then,' proceeded I, 'I beg leave to ask Mr. Williams one question; that is, whether his present parishioners do not respect and esteem him in that particular manner, which I think every body must, who knows his worth?'

'I am very happy, Madam, in the good-will of all my parishioners, and have great acknowledgments to make for their civilities to me.'—'I don't doubt,' said I, 'but it will be the same wherever you go; for bad as the word is, a prudent and good clergyman will never fail of respect. But Sir, if you think your ministry among them is attended with good effects; if they esteem your person with a preference, and listen to your doctrines with attention; methinks, for their sakes, 'tis pity to leave them, were the living of less value, as it is of more, than the other. For, how many people are there who can benefit by one gentleman's preaching, rather than by another's; although, possibly, the one's abilities may be no way inferior to the other's? There is much in a delivery, as it is called, in a manner, a department, to engage people's attention and liking; and as you are already in possession of their esteem, you are sure to do much of the good you aim and wish to do. For where the flock loves the shepherd, all the work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the tongue of an angel, and let him live the life of a saint, he will be heard with indifference, and, oftentimes, as his subject may be, with disgust.'

I paused here; but every one being silent—'As to the earl's friendship, Sir,' continued I, 'you can best judge what force that ought to have upon you; and what I have mentioned would be the only difficulty with me, were I in Mr. Williams's case. To be sure, it will be a high compliment to his lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better living to oblige him. And he will be bound in honor to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking that a prudent regard to worldly interest misbecomes the character of a good clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the world, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of their hearers; since independency gives a man respect, besides the power of doing good, which will enhance that respect, and of consequence, give greater efficacy to his doctrines.'

'As to strengthening of a good man's influence, a point always to be wished, I would not say so much as I have done, if I had not heard Mr. Longman say, and I heard it with great pleasure, that the benefice Mr. Williams so worthily enjoys is a clear two hundred pounds a year.

'But, after all, does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser income? On the contrary, it is not oftener to be found in a happy competency or mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. B. had five thousand pounds a year added to his present large income, would that increase his happiness? That it would add to his cares, is no question; but could it give him one single comfort which he has not already? And if the dear gentleman had two or three thou-

[illegible] to greater prudence and economy is a misfortune?

'The competency, therefore, the golden mean, is the thing; and I have often considered the matter and endeavored to square my actions by the result of that consideration. For a person who, being not born to an estate, is not satisfied with the competency, will probably know no limits to his desires. One whom an acquisition of one or two hundred pounds a year will not satisfy, will hardly sit down contented with any sum. For although he may propose to himself at a distance, that such and such an acquisition will be the height of his ambition; yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and farther, and know no bound, till the natural one is forced upon him, and his life and his views end together.

'Now let me humbly, beg pardon of you all, ladies and gentlemen,' turning my eyes to each: 'but most of you my good lady.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said Mr. Williams, 'after [illegible]

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'Well,' said Lady Davers, 'I shall always have the highest respect for Mr Williams for a conduct so genteel and so prudent. But, brother, will you—and will you, Mr. Williams—put this whole affair into Mrs. B.'s hands, since you have such testimonies, both of you, of the rectitude of her thinking and acting?'—'With all my heart, Madam,' replied Mr. Williams; 'and I shall be proud of such a direction.'—'What say you brother? You are to suppose the living in your own hands again; will you leave the whole matter to my sister here?'—'Come, my dear,' said Mr. B. 'let us hear how you'd wish it to be ordered. I know you have not need of one moment's consideration, when once you are mistress of a point.'

'Nay,' said Lady Davers, 'that is not the thing. I repeat my demand: shall it be as Mrs. B. lays it out, or not?'—'Conditionally,' said Mr. B. 'provided I cannot give satisfactory reasons why I ought not to conform to her opinion; for this, as I said, is a point of conscience with me; and I made it so, when I presented to Mr. Williams the living: and have not been deceived in that presentation.' 'To be sure,' said I, 'that is very reasonable, Sir; and on that condition, I shall the less hesitate to speak my mind, because I shall be in no danger to commit an irreparable error.'

'I know well, Lady Davers, added Mr B 'the power your sex have over ours, and their subtle tricks: and so will never, in my weakest moments be drawn in to make a blindfold promise. There have been several instances, both in sacred and profane story, of mischiefs done by such surprises: so you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear slut's power over me, and have been taught, by the inviolable regard she pays to her own word, to value mine—And now, Pamela, speak all that is in your heart to say.'

'With your requisite condition in my eye, I will, Sir. But let me see that I state the matter right. And, preparative to it, pray, Mr. Williams, though you have not been long in possession of this living, yet, may be, you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in clear?'

'Madam,' said he, 'by the best calculation I can make—I thank you for it, good Sir—it may, one year with another, be reckoned at three hundred pounds per annum; and is the best within twenty miles of it, having been improved within these two last years'

'If it was five hundred pounds, and would make you happier—(for that, Sir, is the thing) I should wish it you,' said I, 'and think it short of your merits. But pray, Sir, what is the earl's living valued at?'

'At about two hundred and twenty pounds, Madam.'—'Well, then,' replied I, very pertly, 'I believe now I have it.'

'Mr. Williams, for motives, most excellently worthy of his function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. B. his living of three hundred pounds per annum, and to accept of the earl's living of two hundred and twenty. Dear Sir, I am going to be very bold: but under your condition nevertheless:—let the gentleman to whom you shall present the living of E. allow eighty pounds per annum out of it to Mr Williams, till the earl's favor shall make up the difference to him, and no longer. And—but I dare not name the gentleman:—for how, dear Sir, were I to be so bold, shall I part with my chaplain?—'Admirable! most admi-

not hold up his head; but joy danced in his silent countenance, for all that.

Mr. B. having hesitated a few minutes, Lady Davers called out for his objection, or consent, according to condition, and he said, 'I cannot so soon determine as that prompt slut did. I'll withdraw one minute.'

He did so, as I found afterwards to advise, like the considerate and genteel spirit he possesses, with Mr. Williams, whom he beckoned out, and to examine whether he was in earnest willing to give it up, or very desirous for any one to succeed him; saying that if he had, he thought himself obliged in return for his worthy behavior to him, to pay a particular regard to his recommendation. And so being answered as he desired, in they came together again.

But I should say, that his withdrawing with a very serious aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: and I said, 'What shall I do, if I have incurred Mr. B.'s anger by my over-

the deserving; and who now instead of incurring blame, as I had apprehended, found myself applauded by every one, and most by the gentleman whose approbation I chiefly coveted to have: you, I say, will judge how greatly I must be delighted.

But I was still more affected, when Mr. B. directing himself to me, and to Mr. Williams at the same time, was pleased to say, 'Here, my dear, you must thank this good gentleman for enabling you to give such a shining proof of your excellence: and whenever I put power into your hands for the future, act but as you have now done, and it will be impossible that I should have any choice or will but yours.'

'O Sir,' said I pressing his hand with my lips, forgetting how many witnesses I had of my grateful fondness, 'how shall I, oppressed with your goodness, in such a signal instance as this, find words equal to the gratitude of my heart! —but here,' patting my bosom, 'just here, they stick;—and I cannot—'

And, indeed, I could say no more; and Mr. B. in the delicacy of his apprehensiveness for me, led me into the next parlour; and placing himself by me on the settee, said, 'Take care, my best beloved, that the joy, which overflows your dear heart, for having done a beneficent action to a deserving gentleman, does not affect you too much.'

My Lady Davers followed us: 'Where is my angelic sister?' said she. 'I have a share in her next to yourself, my noble brother.' And clasping me to her generous bosom, she ran over with expressions of favor to me, in a style and words, which would suffer, were I to endeavor to repeat them.

Coffee being ready, we returned to the company. My Lord Davers was pleased to make me a great many compliments, and so did Mr. H. after his manner. But the countess exceeded herself in goodness.

Mr. B. was pleased to say, 'It is a rule with me, not to leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day: —and when, my dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr. Adams's good offices in your family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to town with us?

'I had not proposed any thing, Sir, as to that, for I had not asked your kind direction: but the good dean will supply us, I doubt not: and when set out for London, Mr. Adams will be at full liberty, with his worthy friend, Mr. Williams, to pursue the happy scheme your goodness has permitted to take effect.'

'Mr. Adams, my dear, who came so lately from the university, can, perhaps, recommended such another young gentleman as himself, to perform the functions he used to perform in your family.'

I looked, it seems, a little grave; and Mr. B. said, 'What have you to offer, Pamela?—What have I said amiss?'

'Amiss! dear Sir!—'

'Ay, and dear Madam too! I see by your bashful seriousness, in place of that smiling approbation which you always shew when I utter any thing you entirely approve, that I have said something which would rather meet with your acquiescence, than choice. So, as I have often told you none of your reserves; and never hesitate to me your consent in any thing, while you are sure I will conform to your wishes, or pursue my own liking, as either shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard your reasons.'

'Why, then, dear Sir, what I had

our naming, the gentl man?

'Why could not I have thougl of that, as well as you, sauce-box —Lady Davers, I am entirely o your side: I think she deserves slap now from us both.'

'I'll forgive her,' said my lady, 'since I find her sentiments and actions as much a reproof to others as to me.'

'Mr. Williams, did you ever think,' said Mr. B. 'it would have come to this?—Did you ever know such a saucy girl in your life?—Already to give herself these reproaching airs?'—'No, never, if your honor is pleased to call the most excellent lady in the world by such a name, nor any body else.'

'Pamela, I charge you,' said the dear gentleman, 'if you study for it, be sometimes in the wrong, that one may not always be taking lessons from such an assurance; but in our turns, have something to teach you.'

'Then, dear Sir,' said I, 'must I not be a

stiff and formal when he alighted. He strutted about the court-yard in his boots, with his whip in his hand; and though her ladyship went to the great door, in order to welcome him, he turned short, and, whistling, followed the groom into the stable, as if he had been at an inn, only, instead of taking off his hat, pulling its broad brim over his eyes, for a compliment. In she went in a pet, as she says, saying to the countess, 'A surly brute he always was! My uncle! He's more of an ostler than a gentleman; I'm resolved I'll not stir to meet him again. And yet the wretch loves respect from others, though he never practises common civility himself.'

The countess said, she was glad he was come, for she loved to divert herself with such odd characters now-and-then.

And now let me give you a short description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a gentleman he is.

He is about sixty-five years of age, a coarse, strong, big-boned man, with large irregular features; he has a haughty supercilious look, a swaggering gait, and a person not at all bespeaking one's favor in behalf of his mind; and his mind, as you shall hear by and bye, not clearing up those prepossessions in his disfavor, with which his person and features at first strike one. His voice is big and surly; his eyes little and fiery; his mouth large, with yellow and blackish teeth, what are left of them being broken off to a tolerable regular height, looked as if they were ground down to his gums, by constant use. But with all these imperfections, he has an air that sets him somewhat above the mere vulgar, and makes one think half his disadvantages rather owing to his own haughty humour, than to nature; for he seems to be a perfect tyrant at first sight, a man used to prescribe, and not to be prescribed to; and has the advantage of a shrewd penetrating look, but which seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had seen his horses well served, and put on an old-fashioned gold-buttoned coat, which by its freshness shewed he had been very chary of it, a better wig, but in stiff buckle, and a long sword, stuck stiffly, as if through his coat lappets, in he came, and with an imperious air entering the parlour, 'What, nobody come to meet me!' said he; and saluting her ladyship, 'How do you do, niece?' and looked about haughtily, he says, as if he expected to see me. My lady, presenting the countess, said, 'The countess of C. Sir Jacob?'—'Your most obedient humble servant, Madam. I hope his lordship is well.' 'At your service, Sir Jacob.'

'I wish he was,' said he, bluntly; 'he should not have voted as he did last session, I can tell you that.'

'Why, Sir, Jacob,' said she, 'servants, in this free kingdom, don't always do as their masters would have 'em.' 'Mine do, I can tell you that, Madam.'

'Right or wrong, Sir Jacob?'—'It can't be wrong if I command them.'—'Why, truly, Sir Jacob, there's many a private gentleman carries it higher to a servant, than he cares his prince should to him; but I thought, 'till now, it was the king only that could do no wrong.

'But I always take care to be right.'—'A good reason—because, I dare say, you never think you can be in the wrong.'—'Your ladyship should spare me: I'm but just come off a journey. Let me turn myself about, and I'll be up with you, never fear, Madam.—But where's my nephew, Lady

Davers? And where's your Lord? I was told you were all here, and young H. too, upon a very extraordinary occasion; so I was willing to see how causes went among you. It will be long enough before you come to see me.'—'My brother, and Lord Davers, and Mr. H. have all rode out.'—'Well, niece,' strutting with his hands behind him, and his head held up—'Ha!—He has made a fine kettle on't—then he?—that ever such a rake should be so caught! They tell me, she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome. But I wish his father were living. Yet what could he have done? Your brother was always unmanageable. I wish he'd been my son; by my faith, I do! What! I hope, niece, he locks up his baby, while you're here? You don't keep her company, do you?'

'Yes, Sir Jacob, I do: and you'll do so too, when you see her.'—'Why, thou countenancest him in his folly, child: I'd a better opinion of thy spirit? Thou married to a lord, and thy brother to a —— Cans't, tell me what, Barbara? If thou cans't, pr'ythee do.'—'To an angel; and so you'll say presently.'

'What dost thou think I shall look through his foolish eyes? What a disgrace to a family ancienter than the Conquest! *O Tempora! O Mores!* What will this world come to?' The countess was diverted with this odd gentleman, but ran on in my praise, for fear he should say some rude things to me when I came in; and Lady Davers seconded her. But all signified nothing. He would tell us both his mind, let the young whelp (that was his word) take it as he would—'And pray,' said he, 'can't I see this fine body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a question or two; and by her answer I shall know what to think of her in a twinkling.'—'She is gone to take a little airing, Sir Jacob, and won't be back till supper time.'

'Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit at table, is she? If she does, I won't; that's positive. But now you talk of a supper, what have you?—I must have a boiled chicken, and shall eat it all myself. Who's housekeeper now? I suppose all's turned upside down.'

'No, there is not one new servant, except a girl that waits upon her own person: all the old ones remain.—'That's much! These creatures generally take as great state upon them as a born Lady; and they're in the right. If they can make the man stoop to the great point, they'll hold his nose to the grindstone: and all the little ones come about in course.'—'Well, Sir Jacob, when you see her, you'll alter your mind.'—'Never, never; that's positive.'

'Ay, Sir Jacob, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she were my own sister.'

'O hideous, hideous! All the fools he has made wherever he has travelled, will clap their hands at him, and at you too, if you talk at this rate. But let me speak to Mrs. Jervis, if she be here: I'll order my own supper.'

So he went out, saying, he knew the house, though in a better mistress's days. The countess said, if Mr. B. as she hoped, kept his temper, there would be good diversion with the old gentleman. 'O yes,' said my lady, 'my brother will, I dare say. He despises the surly brute too much to be angry with him, say what he will.' He talked a great deal against me to Mrs. Jervis. You may guess, my dear, that she launched out in my prai-

es; and he was offended at her, and said, 'Woman! woman! forbear these ill-timed praises; her birth's a disgrace to our family. What! my sister's waiting-maid, taken upon charity! I cannot bear it.' I mention all these things, as I afterwards heard them, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine time I was likely to have of it When Mr. B. and my Lord Davers, and Mr. H. came home, which they did about half an hour after six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the parlor; and Mr. B. smiled at Lord Davers, and entering, 'Sir Jacob,' said he, 'welcome to Bedfordshire; and thrice welcome to this house; I rejoice to see you.'

My lady says, never was so odd a figure as the old baronet made, when thus accosted. He stood up indeed; but as Mr. B. offered to take his hand, he put 'em both behind him. 'Not that you know of, Sir!' And then looking up at his face, and down at his feet, three or four times successively, 'Are you my brother's son? That very individual son, that your good father used to boast of, and say, that for handsome person, true courage, noble mind, was not to be matched in any three counties in England?'

'The very same, dear Sir, that my honored father's partiality used to think he never praised enough.'

'And what is all of it come to at last?—He paid well, did he not, to teach you to know the world, nephew! hadst thou been born a fool or a raw greenhead, or a doating greyhead—' 'What then, Sir Jacob?'—'Why then thou wouldst have done just as thou hast done!' 'Come, come, Sir Jacob, you know not my inducement. You know not what an angel I have in person and mind. Your eyes shall by and bye be blest with the sight of her: your ears with hearing her speak: and then you'll call all you have said, profanation.'—'What is it I hear? You talk in the language of romance; and from the housekeeper to the head of the house, you're all stark staring mad. Nephew, I wish, for thy own credit, thou wert—But what signifies wishing?—I hope you'll not bring your syren into my company.'

'Yes, I will, Sir, because I love to give you pleasure. And say not a word more, for your own sake, till you see her. You'll have the less to unsay, Sir Jacob, and the less to repent of.'

'I'm in an enchanted castle, that's certain. What a plague has this little witch done to you all? And how did she bring it about?'

The ladies and Lord Davers laughed, it seems; and Mr. B. begging him to sit down, and answer him some family questions, he said, (for it seems he is very captious at times,) 'What, am I to be laughed at!—Lord Davers, I hope you're not bewitched too, are you?' 'Indeed, Sir Jacob, I am. My sister B. is my doating piece.'

'Whew!' whistled he, with a wild stare: 'and how is it with you, youngster?'—'With me, Sir Jacob?' said Mr. H. 'I'd give all I'm worth in the world, and ever shall be worth, for such another wife.' He ran to the window, and throwing up the sash, looking into the court-yard, said, 'Hollo—Soho! Groom—Jack—Jonas—Get me my horse!—I'll keep no such company!—I'll be gone! Why, Jonas!' calling again.

'You're not in earnest, Sir Jacob,' said Mr. B.

'I am!—I'll away to the village this night! Why you're all upon the high game! I'll—But who comes here?—For just then the chariot brought me into the court-yard—'Who's this? who is she?' One of my daughters! started up

the countess; 'my youngest daughter Jenny!—She's the pride of my family, Sir Jacob!'—'I was running; for I thought it was the grand enchantress.' Out steps Lady Davers to me; 'Dear Pamela, said she, 'humor all that's said to you. Here's Sir Jacob come. You're the Countess of C's youngest daughter Jenny—That's your cue.'—'Ah! but, Madam,' said I, 'Lady Jenny is not marrried,' looking before I thought, on a circumstance that I think too much of sometimes, though I carry it off as well as I can. She laughed at my exception; 'Come, Lady Jenny,' said she, (for I just entered the great door,) 'I hope you've had a fine airing.' 'A very pretty one, Madam,' said I, as I entered the parlor. 'This is a pleasant country, Lady Davers.' ('Wink when I'm wrong,' whispered I,) 'Where's Mrs. B.?' Then, as seeing a strange gentleman, I started back, into a more reserved air; and made him a low curtesy. Sir Jacob looked as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at Mr. B. who put him quite out of doubt by taking my hand: 'Well, Lady Jenny, did you meet my fugitive in your tour?'

'No, Mr. B. Did she go my way? I told you I would keep the great road.'—'Lady Jenny C.' said Mr. B. presenting me to his uncle. 'A charming creature!' added he: 'Have you not a son worthy of such an alliance?' 'Ay, nephew, this is a lady indeed! Why the plague,' whispered he, 'could you not have pitched your tent here? Miss, by your leave.' and saluting me, turned to the countess. 'Madam, you've a charming daughter! Had my rash nephew seen this lovely creature, *and you* condescended, he'd never *have stooped* to the cottage as he *has done.*' 'You're right, Sir Jacob,' said Mr. B.; 'but I always ran too fast for my fortune: yet these ladies of family never bring out their jewels into bachelor's company; and when too late, we see what we've missed, we are vexed at our precipitation.'

'Well said, however, hey, I wish thee repentance, though 'tis out of thy power to mend. Be that one of thy curses, when thou seest this lady; as no doubt it is.' Again surveying me from head to foot, and turning me round, which it seems, is a mighty practice with him to a stranger lady, (and a modest one too, you'll say, Miss) 'Why, truly, you're a charming creature, Miss—Lady Jenny I would say—By your leave, once more! My Lady Countess, she is a charmer! But—but—' staring at me, 'Are you married, Madam?' I looked a little silly; and my new mamma came up to me, and took my hand: 'Why, Jenny, you are dressed oddly to-day! What a hoop you wear; it makes you look I can't tell how!'

'Madam, I thought so; what signifies lying? But 'tis only the hoop, I see—Really, Lady Jenny, your hoop is enough to make half a hundred of our sex despair, lest you should be married. I thought it was something! Few ladies escape my notice. I always kept a good look out; for I have two daughters of my own. But 'tis the hoop, I see plainly enough. You are so slender every where but *here*,' putting his hand upon my hip, which quite dashed me; and I retired behind my Lady Countess' chair.

'Fie, Sir Jacob!' said Mr. B.; 'before us young gentlemen, to take such liberties with a maiden lady! You give a bad example.' 'Hang him that sets you a bad example, nephew. But I see you're right; I see Lady Jenny's a maiden

lady, or she would not have been so shame-faced. I'll swear for her on occasion. Ha, ha, ha!—I'm sure,' repeated he, 'she's a maiden—For our sex give the married ladies a freer air in a trice.' 'How, Sir Jacob!' said Lady Davers.

'O fie!' said the countess, 'Can't you praise the maiden ladies, but at the expense of the married ones! What do you see of freedom in me?' 'Or in me?' said Lady Davers. 'Nay, for that matter you are very well, I must needs say. But will you pretend to blush with that virgin rose! Od's my life, Miss—Lady Jenny I would say, come from behind your mamma's chair, and you two ladies stand up now together. There, so you do—Why now, blush for blush, and Lady Jenny shall be three to one, and a deeper crimson by half. Look you there else! An hundred guineas to one against the field.' Then stamping with one foot, and lifting up his hands and eyes, 'Lady Jenny has it all to nothing—Ha, ha, ha! You may well sit down both of you; but you're a blush too late, I can tell you that. Well hast thou done, Lady Jenny,' tapping my shoulder with his rough paw.

I was hastening away, and he said, 'But let's see you again, Miss, for now will I stay, if they bring nobody else.' And away I went; for I was quite out of countenance. 'What a strange creature,' thought I, 'is this.' Supper being near ready, he called out for Lady Jenny, for the sight of her, he said, did him good; but he was resolved not to sit down to table with somebody else. The countess said, she would fetch her daughter; and stepping out, returned saying, 'Mrs B understands Sir Jacob is here, and does not choose to see her; so she begs to be excused; and my Jenny and she desire to sup together.'

'The very worst tidings I have heard this twelvemonth. Why, nephew, let your girl sup with any body, so we may have Lady Jenny back with us.' 'I know,' said the countess, (who was desirous to see how far he could carry it) 'Jenny won't leave Mrs. B.; so if you see one, you must see t'other,' 'Nay, then I must sit down contented. Yet I should be glad to see Lady Jenny. But I will not sit at table with Mr. B.'s girl—that's positive.'

'Well, well, let 'em sup together and there's an end of it,' said Mr. B. 'I see my uncle has as good a judgment as any body of fine ladies'—('That I have, nephew.') 'But he can't forego his humor, in compliment to the finest lady in England.'

'Consider, nephew, 'tis not thy doing a foolish thing, and calling a girl wife, shall cram a niece down my throat, that's positive. The moment she comes down to take place of these ladies, I am gone, that's most certain.'—'Well, then, shall I go up, and persuade Lady Jenny to come down to us?'—'With all my soul, nephew,—a good motion. But, Pamela—did you say?—A queer sort of name! I have heard of it somewhere. Is it a Christian or a Pagan name? Linsey-woolsey—half one, half t'other—like thy girl—Ha, ha, ha.' 'Let me be hang'd,' whispered Mr. H. to his aunt, 'if Sir Jacob has not a power of wit: though he is so whimsical with it. I like him much.' 'But hark ye, nephew, said Sir Jacob, 'one word with you Don't fob upon us your girl with the Pagan name for Lady Jenny. I have set a mark upon her, and should know her from a thousand, although she had changed her hoop.' Then he laughed again, and said, he hoped Lady Jenny

would come—and without any body with her—'But I smell a plot,' said he—'By my soul I wont stay if they both come together. I wont be put upon—But here is one or both—Where's my my whip? I'll go. 'Indeed, Mr. B. I had rather have staid with Mrs. B,' said I, as I entered, as he bid me

''Tis she! 'tis she! You've nobody behind you! No, she ha'n't. Why now, nephew, you are right; I was afraid you'd have put a trick upon me.—You'd rather,' repeated he to me, 'have staid with Mrs. B.!—Yes, I warrant—But you shall be placed in better company, my dear child.' 'Sister,' said Mr. B. 'will you take that chair; for Pamela does not choose to give my uncle disgust, who so seldom comes to see us.' My lady took the upper end of the table, and I sat next below my new mamma. 'So, Jenny,' said she, 'how have you left Mrs. B.?' 'A little concerned; but she was the easier, as Mr. B. himself desired I'd come down.'

My Lord Davers sat next me, and Sir Jacob said, 'Shall I beg a favor of you, my lord, to let me sit next to Lady Jenny?' Mr. B. said, 'Won't it be better to sit over against her, uncle?' 'Ay, that's right. I'faith, nephew, thou know'st what's right. Well, so I will.' He accordingly removed his seat, and I was very glad of it; for though I was sure to be stared at by him, yet I feared if he sat next me, he would not keep his hands off my hoop.

He ran on a deal in my praises, after his manner, but so rough at times, that he gave me pain; and I was afraid too, lest he should observe my ring; but he stared so much in my face, that it escaped his notice. After supper the gentlemen sat down to their bottle, and the ladies and I withdrew, and about twelve they broke up; Sir Jacob talking of nothing but Lady Jenny, and wished Mr. B. had happily married such a charming creature, who carried token of her high birth in her face, and whose features and look shewed her to be nobly descended.

They let him go to bed with his mistake: but the countess said next morning, she thought she never saw a greater instance of stupid pride and churlishness; and should be sick of the advantage of birth or ancestry, if this was the natural fruit of it. 'For a man,' said her ladyship, 'to come to his nephew's house, and to suffer the mistress of it to be closeted up (as he thinks) in order to humor his absurd and brutal insolence, and to behave as he has done, is such a ridicule upon the pride of descent, that I shall ever think of it. O Mrs. B.' said she, 'what advantages have you over every one that sees you; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily!' I expect to be called to breakfast every minute, and shall then, perhaps, see how this matter will end. I wish, when it is revealed, he may not be in a fury, and think himself imposed on. I fear it wont go off so well as I wish; for every body seems to be grave, and angry at Sir Jacob.

THURSDAY.

I now proceed with my tale. At breakfast-time, when every one was seated, Sir Jacob began to call for Lady Jenny. 'But,' said he, 'I'll have none of your girl, nephew; although the chair at the tea-table is left for somebody.' 'No,' said Mr. B. 'we'll get Lady Jenny to supply Mrs. B.'s place, since you don't care to see her.' 'With all my heart,' replied he. 'But, uncle,'

said Mr. B 'have you really no desire, no curiosity to see the girl I have married?' 'No, none at all, by my soul.'

Just then I came in, and paying my compliments to the company, and to Sir Jacob—'Shall I,' said I, 'supply Mrs. B.'s place in her absence?' And down I sat. After breakfast, and the servants were withdrawn—'Lady Jenny,' said Lady Davers 'you are a young lady, with all the advantages of birth and descent; and some of the best blood in the kingdom runs in your veins; and here Sir Jacob Swynford is your great admirer: cannot you, from whom it will come with a double grace, convince him that he acts unkindly at my brother's house, to keep the person he has thought worthy of making the mistress of it, out of company? And let us know your opinion, whether my brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable distaste!' 'Why, how now, Lady Davers! This from you! I did not expect it!'

'My uncle,' said Mr. B. 'is the only person in the kingdom that I would have humored thus. and I made no doubt when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in such a point, he would have acted a more generous part than he has yet done. But Lady Jenny, what say you to my sister's questions?'

'If I must speak my mind,' replied I, 'I should take the liberty to be very serious with Sir Jacob, and to say, that when a thing is done, and cannot be helped, he should take care how he sows the seeds of indifference and animosity between man and wife, and makes gentleman dissatisfied with his wife, and perhaps unhappy as long as he lives.' 'Nay, Miss,' said he, 'if all are against me, and whose good opinion I value you may e'en let the girl come, and sit down. If she is but half as pretty, and half as wise, and modest as you, I shall, as it cannot be helped, as you say, be ready to think better of the matter. For 'tis a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appeared before all the good company, to keep her out of the way on my account.' 'Really, Sir Jacob,' said the countess, 'I have blushed for you more than once on this occasion. But the mistress of this house is more than half as wise, and modest, and lovely; and in hopes you will return me back some of the blushes I have lent you, see there, in my daughter Jenny, whom you have been so justly admiring, the mistress of the house, and the lady with the Pagan name.' Sir Jacob sat aghast, looking at us all in turn, and then cast his eyes upon the floor. At last, up he got, and swore a sad oath; 'And am I thus tricked and bamboozled,' that was his word; 'am I? There's no bearing this house nor her presence, now, that's certain; and I'll begone.'

Mr. B. looking at me and nodding his head towards Sir Jacob, as he was in a flutter to begone, I rose from my chair and went to him, and took his hand. 'I hope, Sir Jacob, you will be able to bear both when you shall see no other difference but that of descent, between the supposed Lady Jenny you so kindly praised, and the girl your dear nephew has so much exalted. 'Let me go,' said he, 'I am most confoundedly bit. I cannot look you in the face! By my soul, I cannot! For 'tis impossible you should forgive me.' 'Indeed it is not, Sir; you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear nephew can; for to him was the wrong, if any, and I am sure he can overlook it. And for his sake, to the uncle of so hon-

ored a gentleman, to the brother of my late good lady, I can, with a bent knee, thus ask your blessing, and your excuse for joining to keep you in this suspense.' 'Bless you,' said he, and stamped—'Who can choose but bless you?' and he kneeled down, and wrapped his arms about me. 'But, curse me,' that was his strange word, 'if ever I was so touched before!' My dear Mr. B. for fear my spirits should be too much affected (for the rough baronet, in his transport, had bent me down lower than I kneeled) came and held my arm; but permitted Sir Jacob to raise me: only saying, 'How does my angel? Now she has made this conquest, she has completed all her triumphs.' 'Angel, did you call her? I'm confounded with her goodness, and her sweet carriage!—Rise, and let me see if I stand myself! And, believe me, I am sorry I have acted thus so much like a bear; and the more I think of it, the more I shall be ashamed of myself.' And the tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough cheeks; which moved me much; for to see a man with so hard a countenance weep, was a touching sight.

Mr. H. putting his handkerchief to his eyes, his aunt said, 'What's the matter Jackey?' 'I don't know how 'tis,' answered he; 'but here's strange doings, as ever I knew—For, day after day, one's ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for joy or sorrow!—What a plague's the matter with me, I wonder!' And out he went, the two ladies, whose charming eyes, too, glistened with pleasure, smiling at the effect the scene had upon Mr. H. and at what he said.—'Well, Madam,' said Sir Jacob, approaching me; for I had sat down, but then stood up—'You will forgive me; and from my heart I wish you joy. By my soul I do,'—and saluted me. 'I could not have believed there had been such a person breathing. I don't wonder at my nephew's loving you! And you call her sister, Lady Davers, don't you? If you do, I'll own her for my neice.'

'Don't I! Yes, I do,' said she, coming to me, 'and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for your comfort, though to my own shame, that I used her worse than you have done, before I knew her excellence; and have repented of it ever since.'

I bowed to her ladyship and kissed her hand—'My dearest lady,' said I, 'you have made me such rich amends since, that I am sure I may say, '*It was good for me that I was afflicted!*' 'Why nephew, she has the fear of God, I perceive, before her eyes too! I'm sure I've heard those words. They are somewhere in the scripture, I believe! Why, who knows but she may be a means to save my soul! Hey, you know!' 'Ay, Sir Jacob, she'll be a means to save a hundred souls, and might go a great way to save your's, if you were to live with her but one month.'

'Well, but, nephew, I hope you forgive me too; for now I think of it, I never knew you to take any matter so patiently in my life.' 'I knew,' said Mr. B. 'that every extravagance you insisted upon, was heightening my charmer's triumph and increasing your own contrition; and, as I was not indeed deprived of her company, I could bear with every thing you said or did—Yet, don't you remember my caution, that the less you said against her, the less you'd have to unsay, and the less to repent of!'

'I do: and let me ride out, and call myself to account for all I have said against her, in her own hearing; and when I can think of but

one half, and how she has taken it, by my soul, I believe 'twill make me more than half mad.'

At dinner (when we had Mr. Williams's company), the baronet told me, he admired me now, as much as when he thought me Lady Jenny; but complained of the trick put upon him by us all, and seemed now and then a little serious upon it.

He took great notice of the dexterity which he imputed to me, in performing the honors of the table. And every now and then, he lifted up his eyes—'Very clever,—Why, Madam, you seem to me to be born to these things!—I will be helped by nobody but you—And you'll have a task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping stomach, and were there fifty dishes, I always taste of every one.' And, indeed, John was in a manner wholly employed in going to and fro between the baronet and me, for half an hour together.—He went from us afterwards to Mrs. Jervis, and made her answer many questions about me, and how all these matters had come about, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank coffee, said, 'I have been confabbing with Mrs. Jervis, about you, niece. I never heard the like! She says you can play on the harpsichord, and sing too; will you let a body have a tune or so? My Mab can play pretty well, and so can Dolly; I'm a judge of music, and would fain hear you. I said, if he was a judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be asked twice, after our coffee. Accordingly he repeated his request. I gave him a tune, and, at his desire, sung to it: 'Od's my life, said he, 'you do it purely! —But I see where it is. My girls have got my fingers!' Then he held both hands out, and a fine pair of paws shewed he. 'Plague on't, they touch two keys at once; but those slender and nimble fingers, how they sweep along! My eye can't follow 'em—Whew,' whistled he, 'they are here and there, and every where at once!—Why, nephew, I believe you have put another trick upon me. My niece is certainly of quality! And report has not done her justice.—One more tune, one more song—By my faith, your voice goes sweetly to your fingers. 'Slife—I'll thrash my jades,' that was his polite phrase, 'when I get home.—Lady Davers you know not the money they have cost me to qualify them; and here's a mere baby to them outdoes 'em by a bar's length, without any expence at all bestowed upon her. Go over that again —Confound me for a puppy! I lost it by my prating.—Ay, there you have it! Oh! that I could but dance as well as thou sing'st! I'd give you a saraband, old as I am.'

After supper, we fell into a conversation, of which I must give you some account, being on a topic that Mr. B. has been blamed for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his friends, even after they have, in kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, the example he has set to young gentlemen of family and fortune to marry beneath them.—It was begun by Sir Jacob, who said, 'I am in love with my new niece, that I am: but still one thing sticks with me in this affair, which is, what will become of degree or distinction, if this practice of gentlemen marrying their mother's waiting-maids—Excuse me, Madam—should come into vogue? Already, young ladies and young gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away thus, and disgrace their families. We have too many instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you.

'That,' said Lady Davers, 'is the only thing!—Sir Jacob has hit upon the point that would make one wish this example had not been set by a gentleman of such an ancient family, till one becomes acquainted with this dear creature; and then every body thinks it should not be otherwise than it is.'

'Ay, Pamela,' said Mr. B. 'what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this charge? This is a point that has been often objected to me; try for one of your pretty arguments in my behalf.'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied I, looking down, 'it becomes not me to say any thing to this.'—'But indeed it does, if you can: and I beg you'll help me to some excuse, if you have any at hand.'—'Won't you, Sir, dispense with me on this occasion? I know not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one word to this subject.—For it is my absolute opinion, that degrees in general should be kept up; although I must always deem the present case an happy exception to the rule.' Mr. B. looked as if he still expected I should say something.—'Won't you, Sir, dispense with me?' repeated I. 'Indeed I should not speak to this point, if I may be my own judge.'

'I always intend, my dear, you shall judge for yourself; and, you know, I seldom urge you farther, when you use those words. But if you have any thing upon your mind to say, let's have it; for your arguments are always new and unborrowed.'

'I would then, if I must, Sir, ask, if there be not a nation, or if there has not been a law in some nation, whenever a young gentleman, be his degree what it would, *has seduced* a poor creature, be her *degree* what it would, obliges him *to marry* that unhappy person?'—'I think there is such a law in some country, I can't tell where,' said Sir Jacob.

'And do you think, Sir, whether it be so not, that it is equitable it should be so?'

'Yes, by my troth. Though I must needs own, if it were so in England, many men, that I know, would not have the wives they now have.'—'You speak to your knowledge, I doubt not, Sir Jacob?' said Mr. B.

'Why, truly—I don't know but I do.'

'All then,' said I, 'that I would infer, is, whether another law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the gentleman who is repulsed, from a principle of virtue and honor, should not be censured for marrying a person he could not seduce? And whether it is not more for both their honors, if he does: since it is nobler to reward a virtue, than to repair a shame, were that shame to be repaired by matrimony, which I take the liberty to doubt. But I beg pardon: you command me, Sir, else this subject should not have found a speaker to it, in me.'

'This is admirably said,' cried Sir Jacob.—'But yet this comes not up to the objection,' said Mr. B. 'The setting an example to waiting-maids to aspire, and to young gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the subject myself; and the rather, because as I go along, I will give Sir Jacob a faint sketch of the merit and character of my Pamela, of which he cannot be so well informed as he has been of the disgrace which he imagine I had brought upon myself by m rying her.—I think it necess that as well those persons whe afraid the example should be ta as those who are inclined to fo it, should consider all the mat parts of it; otherwise, I think

precedent may be justly cleared; and the fears of the one be judged grounuless, and the plea of the other but a pretence, in order to cover a folly into which they would have fallen, whether they had this example or not. For instance, in order to lay claim to the excuses, which my conduct, if I may suppose it of force enough to do either good or hurt, will furnish, it is necessary, That the object of this wish should be a girl of exquisite beauty (and that not only in their own blinded and partial judgments, but in the opinion of every one who sees her, friend or foe), in order to justify the force which the first attractions have upon him: That she be descended of honest and conscientious, though poor and obscure parents; who having preserved their integrity, through great trials and afflictions, have, by their examples, as well as precepts, laid deep in the girl's mind the foundations of piety and virtue.

'It is necessary that, to the charms of person, this waiting-maid, should have an humble, teachable mind, fine natural parts, a sprightly, yet inoffensive wit, a temper so excellent, and a judgment so solid, as should promise (by the love and esteem these qualities should attract to herself from her fellow-servants, superior and inferior) that she would become a higher station, and be respected in it.—And that, after so good a foundation laid by her parents, she should have all the advantages of female education conferred upon her; the example of an excellent lady, improving and building upon so worthy a foundation; a capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her: an attention, assiduity, and diligence almost peculiar to herself, at her time of life; so as, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, to be able to vie with any loung ladies of rank, as well in the natural genteelness of her person, as in her acquirements: and that in nothing but her humility she should manifest any difference between herself and the high-born.

'It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a mind above temptation; that she should resist the offers and menaces of one upon whom all her worldly happiness seems to depend; the son of a lady to whom she owed the greatest obligations; a person whom she did not hate, but greatly feared, and whom her grateful heart would have been glad to oblige; and who sought to prevail over her virtue, by all the inducements that could be thought of, to attract a young unexperienced virgin at one time, or to frighten her at another, into his purposes; who offered her very high terms, her circumstances considered, as well for herself, as for parents she loved better than herself, whose circumstances were low and distressful; yet, to all these offers and menaces, that she should be able to answer in such words as these, which will always dwell upon my memory—"I reject your proposals with all my soul. May God desert me, whenever I make worldly grandeur my chiefest good! I know I am in your power; I dread your will to ruin me is as great as your power.

Yet, will I dare to tell you, I will make no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I can do, poor as it is, I will do, to shew you, that my will bore no part in the violation of me." And when future marriage was intimated to her, to induce her to yield, to be able to answer, "The moment I yield to your proposals, there is an end of all merit, if now I have any. And I should be so far from expecting such an honor, that I will pre-

nounce I should be most unworthy of it."

'If, I say, such a girl can be found, thus beautifully attractive in every one's eye, and not partially so only in a young gentleman's own; and after that (what good persons would infinitely prefer to beauty), thus piously principled; thus genteely educated and accomplished; thus brilliantly witty; thus prudent, modest, generous, undesigning; and having been thus tempted, thus tried, by the man she hated not, pursued (not intriguingly pursuing), be thus inflexibly virtuous, and proof against temptation: let her reform her libertine, and let him marry her; and were he of princely extraction, I dare answer for it, that no two princes in one age, take the world through, would be in danger. For, although I am sensible it is not to my credit, I will say, that I never met with a repulse, nor a conduct like this; and yet I never sunk very low for the subjects of my attempts, either at home or abroad. These are obvious inferences,' added he, 'not refinement upon my Pamela's story; and if the gentlemen were capable of thought and comparison, would rather make such an example, as is apprehended more than less difficult than before.

'But if, indeed, the young fellow be such a booby, that he cannot reflect and compare, and take the case with all its circumstances together, I think his good papa or mamma should get him a wife to their own liking, as soon as possible; and the poorest girl in England, who is honest, should rather bless herself for escaping such a husband, than glory in the catch she would have of him. For he would hardly do honor to his family in any one instance.'—'Indeed,' said the countess, 'it would be pity, after all, that such an one should marry any lady of prudence and birth; for 'tis enough in conscience, that he is a disgrace to one worthy family; it would be pity he should make two unhappy.'

'Why, really, nephew,' said Sir Jacob, 'I think you have said much to the purpose. There is not so much danger, from the example, as I apprehended, from sensible and reflecting minds. I did not consider this matter thoroughly, I must needs say.'

'And the business is,' said Lady Davers—'You'll excuse me, sister there will be more people to hear that Mr. B. has married his mother's waiting-maid, than will know his inducements.'—'Not many, I believe, sister. For when 'tis known, I have some character in the world, and am not quite an idiot, (and my faults, in having not been one of the most virtuous of men, will stand me in some stead in this case, though hardly in any other) they will naturally inquire into my inducements.—But see you not, when we go abroad, what numbers of people her character draws to admire the dear creature? Does not this shew, that her virtue has made her more conspicuous than my fortune has made me? For I passed up and down quietly enough before (handsome as my equipage always was) and attracted not any body's notice: and indeed I had as lieve these honors were not so publicly paid her; for even, were I fond of shew and parade, what are they, but a reproach to me? And can I have any excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my persecutions of her, done but common justice to her merit?—This answers your objection, Lady Davers, and shews that my inducements and her story must be equally known. And I really think

(every thing I have said considered, and that might still farther be urged, and the conduct of the dear creature in the station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped or could expect from the past promising appearances,) that she does me more honour than I have done her; and if I could put myself in a third person's place, I think I should be of the same opinion, were I to determine upon such another pair, exactly circumstanced as we are.'

You may believe, my friend, how much this generous defence of the step he had taken, attributing every thing to me, and deprecating his worthy self, affected me. I played with a cork one while, with my rings another; looking down, and every way but on the company; for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful eye now and then upon the dear man; and when it would overflow, catch in my handkerchief the escaped fugitives that would start unbidden beyond their proper limits. Though I often tried, by a twinkling motion, to disperse the gathering water, before it had formed itself into drops too big to be restrained. All the company praised the dear generous speaker; and he was pleased to say farther, 'Although, my good friends, I can truly say, that with all the pride of family, and the insolence of fortune, which once made me doubt whether I should not sink too low, if I made my Pamela my mistress, (for I should then have treated her not ungenerously, and should have suffered her, perhaps, to call herself by my name), I have never once repented of what I have done; on the contrary, always rejoiced in it, and it has been, from the first day of our marriage, my pride and my boast (and shall be, let others say what they will), that I can call such an excellence, and such a purity, which I so little deserve mine; and I look down with contempt upon the rashness of all who reflect upon me; for they can have no notion of my happiness or her merit.'

'O dear Sir, how do you overrate my poor merit!—Some persons are happy in a life of comforts, but mine's a life of joy!—One rapturous instance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them.'

'Whew!' whistled Sir Jacob. 'Whereabouts am I?—I hope by and bye you'll come down to our pitch, that one may put in a word or two with you.'

'May you be long thus blest and happy together!' said Lady Davers. 'I know not which to admire most, the dear girl that never was bad, or the dear man, who, having been bad, is now so good!'

Said Lord Davers, 'There is hardly any bearing these moving scenes, following one another so quick, as my sister says.'

The countess was pleased to say, that till now she had been at a loss to form any notion of the happiness of the first pair before the Fall; but now, by so fine an instance as this, she comprehended it in all its force 'God continue you to one another,' added she, 'for a credit to the state, and to human nature.'

Mr. H. having his elbows on the table, folded his hands, shaking them, and looking down—'Egad, this is uncommon life, that it is! Your two souls, I can see that, are like well tuned instruments; but they are too high set for me, a vast deal.'

'The best thing,' said Lady Davers, (always severe upon her poor nephew) 'thou ever saidst. The music must be equal to that of Orpheus, which can make such a

savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another word tonight.' 'Why, indeed, aunt,' returned he, laughing, 'I believe it was pretty well said for your foolish fellow: though it was by chance, I must confess; I did not think of it.' 'That I believe,' replied my lady; 'if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well.'

Sir Jacob and Mr. B. afterwards fell into a family discourse; and Sir Jacob told us of two or three courtships by his three sons, and to his two daughters, and his reasons for disallowing them: and I could observe, he is an absolute tyrant in his family though they are all men and women grown, and he seemed to please himself how much they stood in awe of him.

I would not have been so tediously trifling, but for the sake of my dear parents; and there is so much self praise, as it may seem, from a person on repeating the fine things said of herself, that I am half of opinion I should send them to Kent only, and to think you should be obliged to me for saving you so much trouble and impertinence.

Do, dear Miss, be so free as to forbid me to send you any more long journals, but common letters only, of how you do? and who and who's together, and of respects to one another, and so forth—Letters that one might dispatch, as Sir Jacob says, in a *twinkling*, and perhaps be more to the purpose than the tedious scrawl which kisses your hands, from *your's most sincerely*, P. B.

Do, dear good Sir Simon, let Miss Polly add to our delights, by her charming company. Mr. Murray, and the new affair will divert you in her absence. So pray, since my good Lady Darnford is *willing*, and her sister can spare *her*; don't be so cross as to deny me.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

You have given us great pleasure in your accounts of your conversations, and of the verses put so wickedly under your seat; and in your just observations on the lines and occasions.

I am quite shocked, when I think of Lady Davers' passionate intentions at the hall, but have let nobody into the worst of the matter, in compliance with your desire. We are delighted with the account of your family management, and your Sunday's service. What an excellent lady you are! And how happy and good you make all who know you, is seen by the ladies joining in your evening service, as well as their domestics.

We go on here swimmingly with our courtship. Never was there a fonder couple than Mr. Marray and Miss Nancy. The modest girl is quite alive, easy, and pleased, except now and then with me. We had a sad falling out t'other day. Thus it was:—She had the assurance, on my saying, they were so fond and free before hand, that they would leave nothing for improvement afterwards, to tell me she had long perceived that my envy was very disquieting to me. This she said before Mr. Murray, who had the good manners to retire, seeing a storm rising between us. 'Poor foolish girl!' cried I, when he was gone, provoked to great contempt by her expression before him, 'thou wilt make me despise thee in spite of my heart. But, prythee, manage thy matters with common decency, at least.' 'Good lack! Common decency, did you say? When my sister Polly is able to show me what it is, I

shall hope to be better for her example.' 'No, thou'lt never be better for any body's example! Thy ill-nature and perverseness will continue to keep thee from that.' 'My ill temper you have often told me, is natural to me; so it must become me; but upon such a sweet tempered young lady as Miss Polly, her late assumed petulence sits but ill.'

'I must have had no bad temper, and that every one says, to bear with thy sullen and perverse one, as I have done all my life.'

'But why can't you bear with it a little longer, sister? Does any thing provoke you now,' (with a sly leer and affected drawl) 'that did not formerly?'

'Provoke me! What should provoke me? I gave thee but a hint of thy fond folly, which makes thee behave so before company, that every one smiles at thee; and I'd be glad to save thee from contempt for thy new good humor, as I used to try to do, for thy old bad nature.'

'Is that it? What a kind sister have I! But I see it vexes you; and ill natured folks love to teaze, you know. But, dear Polly, don't let the affection Mr. Murray expresses for me, put such a good tempered body out of humor, pray don't! Who knows,' (continued the provoker, who never says a tolerable thing that is not ill natured) 'but the gentleman may be happy that he has found a way, with so much ease, to dispense with the difficulty that eldership laid him under? But, as he did you the favor to let the repulse come from you, don't be angry, sister, that he took you at the first word.'

'Indeed,' said I, with a contemptuous smile, 'thou'rt in the right, Nancy, to take the gentleman at his first word. Hold him fast, and play over all thy monkey tricks with him, with all my heart; who knows but it may engage him more? For, should he leave thee, I might be too much provoked at thy ingratitude, to turn over another gentleman to thee. And let me tell thee, without such an introduction, thy temper would keep any body from thee, that knows it.'

'Poor Miss Polly—Come, be as easy as you can! Who knows but we may find out some cousin or friend of Mr. Murray's between us, that we may persuade to address you? Don't make us your enemies: we'll try to make you easy, if we can. 'Tis a little hard, that you should be so cruelly taken at your word, that it is.' 'Dost think,' said I, 'poor stupid, ill-judging Nancy, that I can have the same regret for parting with a man I could not like, that thou hadst, when thy vain hopes met with the repulse they deserved from Mr. B.?' 'Mr. B come up again? I have not heard of him in a great while.' 'No, but it was necessary that one nail should drive out another; for thou'dst been repining still, had not Mr. Murray been turned over to thee.' 'Turned over! You used that word once before: such great wits as you, methinks, should not use the same word twice.'

'How dost thou know what wits should or should not do? Thou hast no talent but ill-nature; and 'tis enough for thee, that one view takes up thy whole thought. Pursue that—But I would only caution thee, not to satiate where thou wouldst oblige, that's all; or, if thy man can be so gross as to like thy fondness, to leave something for hereafter.'

'I'll call him in again, sister, and you shall acquaint us how you'd have it. Bell (for the maid came in just then), tell Mr. Murray I desire him to walk in.'—'I'm glad to see thee so teachable all at once!

—I find now what was the cause of thy constant perverseness: for had the unwilling lessons my mamma was always inculcating into thee, come from a man thou couldst have had hopes of, they had succeeded better.'

In came Sir Simon with his crutchstick—But can you bear this nonsense, Mrs. B.?—'What sparring, jangling again, you sluts!—O what fiery eyes on one side! and contemptuous looks on t'other!'

'Why, papa, my sister Polly has turned over Mr. Murray to me, and she wants him back again, and he won't come—That's all the matter!'

'You know Nancy, papa, never could bear reproof, and yet would always deserve it:—I was only gently remarking for her instruction, on her fondness before company, and she is as she used to be!—Courtship, indeed, is a new thing to the poor girl, and so she knows not how to behave herself in it.'

'So, Polly, because you have been able to run over a long list of humble servants, you must insult your sister, must you?—But are you really concerned, Polly?—Hey!'—'Sir, this or any thing is very well from you. But these imputations of envy, before Mr. Murray, must make the man very considerable with himself. Poor Nancy don't consider that. But, indeed, how should she? How should she be able to reflect, who knows not what reflection is, except of the spiteful sort? But, papa, should the poor thing add to his vanity, which wants no addition, at the expence of that pride, which can only preserve her from contempt?'

I saw her affected, and was resolved to pursue my advantage.

'Pr'ythee, Nancy,' continued I, 'canst thou have a little patience, child—My papa will set the day as soon as he shall think it proper. And don't let thy man toil to keep pace with thy fondness; for I have pitied him many a time, when I have seen him stretched on the tenters to keep thee in countenance.'

This set the ill-natured girl in tears and fretfulness; all her old temper came upon her, as I designed it should, for she had kept me at bay longer than usual; and I left her under the dominion of it, and because I would not come into fresh dispute, got my mamma's leave and went in the chariot, to beg a dinner at Lady Jones's; and then came home as cool and as easy as I used to be; and found Nancy as sullen and silent, as was her custom, before Mr. Murray tendered himself to her ready acceptance. But I went to my spinnet, and suffered her to swell on.

We have said nothing but No and Yes ever since; and I wish I was with you for a month, and all their nonsense over without me. I am, my dear, obliging, and excellent Mrs. B. *your faithful and affectionate.*

POLLY DARNFORD.

The following anticipating the order of time, for the reasons formerly mentioned, we insert here.

LETTER XXXV.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

PRAY give my service to your Mr. B. and tell him he is very impolite in his reflections upon me, as to Mr. Murray, when he supposes I regret the loss of him. You are much more favorable and just too I will say, to your Polly Darnford. These gentlemen, the

very best of them, are such indelicates! They think so highly of their saucy selves, and confident sex, as if a lady cannot from her heart despise them; but if she turns them off, as they deserve, and continues her dislike, what should be interpreted in her favor, as a just and regular conduct, is turned against her, and it must proceed from spite. Mr. B. may think he knows much of the sex. But were I as malicious as he is reflecting (and yet, if I have any malice, he has raised it), I could say, that his acquaintance was not with the most unexceptionable, till he knew you: and he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do justice to those who are proud to emulate your virtues.

I say, Mrs. B., there can be no living with these men upon such beginnings. They ought to know their distance, or be taught it, and not to think in their power to confer that as a favor, which they should esteem it an honour to receive.

But neither can I bear, it seems, the preparative to matrimony, the fine clothes, the compliments, the busy novelty, as he calls it, the new equipages, and so forth.

That's his mistake again, tell him: for one who can look forwarder than the nine days of wonder, can easily despise so flashy and so transient a glare. And were I fond of compliments, it would not, perhaps, be the way to be pleased, in that respect, if I were to marry.

Compliments in the single state are a lady's due, whether courted or not; and she receives, or ought always to receive them, as such: but in courtship they are poured out upon one, like a hasty shower, soon to be over. A mighty comfortable consideration this, to a lady who loves to be complimented! Instead of the refreshing April-like showers, which beautify the sunshine, she shall stand a deluge of complaisance, be wet to the skin with it; and what then? Why be in a Lybian desert ever after!—experience a constant parching drought, and all her attributed excellencies will be swallowed up in the quicksands of matrimony. It may be otherwise with you; and it must be so; because there is such an infinite variety in your excellence But does Mr. B. think it must be so in every matrimony?

'Tis true, he improves every hour, as I see in his fine speeches to you. But it could not be Mr. B. if he did not: your merit extorts it from him: and what an ungrateful, as well as absurd churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian lustre, that dazzles the eyes of every one else?

I thank you for your delightful narratives, and beg you to continue them. I told you how your Saturday's conversation with Lady Davers, and your Sunday employments, charm us all: so regular, and so easy to be performed—That's the delightful thing—What every body may do;—and yet so beautiful, so laudable, so uncommon in the practice, especially among people in genteel life!—Your conversation and decision in relation to the two parsons (more than charm) transport us. Mr. B. judges right, and acts a charming part, to throw such a fine game into your hands. And so excellently do you play it, that you do as much credit to your partner's judgment as your own. Never was so happy a couple.

Mr. Williams is more my favorite than ever; and the amply rewarded Mr. Adams, how did that scene affect us! Again, and again, I say, (for what can I say else or more—since I can't find words to

speak all I think?) you're a charming lady! Yet, methinks poor Mr. H. makes but a sorry figure among you. We are delighted with Lady Davers; but still more, if possible, with the countess: she is a fine lady, as you have drawn her; but your characters, though truth and nature, are the most shocking, or the most amiable, that I ever have read.

We are full of impatience to hear of the arrival of Sir Jacob Swynford. We know his character pretty well: but when he has sat for it to your pencil, it must be an original indeed. I will have another trial with my papa, to move him to let me attend you. I am rallying my forces, and have got my mamma on my side again; who is concerned to see her girl vexed and insulted by her youngest sister; and who yet minds no more what she says to her, than what I say; and Sir Simon loves to make mischief between us, instead of interposing to silence either: and truly, I am afraid his delight of this kind will make him deny his Polly what she so ardently wishes for. I had a good mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three days, to give it the better appearance; but then my mamma, who loves not deceit, would blame me, if she knew my stratagem; and be grieved if she thought I was really ill. I know, fasting, when one has a stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortified air. What would I not do, in short, to procure to myself the inexpressible pleasure that I should have in your company and conversation? But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be next best. I am *your obliged and faithful servant,*

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XXXVI.

From the same.

MY DEAREST MRS. B.

I AM all over joy and rapture My good papa permits me to say that he will put his Polly under your protection when you go to London. If you have but a tenth part of the pleasure I have on this occasion, I am sure I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it he says, that Mr. B. signs some acknowledgement, which I am to carry along with me, that I am entrusted to his honor and yours, and to be returned to him heart-whole and dutiful, and with a reputation as unsullied as he receives me. But do continue your journals till then; for I have promised to take them up where you leave off, to divert our friends here. There will be presumption! But yet I will write nothing but what I will shew you, and have your consent to send! For I was taught early not to tell tales out of school, the best I ever went to, will be your charming conversation.

We were greatly diverted with the trick put upon that barbarian Sir Jacob. His obstinacy, repentance, and amendment, followed so irresistibly in one half hour, from the happy thought of the excellent lady countess, that I think no plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a lucky mine in a siege, that blew up twenty times more than was expected from it, and answered all the beseigers' ends at once.

Mr. B.'s defence of his own conduct towards you is quite noble; and he judges with his usual generosity and good sense, when, by adding to your honor, he knows he enhances his own.

You bid me skim over your writings lightly; but 'tis impossible. I will not flatter you, my dear Mrs. B. nor will I be suspected to do so; and yet I cannot find words to praise, so much as I think you deserve: so I will only say that your good parents, for whose pleasure you write, as well as for mine, cannot receive or read them with more delight than I do. Even my sister Nancy (judge of their effect by this!) will at any time leave Murray, and forget to frown or be ill natured, while she can hear me read what you write. And, angry as she makes me sometimes, I cannot deny her this pleasure, because possibly among the innumerable improving reflections they abound with, some one may possibly dart in upon her, and illuminate her, as your conversation and behavior did Sir Jacob.

But your application in P. S. to my papa, pleased him; and confirmed his resolution to let me go. He snatched the sheet that contained this, 'That's to me,' said he; 'I must read this myself.' He did, and said, 'She's a sweet one: "Do, dear good Sir Simon," repeated he aloud, "let Miss Polly add to our delights!" So she shall, then;—if that will do it! And yet this same Mrs. B. has so many delights already, that I should think she might be contented. But, Dame Darnford, I think I'll let her go. These sisters then, you'll see how they'll love at a distance, though always quarrelling when together.' He read on, "The new affair will divert you—Dady Darnford has consented—Miss is willing: and her sister can spare her;"—Very prettily put, faith—"And don't you be cross"—Very sweet!—"to deny me." Why, dear Mrs. I won't be so cross then; indeed I won't!—And so, Polly, let 'em send word when they set out for London, and you shall join 'em there with all my heart; but I'll have a letter every post, remember that, girl.'

'Any thing, any thing, dear papa,' said I: 'so I can but go!' He called for a kiss, for his compliance. I gave it most willingly, you may believe.

Nancy looked envious, although Mr. Murray came in just then. She looked almost like a great glutton, whom I remember; one Sir Jonathan Smith, who killed himself with eating; he used, while he was heaping up his plate from one dish, to watch the others, and follow the knife of every body else with such a greedy eye, as if he could swear a robbery against any one who presumed to eat as well as he.

Well, let's know when you set out, and you sha'nt have been a week in London, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my tongue, as now by my pen, how much I am *your obliged admirer and friend*, POLLY DAPNFORD.

LETTER XXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NOW proceed with my journal, which I had brought down to Thursday night.

FRIDAY.

THE two ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my benevolent round, (as they, after we returned, would call it) which I generally take once a week, among my poor and sick neighbors; and finding I could not get off, I set out with them, my lady countess proposing Mrs. Worden to fill up the fourth place in the coach. We talked all the way of

charity, and the excellence of that duty; and my Lady Davers took notice of the text, that it would hide a multitude of faults.

The countess said she had once a much better opinion of herself, than she found she had reason for, within these few days past: 'And indeed, Mrs. B.' said she, 'when I get home, I shall make a good many people the better for your example.' And so said Lady Davers; which gave me no small inward pleasure; and I acknowledged, in suitable terms, the honor they both did me. The coach set us down by the side of a large common, about five miles distant from our house; and we alighted, and walked a little way, choosing not to have the coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little notice of as possible; and they entered with me into two mean cots with great condescension and goodness; one belonging to a poor widow and five children, who had been all down in agues and fevers: the other to a man and his wife bedrid with age and infirmities, and two honest daughters, one a widow with two children, the other married to an husbandman, who had also been ill, but now by comfortable cordials, and good physic, were pretty well to what they had been.

The two ladies were well pleased with my demeanor to the good folks; to whom I said, that as I should go so soon to London, I was willing to see them before I went, to wish them better and better, and to tell them, that I should leave orders with Mrs. Jervis concerning them, to whom they must make known their wants: and that Mr. Barrow would take care of them, I was sure; and do all that was in the power of physic for the restoration of their healths.

Now you must know, Miss, that I am not so good as the old ladies of former days, who used to distil cordial waters, and prepare medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I were so inclined, my dear Mr. B. would not have been pleased with it, because in the approbation he has kindly given to my present method, he has twice or thrice praised me, that I don't carry my charity to extremes, and make his house a dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the opportunity of doing any good at all in these respects; and besides, as the vulgar saying is, One must creep before one goes. But this is my method:

I am upon an agreement with this Mr. Barrow, who is deemed a very skilful and honest apothecary, and one Mr. Simmonds, a surgeon of like character, to attend all such cases and persons as I shall recommend; Mr. Barrow, to administer physic and cordials, as he shall judge proper, and even, in necessary cases, to call in a physician. And now and then, by looking in upon them one's self, or sending a servant to ask questions, all is kept right.

My Lady Davers observed a Bible, a common Prayer book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each cot, in leathern outside cases, to keep clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the children; and was pleased to say, it was right; and her ladyship asked one of the children, a pretty girl, who learnt her her catechism? And she curtsey'd and looked at me; for I do ask the children questions, when I come, to know how they improve: 'Tis as I thought,' said my lady; 'my sister provides for both parts. God bless you, my dear!' said she, and tapped my neck.

My ladies left tokens of their bounty behind them to both families, and all the good folks blessed

and prayed for us at parting; and as we went out, my Lady Davers, with a serious air, was pleased to say to me, 'Take care of your health, my dear sister; and God give you, when it comes, a happy hour: for how many real mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the fruits of your piety!'

'God's will must be done, my lady,' said I. 'The same Providence that has so wonderfully put it in my power to do a little good, will raise up new friends to the honest hearts that rely upon him.'

This I said, because some of the good people heard my lady, and seemed troubled, and began to redouble their prayers for my safety and preservation.

We walked thence to our coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two farmer's families, about a mile distant from each other. One had the mother of the family, with two sons, just recovering, the former from a fever, the latter from tertian agues: and I asked, when they saw Mr. Barrow? They told me, with great commendations of him, that he had but just left them. So, having congratulated their hopeful way, and wished them to take care of themselves, and not go too early to business. I said I should desire Mr. Barrow to watch over them, for fear of a relapse, and should hardly see 'em again for some time; and so I slid, in a manner not to be observed, a couple of guineas into the good woman's hand; for I had a hint given me by Mrs. Jervis, that their illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other farm, where the case was a married daughter, who had a very dangerous lying-in, and a wicked husband who had abused her, and run away from her; but she was mending apace, by good comfortable things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent. Her old father had been a little unkind to her, before I took notice of her; for she married against his consent; and indeed the world went hard with the poor man, and he could not do much; and besides, he had a younger daughter, who had lost all her limbs, and was forced to be tied in a wicker chair, to keep her up in it; which (having expended much to relieve her) was a great pull-back, as the good old woman called it. And having been a year in arrear to a harsh landlord, who, finding a good stock upon the ground, threatened to distress the poor family, and turn them out of all. I advanced the money upon the stock; and the poor man has already paid me half of it, (for, Miss, I must keep within compass too,) which was fifty pounds at first, and is in a fair way to pay me the other half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. Barrow, and he gave me an account of the success of two other cases I had recommended to him; and told me, that John Smith, a poor man, who, in thatching a barn, had tumbled down, and broken his leg, and bruised himself all over, was in a fair way of recovery. This poor creature had like to have perished by the cruelty of the parish officers, who would have passed him away to Essex where his settlement was, though in a burning fever, occasioned by his misfortune; but hearing of the cause, I directed Mr. Simmonds to attend him, and to provide for him at my expense, and give my word, if he died, to bury him.

I was glad to hear he was in so good a way, and told Mr. Barrow, I hoped to see him and Mr. Simmonds together at Mr. B.'s, before I set out for London, that we

[illegible] following such an example as you set? Mr. Simmonds can testify as well as I (for now and then a case requires us to visit together) that we can hardly hear any complaints from our poor patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the praises and blessings they bestow upon you.'

'It is good Mr. B. that enables and encourages me to do what I do. Tell them they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr. Simmonds: we all join together, you know, for their good.'

The countess and Lady Davers asked the poor lying-in woman many questions, and left with her, and for her poor sister, a miserable object indeed!—(God be praised that I am not such an one!) marks of their bounty in gold, and looking upon one another, and then upon me and lifting up their hands, could not say a word until we were in the coach: and so we were carried home, after we had just looked in upon a country school where I [illegible]

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very tender of me, and watches every change of my countenance, would not let me go with them, though my disorder was going off: and my dear Mr. B. was pleased to excuse me; and just meeting with Mr. Williams, as they went to the coach, they took him with them, to fill up the vacant place. So I retired to my closet, and shut myself in.

They had asked Mr. H. to go with them, for company to Sir Jacob; but he (on purpose, as I believe, by what followed) could not be found, when they set out: so they supposed he was upon some ramble with Mr. Colbrand, his great favorite.

I was writing to you, being pretty well recovered, when I heard Polly, as I supposed, and as it proved, come into my apartment: and down she sat, and sung a little catch, and cried, 'Hem!' twice; and presently I heard two voices. But suspecting nothing, I wrote on, till I heard a kind of struggling, and Polly's voice crying, 'Fie—How can you do so!—Pray Sir.'

This alarmed me much, because we have such orderly folks about us; and I looked through the key-hole; and, to my surprise and concern, saw Mr. H.—foolish gentleman—taking liberties with Polly, that neither became him to offer, nor, more foolish girl! her to suffer. And having reason to think that this was not their first interview, and freedom—and the girl sometimes encouragingly laughing as at other times, inconsistently, struggling and complaining in an accent that was too tender for the occasion, I forced a faint cough. This frightened them both. Mr. H. swore, and said, 'Who can that be?—Your lady's gone with them, isn't she?'

'I believe so!—I hope so,' said the silly girl—'yet that was like her voice. Me'm, are you in your closet, Me'm?' said she coming up to the door; Mr. H. standing like a poor thief half behind the window curtains, till he knew whether it was I.

I opened the door; away sneaked Mr. H. and she leaped with surprise, not hoping to find me there, though she asked the question.

'I thought—Indeed—Me'm—I thought you were gone out.' 'It is plain you did Polly. Go and shut the chamber door, and come to me again.'

She did, but trembled, and was so full of confusion, that I pitied the poor creature, and hardly knew how to speak to her. For my compassion got the upper hand of my resentment; and as she stood quaking and trembling and looking on the ground with a countenance I cannot describe, I now and then cast my eye upon her, and was as often forced to put my handkerchief to it.

At last I said, 'How long have these freedoms passed between you and Mr. H.? I am loth to be censorious, Polly; but it is too plain, that Mr. H. would not have followed you into my chamber, if he had not met you at other places.' The poor girl said never a word. 'Little did I expect, Polly that you would have shown so much imprudence. You have had instances of the vile arts of men against poor maidens: have you any notion that Mr. H. intends to do honorably by you?' 'Me'm—Me'm—I believe—I hope—I dare say, Mr. H. would not do otherwise.' 'So much the worse that you believe so, if you have not very good reason for your belief. Does he pretend that he will marry you?' She was silent. 'Tell me, Polly, if he does?' 'He says he will do

honorably by me.' 'But you know there is but one word necessary to explain that other precious word *honor*, in this case. It is *matrimony*. That word is as soon spoken as any other, and if he means it, he will not be shy to speak it.' She was silent. 'Tell me, Polly (for I am really greatly concerned for you,) what you think yourself; do you hope he will marry you?'—She was silent.—'Do, good Polly, (I hope I may call you good yet!) answer me.'—'Pray, Madam!' and she wept, and turned from me, to the wainscot—'Pray, excuse me.'—'But, indeed, Polly, I cannot excuse you. You are under my protection. I was once in as dangerous a situation as you can be in. And I did not escape it, child, by the language and conduct I heard from you.'—'Language and conduct, Me'm!'—'Yes, Polly, language and conduct. Do you think, if I had set me down in my lady's bed-chamber, sung a song, and hemm'd twice, and Mr. B. coming to me, upon that signal (for such I doubt it was,) I had kept my place, and suffered myself to be rumpled, and only, in a soft voice, and with an encouraging laugh, cried—"How can you do so?" that I should have been what I am?'—'Me'm, I dare say, my lord,' (so all the servants call him, and his aunt often, when she puts Jackey to it) 'means no hurt.'—'No hurt, Polly! What, and make you cry "Fie!"—or do you intend to trust your honor to his mercy, rather than your own discretion?'—'I hope not, Me'm!'—'I hope not too, Polly!—But you know he was free enough with you, to make you say, "Fie!" And what might have been the case, who knows? had I not coughed on purpose: *unwilling*, for your sake, Polly, to *find* matters so bad as I feared, and that you would have been led beyond what was reputable.

'Reputable, Me'm!'—'Yes, Polly: I am sorry you oblige me to speak so plain. But your good requires it. Instead of flying from him, you not only laughed when you cried out, "Fie!" and "How can you do so?" but had no other care than to see if any body heard you; and you observe how he slid away, like a guilty creature, on my opening the door—Do these things look well, Polly? Do you think they do?—And if you hope to emulate my good fortune, do you think this is the way?'

'I wish, Me'm, I had never seen Mr. H. For nobody will look upon me, if I lose your favor!'

'It will still, Polly,' (and I took her hand, with a kind look) 'be in your power to keep it: I will not mention this matter, if you make me your friend, and tell me all that has passed.'—Again she wept, and was silent.—This made me more uneasy.—'Don't think, Polly,' said I, 'that I would envy any other person's preferment, when I have been so much exalted myself. If Mr. H. has talked to you of marriage, tell me.'—'No, Me'm, I can't say that he has yet.'—'Yet, Polly! Then he never will. For when men do talk of it, they don't always mean it: but whenever they mean it, how can they confirm a doubting maiden, without mentioning it: but alas for you, poor Polly!—The freedoms you have permitted, no doubt, previous to those I heard, and and which might have been greater, had I not surprised you with my cough, shew too well, that he need not make any promises to you.'—'Indeed, Me'm—' said she sobbing, 'I might be too little upon my guard; but I would not have done any ill for the world.'

'I hope you would not, Polly;

but if you suffer these freedoms, you can't tell what you'd have permitted—Tell me, do you love Mr. H.?'

'He is very good-humoured, Madam, and is not proud.'—'No, tis not his business to be proud, when he hopes to humble you—humble you, indeed!—beneath the lowest person of the sex, that is honest.—'I hope—'—'You hope!' interrupted I. 'You hope too much; and I fear a great deal for you, because you fear so little for yourself.—But say how often have you been in private together?'

'In private, Me'm! I don't know what your ladyship calls private!' 'Why that is private, Polly, when, as just now, you neither imagined nor intended any body should see you.'

She was silent; and I saw by this, poor girl, how true lovers are to their secret, though, perhaps, their ruin depends upon keeping it. But it behoved me, on many accounts, to examine this matter narrowly; because if Mr. H. should marry her, it would have been laid upon Mr. B.'s example.—And if Polly were ruined, it would be a sad thing, and people would have said, 'Aye, she could take care enough of herself, but none at all of her servant: her waiting-maid had a much more remiss mistress than Pamela found, or the matter would not have been thus.'

'Well, Polly, I see,' continued I, 'that you will not speak out to me. You may have several reasons for it, possibly, though not one good one. But as soon as Lady Davers comes in, who has a great concerns in this matter, as well as Lord Davers, and are answerable to Lord H. in a matter of so much importance as this, I will leave it to her ladyship's consideration, and shall no more concern myself to ask you questions about it—For then I must take her ladyship's directions, and part with you to be sure.'

The poor girl, frighted at this (for every body fears Lady Davers,) wrung her hands, and begged, for God's sake, I would not acquaint Lady Davers with it.

'But how can I help it?—Must I not connive at your proceedings, if I do not? You are no fool, Polly, in other cases. Tell me, how it is possible for me, in my situation, to avoid it?'

'I will tell your ladyship the whole truth; indeed I will—if you will not tell Lady Davers. I am ready to sink at the thoughts of Lady Davers knowing any thing of this.

This looked sadly. I pitied her, but yet was angry in my mind; for I saw, too plainly, that her conduct could not bear a scrutiny, not even in her own opinion, poor creature.

I said, 'Make me acquainted with the whole.'—'Will your ladyship promise—'—'I'll promise nothing, Polly. When I have heard all you think proper to say, I will do what befits me to do; but with as much tenderness as I can for you—and that's all you ought to expect me to promise.'—'Why then Madam—But how can I speak it?—I can speak sooner to any body, than to Lady Davers and you, Madam; for her ladyship's virtue—How shall I?'—And then she threw herself at my feet, and hid her face with her apron.

I was in agonies for her, almost; I wept over her, and raised her up, and said, 'Tell me all. You cannot tell me worse than I apprehend, nor I hope so bad! O Polly, tell me soon.—For you give me great pain.'

And my back, with grief and compassion for the poor girl, was ready to open, as it seemed to me

In my former distresses, I have overcome by fainting next to death, and was deprived of sense for some moments—But else, I imagine, I must have felt some affecting sensation, as the unhappy girl's case gave me.'

'Then, Madam, I own,' said she, 'I have been too faulty.'—'As how!—As what!—In what way!—How faulty?'—asked I, as quick as thought: 'you are not ruined, are you?—Tell me, Polly.' 'No, Madam, but—' 'But what? Say, but what?'—'I had consented—' 'To what?'—'To his proposals, Madam.' 'What proposals?' 'Why, Madam, I was to live with Mr. H.'

'I understand you too well—But it is too late to break so wretched a bargain:—have you already made a sacrifice of your honor?'

No, Madam: but I have given it under my hand.'

'Under your hand!—Ah! Polly, it is well if you have not given it under your heart too. But what foolishness is this. What consideration has he made you?' 'He has given it under his hand that he will always love me; and when his lordship's father dies, he will own me.'

'What foolishness is this on both sides!—But are you willing to be released from this bargain?'

Indeed I am, Madam, and I told him so yesterday. But he says he will sue me, and ruin me, if I don't stand to it.'

'You are ruined if you do!—And I wish—But tell me Polly, are you not ruined as it is?'

'Indeed I am not, Madam.'

'I doubt, then, you were upon the brink of it, had not this providential indisposition kept me at home. You met, I suppose to conclude your shocking bargain. O poor unhappy girl!—But let me see what he has given his hand!'

'He has em both, Madam drawn up fair, and in a hand, that shall be like a

Could I have thought, Mi a girl of nineteen could be norant in a point so imp when in every thing else shown no instances like this folly?

'Has he given you mone

'Yes, Madam, he gave gave me—a note Here it i says any body will give me for it.'

And this was a bank note pounds, which she pulled her stays.

The result was, he was to one hundred pounds a yea her and *her's*, poor, poor gir was to *own* her, as he calls as wife or mistress, she stip not,) when his father died, came into the title and estate

I told her, it was impossi me to conceal the matter fro dy Davers, if she would her promises to be govern tirely by me, and to aband thoughts of Mr. H. give me to conclude that the wicke gain was at an end.

And to keep the poor cr in some spirits, and to enab to look up, and to be more under my direction, I blame more than I did her; though sidering what virtue require woman, and custom has shameless in a man, I thin girl inexcusable, and shall easy while she is about me. she is more to blame, becau the two, she has more wit tha man.

'But what can I do?' thou 'If I put her away, 'twill throw her directly into his h He won't stay here long; an may see her folly. But

eyes were open; she knew what she had to trust to—and by their wicked beginning, and her encouraging repulses, I doubt she would have been utterly ruined that very day.'

I knew the rage Lady Davers would be in with both. So this was another embarrassment. Yet should my good intentions fail, and they conclude their vile bargain, and it appeared that I knew of it, but would not acquaint her, then should I have been more blamed than any mistress of a family, circumstanced as I am. Upon the whole, I resolved to comfort the girl as well as I could, till I had gained her confidence, that my advice might have the more weight, and, by degrees, be more likely to reclaim her. for, poor soul, there would be an end to her reputation, the most precious of all jewels, the moment the matter was known; and that would be a sad thing.

As for the man, I thought it best to take courage (and you, that know me, will say I have a good deal more than usual) to talk to Mr. H. on this subject. And she consenting I should, and, with great protestations, declaring her sorrow and repentance, begging to get her note of hand again, and to give him back his note of fifty pounds, I went down to find him.

He shunned me, as a thief would a constable at the head of a hue-and-cry As I entered one room, he went into another, looking with conscious guilt, yet confidently humming a tune. At last I fixed him, bidding Rachel tell Polly he wanted to send a message by her to her lady. By which I doubted not he was desirous to know what she had owned, in order to govern himself accordingly.

His back was towards me: and I said—

'Mr. H. here I am myself, to take your commands.'

He gave a caper half a yard high —'Madam, I wanted—I wanted to speak to—I would have spoken with—'

'You wanted to send Polly to me, perhaps, Mr. H. to ask if I would take a little walk with you in the garden.

'Very true, Madam!—Very true indeed!—You have guessed the matter. I thought it was a pity, this fine day, as every body was taking airing—'

'Well then, Sir, please to lead the way, and I'll attend you.'

'Yet I fancy, Madam, the wind is a little too high for you.—Won't you catch cold?'—'No, never fear, Mr. H. I am not afraid of a little air.'

'I will attend you presently, Madam: you'll be in the great gravel walk, or on the terrace.—I'll wait upon you in an instant.'

I had the courage to take hold of his arm, as if I had liked to have slipt. For, thought I, thou shalt not see the girl till I have talked to thee a little, if thou dost then.—'Excuse me, Mr. H.—I hope I have not hurt my foot. I must lean upon you.'

'Will you be pleased, Madam, to have a chair? I fear you have sprained your foot. Shall I help you to a chair?'

'No, no, Sir, I shall walk it off, if I hold by you.'

So he had no excuse to leave me, and we proceeded into the garden. But never did any thing look so like a foolish fellow, as his aunt calls him. He looked, if possible, half a dozen ways at once, hemm'd, coughed, turned his head behind him every now and then, started half a dozen silly subjects, in hopes to hinder me from speaking.

I appeared, I believe, under some concern how to begin with

him; for he would have it I was not very well, and begged he might step in one minute to desire Mrs. Jervis to attend me.

So I resolved to begin with him; lest I should lose the opportunity, seeing my eel so very slippery. And placing myself on a seat, asked him to sit down. He declined, and would wait upon me presently, he said, and seemed going. So I began—'It is easy for me, Mr. H. to penetrate into the reason why you are so willing to leave me: but 'tis for your own sake, that I desire you to hear me, that no mischief may ensue among friends and relations, on an occasion to which you are no stranger.'

'O, Madam, what can you mean? Surely, Madam, you don't think amiss of a little innocent liberty or so!'

'Mr. H.' replied I, 'I want not any evidence of your inhospitable designs upon a poor unwary young creature, whom your birth and quality have found it too easy a task to influence.'

'Inhospitable designs! Madam! A harsh word! You very nice ladies cannot admit of the least freedom in the world!—Why, Madam, I have kissed a lady's woman before now, in a civil way or so, and never was called to an account for it, as a breach of hospitality.'

''Tis not for me, Mr. H. to proceed to very nice particulars with a gentleman who can act as you have done, by a poor girl that dare not have looked up to a man of your quality, had you not levelled all distinction between you in order to level the weak creature to the common dirt of the highway. I must say, that the poor girl heartily repents of her folly; and, to show you that it signifies nothing to deny it, she begs you will return the note of her hand you extorted from her foolishness; and I hope you'll be so much of a gentleman, as not to keep in your power such a testimony of the weakness of any of the sex.'

'Has she told you that, Madam?—Why, may be—indeed—I can't but say—'Truly, it mayn't look so well to you, Madam: but young folks will have frolics. It was nothing but a frolic. Let me be hanged, if it was!'

'Be pleased then, Sir, to give up her note to me, to return to her. Reputation should not be frolicked with, Sir; especially that of a poor girl, who has nothing else to depend upon.'

'I'll give it to her myself, if you please, Madam, and laugh at her into the bargain. Why, 'tis comical enough, if the little pug thought I was earnest, I must have a laugh or two at her, Madam, when I give it her up.'

'Since 'tis but a frolic, Mr. H. you won't take it amiss, that when we are set down to supper, we call Polly in, and demand a sight of her note, and that will make every one merry as well as you.'

'Not so, Madam, that may'nt be so well neither! For, perhaps, they will be apt to think it is in earnest; when, as I hope to live, 'tis but a jest; nothing in the world else, upon honor!'

I put on then a still more serious air—'As you hope to live, say you Mr. H.!—and upon your honor. How! fear you not an instant punishment for this appeal? And what is the honor you swear by? Take that, and answer me, Sir: do gentlemen give away bank-notes for frolics, and for mere jests, and nothing in the world else!—I am sorry to be obliged to deal thus with you. But I thought I was talking to a gentleman who would not forfeit his veracity, and that in so solemn an instance as this!'

He looked like a man thunder-

struck. His face was distorted, and his head seemed to turn about upon his neck, like a weathercock in a hurricane, to all points of the compass; his hands clenched as in a passion, and yet shame and confusion struggling in every limb and feature. At last he said, I am confoundedly betrayed. But if I am exposed to my uncle and aunt,' (for the wretch thought of nobody but himself) 'I am undone, and shall never be able to look them in the face. 'Tis true, I had a design upon her; and since she has betrayed me, I think I may say, that she was as willing, almost, as I.'

'Ungenerous,——contemptible wretch!' thought I—'But such of our sex as can thus give up their virtue, ought to expect no better: for he that sticks not at one bad action, will not scruple at another to vindicate himself: and so, devil-like, become the attempter and the accuser too!'

'But if you will be so good,' said he, with hands uplifted, 'as to take no notice of this to my uncle, and especially to my aunt and Mr. B., I swear to you I never will think of her as long as I live.'

'And you'll bind this promise, will you, Sir, by your honor, and as you hope to live?'

'Dear, good Madam, forgive me, I beseech you: don't be so severe upon me. By all that's—'

'Don't swear, Mr. H. But as an earnest that I may believe you, give me back the girl's foolish note, that, though 'tis of no signification, she may not have that to witness her folly.'—He took out his pocket-book: 'There it is, Madam! And I beg you'll forgive this attempt: I see I ought not to have made it. I doubt it was a breach of the laws of hospitality, as you say. But to make it known, will expose me, *and it can do no good*; and Mr. B. *will perhaps resent it*; and my aunt will never let me hear the last of it, nor my uncle neither—And I shall be sent to travel again—And (added the poor creature) I was once in a storm, and the crossing the sea again would be death to me.

'What a wretch art thou!' thought I. 'What could such an one as thou find to say, to a poor creature that, if put in the scale against considerations of virtue, should make the latter kick the beam? Poor, poor Polly Barlow! thou art sunk indeed! Too low for excuse, and almost beneath pity!'

I told him, if I could observe that nothing passed between them, that should lay me under a necessity of revealing the matter, I should not be forward to expose him, nor the maiden either: but that he must, in his own judgment, excuse me, if I made every body acquainted with it, if I were to see the correspondence between them likely to be renewed or carried on: 'For,' added I, 'in that case I should owe it to myself, to Mr. B. to Lord and Lady Davers, and to you, and the unhappy body too, to do so.'

He would needs drop down on one knee, to promise this; and with a thousand acknowledgments, left me to find Mr. Colbrand, in order to ride to meet the coach on its return. I went in, and gave the foolish note to the silly girl, which she received eagerly, and immediately burnt; and I told her, I would not suffer her to come near me but as little as possible, when I was in company while Mr. H. staid; but consigned her entirely to the care of Mrs. Jervis, to whom only, I said, I would hint the matter as tenderly as I could: and for this, I added, I had more reasons than one: first, to give her the benefit of a good gentleman

man's advice, to which I had myself formerly been beholden, and from whom I concealed nothing; next, to keep out of Mr. H.'s way; and lastly that I might have an opportunity, from Mrs. Jervis's opinion, to judge of the sincerity of her repentance: 'For, Polly,' said I, 'you must imagine, so regular and uniform as all our family is, and so good as I thought all the people about me were, that I could not suspect, that she, the duties of whose place made her nearest to my person, was the farthest from what I wished.'

I have set this matter, so strongly before her, and Mrs. Jervis has so well seconded me, that I hope the best; for the grief the poor creature carries in her looks, and expresses in her words, cannot be described; frequently accusing herself, with tears, saying often to Mrs. Jervis, she is not worthy to stand in the presence of her mistress, whose example she has made so bad an use of, and whose lessons she had so ill followed.

I am sadly troubled at this matter, however; but I take great comfort in reflecting, that my sudden indisposition looked like a providential thing, which may save one poor soul, and be a seasonable warning to her, as long as she lives.

Meantime I must observe, that at supper last night, Mr. H. looked abject and mean, and like a poor thief, as I thought; and conscious of his disappointed folly, (though I seldom glanced my eye upon him) had less to say for himself than ever.

And once my Lady Davers, laughing, said, 'I think in my heart, my nephew looks more foolish every time I see him, than the last.' He stole a look at me, and *blushed*; and my lord said, 'Jackey has some grace! He blushes! Hold up thy head, nephew! Hast thou nothing at all to say for thyself?'

Sir Jacob said, 'A blush becomes a young gentleman! I never saw one before though, in Mr. H.—What's the matter, Sir?'—'Only,' said Lady Davers, 'his skin or his conscience is mended, that's all.'

'Thank you, Madam,' was all he said, bowing to his aunt, and affecting a careless yet confused air, as if he whispered a whistle. 'O, wretch!' thought I, 'see what it is to have a condemning conscience; while every innocent person looks round easy, smiling, and erect!'—But yet it was not the shame of a bad action, I doubt, but being discovered and disappointed, that gave him this confusion of face.

What a sad thing for a person to be guilty of such actions, as shall put it in the power of another, even by a look, to mortify him! And if poor souls can be thus abjectly struck at such a discovery by a fellow-creature, how must they appear before an unerring and omniscient Judge, with a conscience standing in the place of thousand witnesses? and calling in vain upon the mountains to fall upon them, and the hills to cover them! How serious this subject makes one!

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SATURDAY EVENING.

I AM just retired from a fatiguing service; for who should come to dine with Mr. B. but that sad rake Sir Charles Hargrave; and Mr. Walgrave, Mr. Sedley, and Mr. Floyd, three as bad as himself, inseperable companions; whose whole delight is drinking, hunting,

and lewdness; but otherwise gentlemen of wit and large estates. Three of them broke upon us at the Hall, on the happiest day of my life, to our great regret; and they had been long threatening to make this visit, in order to see me, as they told Mr. B.

They whipt out two bottles of Champaigne instantly, for a whet, as they called it; and went to view the stud and the kennel, and then walked in the garden till dinner was ready; my Lord Davers, Mr. H. and Sir Jacob, as well as Mr. B. (for they are all acquainted) accompanying them.

Sir Charles, it seems, as Lord Davers told me afterwards, said, he longed to see Mrs. B. She was the talk wherever he went, and he had conceived a high opinion of her beforehand.

Lord Davers said, 'I defy you, gentlemen, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take mind and person together.'

Mr. Floyd said, he never saw any woman yet, who came up to what he expected, where fame had been lavish in her praise.

'But how, brother baronet, said Sir Charles to Sir Jacob, 'came you to be reconciled to her'? I heard that you would never own her.'

'Oons man!' said Sir Jacob, 'I was taken in. They contrived to clap her upon me as Lady Jenny C. and pretended they'd keep t'other out of my sight; and I was plaguily bit, and forced to get off as well as I could.'

'That was a bite indeed,' said Mr. Walgrave; 'and so you fell a praising Lady Jenny, I warrant, to the skies.'

'Ye—s,' (drawling out the affirmative monosyllable) 'I was used most scurvily: faith I was. I bear 'em a grudge for it still. I can tell 'em that; for I have hardly been able to hold up my head like a man since—but am forced to go and come, and to do as they bid me. By my troth, I never was so manageable in my life.'

'Your Herefordshire neighbors, Sir Jacob,' said Mr. Sedley, with oath, 'will rejoice to hear this: for the whole county there cannot manage you.'

'I am quite cow'd now, as you will see by and bye; nay, for that matter, if you can set Mrs. B. a talking, not one of you all will care to open your lips, except to say as she says.'

'Never fear, old boy,' said Sir Charles, 'we'll bear our parts in conversation. I never saw the woman yet, who could give me either awe or love for six minutes together. What think you Mr. B.? Have you any notion that your lady will have so much power over us?'

'I think, Sir Charles, I have one of the finest women in England; but I neither expect nor desire you rakes should see her with my eyes.'

'You know, if I have a mind to love her, and make court to her too, Mr. B. I will; and I am half in love with her already, although I have not seen her.'

They came in when dinner was near ready, and the four gentlemen took each a large bumper of old hock for another whet.

The countess, Lady Davers, and I came down together. The gentlemen knew our two noble ladies, and were known to them in person, as well as by character. Mr. B. in his usual kind and encouraging manner, took my hand, and presented the four gentlemen to me, each by his name. Sir Charles said, pretty bluntly, that he hoped he was more welcome to me now, than the last time he was under the same roof with me; for he had

been told since, that *that* was our happy day.

I said, Mr. B.'s friends were always welcome to me.

''Tis well, Madam,' said Mr. Sedley, 'we did not know how it was. We should have quartered ourselves upon Mr. B. for a week together, and kept him up day and night.'

I thought this speech deserved no answer, especially as they were gentlemen who wanted no countenance, and addressed myself to Lord Davers, who is always kindly making court to me; 'I hope, my good lord, you find yourself quite recovered of your head-ache? (of which he complained at breakfast.)

'I thank you, my dear sister, pretty well.'

'I was telling Sir Charles and the other gentlemen, niece,' said Sir Jacob, 'how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady Jenny.'

'It was a very lucky cheat for me, Sir Jacob; for it gave you a prepossession in my favor under so advantageous a character, that I could never have expected otherwise.'

'I wish,' said the countess, 'my daughter, for whom Sir Jacob took you, had Mrs. B.'s qualities to boast of.' 'How am I obliged to your ladyship's goodness,' returned I, 'when you treat me with even greater indulgence than you use to so beloved a daughter!'

'Nay, now you talk of treating,' said Sir Charles, 'when, ladies, will you treat our sex with the politeness which you show to one another?'

'When your sex deserve it, Sir Charles,' said Lady Davers.

'Who is to be judge of that?' said Mr. Walgrave.

'Not the gentlemen, I hope,' replied my lady.

'Well then, Mrs. B.' said Sir Charles, 'we bespeak your good opinion of us; for you have ours.'

'I am obliged to you, gentlemen; but I must be more cautious in declaring mine, lest it should be thought I am influenced by your kind, and perhaps too hasty, opinions of me.'

Sir Charles swore they had seen enough of me the moment I entered the parlor, and heard enough the moment I opened my lips, to answer for their opinion of me.'

I said, I made no doubt, when they had as good a subject to expatiate upon, as I had, in the pleasure before me, of seeing so many agreeable friends of Mr. B.'s, they would maintain the title they claimed of every one's good opinion.

'This,' said Sir Jacob, 'is binding you over, gentlemen, to your good behavior. You must know my niece never shoots flying as you do.'

The gentlemen laughed; 'Is it shooting flying, Sir Jacob,' returned Sir Charles, 'to praise that lady?'

'Ads-bud, I did not think of that.'

'Sir Jacob,' said the countess, 'you need not be at a fault;—for a good sportsman always hits his mark, flying or not; and the gentlemen had so fair an one, that they could not well miss it.

'You are fairly helped over the s'ile, Sir Jacob,' said Mr. Floyd.

'And, indeed, I wanted it; though I limped like a puppy before I was lame. One can't think of every thing as one used to do at your time of life, gentlemen.'

This flippant stuff was all that passed, which I can recite; for the rest, at table, and after dinner, was too polite by half for me; such as, the quantity of wine each man could carry off, (that was the phrase,) dogs, horses, hunting, racing, cock-fighting, and all accom-

panied with swearing and cursing, and that in good humor, and out of wantonness (the best excusable and most profligate sort of swearing and cursing of all.)

The gentlemen liked the wine so well, that we had the felicity to drink tea and coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B. (upon our inviting the gentlemen to partake with us) sliding in for a few minutes to tell us, they would stick by what they had, and taking a dish of coffee with us.

I should not omit one observation; that Sir Jacob, when they were gone, said they were pure company; and Mr. H. that he never was so delighted in his born days.—While the two ladies put up their prayers, that they might never have such another entertainment. And being encouraged by their declaration, I presumed to join in the same petition.

Yet it seems, these are men of wit! I believe they must be so—for I could neither like nor understand them. Yet, if their conversation had much wit, I should think my ladies would have found it out.

The gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry, to ride ten miles by owl-light; for they would not accept of beds here. They had two French horns with them, and gave us a flourish or two at going off. Each had a servant besides: but the way they were in would have given me more concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. B. and less used to it. And, indeed, it is a happiness, that such gentlemen take no more care than they generally do, to interest any body intimately in their healths and preservation: for these are all single men. Nor need the public, any more than the private, be much concerned about them; for let such persons go when they will, if they continue single, their next-heir cannot well be a worse commonwealth's man; and there is a great chance he may be better.

You know I end my Saturdays seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford, *your faithful and affectionate*

P. L.

LETTER XXXVIII

From Mrs. B. to Miss Darnford. In Answer to Letters XXXV. *and* XXXVI.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,

I SKIP over the little transactions of several days, to let you know how much you rejoice me, in telling me Sir Simon has been so kind as to comply with my wishes. Both your most agreeable letters came to my hand together, and I thank you a hundred times for them; and I thank your dear mamma, and Sir Simon too, for the pleasure they have given me in this obliging permission. How happy shall we be!—But how long will you be permitted to stay, though! All the winter, I hope:—and then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for Linconshire; and to pass most of the summer likewise in each other's company. What a sweet thought is this!—Let me indulge it a little while.

Mr. B. read your letters, and says, you are a charming young lady, and surpass yourself in every letter. I told him, that he was more interested in the reserve I took in this favor of Sir Simon's than he imagined. 'As how, my dear?' said he. 'A plain case, Sir,' replied I: 'for endeavoring to improve myself by Miss Darn-

fo. s conversation and behavior, I shall every day be more worthy of your favor.' He kindly would have it, that nobody, no, not Miss Darnford herself, excelled me.

'Tis right, you know, Miss that Mr. B. should think so, though I must know nothing at all, if I was not sensible how inferior I am to my dear Miss Darnford: and yet, when I look abroad now-and-then I could be a proud slut, if I would, and not yield the palm to many others.

Well, My dear Miss,

SUNDAY

Is past and gone, as happy as the last; the two ladies, and, at their earnest request, Sir Jacob bearing us company, in the evening part. My Polly was there morning and evening, with her heart broken almost, poor girl!—I put her in a corner of my closet, that her concern should not be minded. Mrs. Jervis gives me great hopes of her.

Sir Jacob was much pleased with our family order, and said, 'twas no wonder I kept so good myself, and made others so: and he thought the four rakes (for he run on how much they admired me) would be converted, if they saw how well I passed my time, and how cheerful and easy every one, as well as myself was under it! He said, when he came home, he must take such a method himself in his family; for, he believed, it would make not only better masters and mistresses, but better children, and better servants too. But, poor gentleman! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in himself, before he can begin such a practice with efficacy in his family.

MONDAY.

In the afternoon, Sir Jacob took his leave of us, highly satisfied with us both, and particularly (so he said) with me; and promised that my two cousins, as he called his daughters, and his sister, an old maiden lady, if they went to town this winter, should visit me, and be improved by me; that was his word. Mr. B. accompanied him some miles on his journey, and the two ladies, and Lord Davers, and I, took an airing in the coach.

Mr. B. was so kind as to tell me, when he came home, with a whisper, that Miss Goodwin presented her duty to me.

I have got a multitude of fine things for the dear little creature, and Mr. B. promises to give me a dairy-house breakfast, when our guests are gone.

I inclose the history of this little charmer, by Mr. B.'s consent, since you are to do us the honor, as he (as well as I) pleases himself, to be one of our family—but keep it to yourself, whatever you do. I am guaranty that you will; and have put it in a seperate paper, that you may burn it when read. For I may want your advice on this subject, having a great desire to get this child in my possession; and yet Lady Davers has given a hint, that dwells a little with me. When I have the pleasure I hope for, I will lay all before you, and be determined, and proceed, as far as I have power, by you. You, my good father and mother, have seen the story in my former papers.

TUESDAY.

You must know, I pass over the days thus swiftly, not that I could not fill them up with writing, as amply as I have done the former; but intending only to give you a general idea of our way of life and conversation; and having gone through a whole week and more,

vill be able, from what I have d, to form a judgment how it h us, one day with another. or example, now and then horly visits received and paid edle-work between whiles— :—Cards sometimes, though t love them—One more be- ent round—Improving con- tions with my dear Mr. B. ay two good ladies—A lesson him, when alone, either in :h or Latin—A new pauper r two—A visit from the good —Mr. William's departure, in to put the new projected al- on in force, which is to deprive my chaplain—(By the way, an is highly pleased with this and the motives to it, Mr. is being a favorite of his, and ant relation of his lady)—Mr. and Polly's mutual endeavor id one another—My lessons poor girl, and cautions, as if ere my sister——

ese, my dear Miss Darnford, ay honored parents, are the nt employments of our time; as we females are concerned; gentlemen hunt, ride out, ivert themselves in their way, ring us home the news and rences they meet with abroad, ow and then a straggling man they pick up in their ions. And so I shall not e upon these articles, after dious specimens I have al- given.

EDNESDAY, THURSDAY.

ULD you ever have thought, ar, that husbands have a dis- g power over their wives, kings are not allowed over ws? I have had a smart de- ith Mr. B. and I fear it will the only one upon this sub- Can you believe that if a inks a thing her duty to do, which her husband does not ap prove, he can dispense with her performing it, and no sin shall lie at her door? Mr. B. maintains this point. I have great doubts about it; particularly one; that if a matter be my duty, and he dispenses with my performance of it, whether, even although that were to clear me of the sin, it will not fall upon himself? And a good wife would be as much concerned at this, as if it was to remain upon her. Yet he seems set upon it. What can one do?—Did you ever hear of such a notion before? Of such a prerogative in a husband? Would you care to subscribe to it?

He says, the ladies are of his opinion. I'm afraid they are, and so will not ask them. But, perhaps, I may'nt live, and other things may happen; and so I'll say no more of it at present.

FRIDAY.

Mr. H. and my Lord and Lady Davers and the excellent countess of C. having left us this day, to our mutual regret, the former put the following letter into my hands, with an air of respect and even reverence. He says he spells most lamentably; and this obliges me to give it you literally:

'DEARE GOOD MADAM,

'I CANNOT contente myself with common thankes, on leaving yours and Mr. B.'s hospitabel house, because of thatt there affaire, which I neede not mention; and truly am ashamed to mention, as I have been to looke you in the face ever since it happen'd. I don't knowe how it came aboute, butt I thought butt att first of joking a littel, or soe; and seeing Polley heard me with more attentiveness than I expected, I was encouraged to go

ceede; and soe, now I recollecte, itt came aboute.

'But she is innosente for me; and I don't knowe how thatt came aboute neither; for wee were oute one moonelighte nighte in the garden, walking aboute, and afterwards tooke a napp of two houres, as I beliefe, in the summer-house in the littel garden, being overpowered with sleepe; for I woulde make her lay her head uppon my breste, till before wee were awar. wee felle asleepe. Butt before thatt wee had agreed on whatt you discovered.

'This is the whole truthe, and all the intimasies wee ever hadde, to speake off. But I beliefe wee should have been better acquainted hadd you nott, luckily for mee, prevented itt, by being at home, when wee thought you abroad. For I was to come to her when shee hemm'd two or three times; for having made a contract, you knowe, Madam, it was natural enough to take the first occasion to put itt in force.

'Poor Polley, I pity her too. Don't thinke the worse of her, deare Madam, so as to turn her away, because itt may bee her ruin. I don't desire to see her. I might have been drawne in to do strange foolish things, and been ruin'd at the long run; for who knows where this thing mought have ended? My unkell woulde have seene me. My father too (his lordshipp, you have hearde, Madam, is a very crosse man, and never loved me much) mought have cutt off the intaile. My aunte would have dispie'd mee and scorn'd mee. I should have been her foolishe fellowe in earnese, nott in jeste, as now. You would have resented itt, and Mr. B. (who knows?) mought have called me to account.

'Butt cann you forgive mee? You see how happy I am in my disappointment. I did nott think too write so much;—for I don't love it: but on this occasion, know not how to leave off. I hope you can read my letter. I know I write a clumsy hand, and spell most lamentabelly; for I never had a tallent for these things. I was readier by half to admire the orcherd robbing picture in Lillie's grammar, then any other part of the book.

'But, hey, whether am I running! I never writt to you before, and never may again, unless you or Mr. B. command it, for your service. So pray excuse me, Madam.

'I knowe I neede give no advice to Polley, to take care of first encouragements. Poor girl! she mought have suffer'd sadly, as welle as I. For iff my father, and my unkell and aunte, had requir'd mee to turne off, you know itt woulde have been undutifull to have refused them, notwithstanding our bargaine. And want of duty to them woulde have been to have added faulte to faulte; as you once observed, I remember, that one faulte never comes alone, but draws after itt generally five or six, to hide or vindicate itt, and they every one perhapps as many more eache.

'I shall never forgett severall of your wise sayings. I have been vex'd, may I be hang'd if I have not, many a time, thatt I coulde not make such observations as you make; who am so much older too, and a man besides, and a peere's son, and a peere's nephew! butt my tallents lie another way; and by that time my father dies, I hope to improve myselfe, in order to cutt such a figure as may make me be no disgrase to my name or countrey.

'Well, but whatt is all this to

purpose? I will keep close to my text; and that is, to thank you, good Madam, for all the favors I have received in your house; to thank you for disappointing mee, and for convincing mee, in so kinde, yet so shameing a manner, how wrong I was in the matter of that there Polly; and for not exposing my folly to any boddy but myselfe (for I should have been ready to hang myself, if you hadd;) and to beg youre pardon for itt, assuring you that I will never offerr the like as long as I breathe. I am, Madame, with the greatest respecte, *youre most obliged, most faithful, and most obedient humbell servant,* J. H.

'Pray excuse blotts and blurs.'

Well, Miss Darnford, what shall we say to this fine letter? You'll allow it to be an original, I hope. Yet, may-be not. For it may be as well written, and as sensible a letter as this class of people generally write!

Mr. H. dresses well, is not a contemptible figure of a man, laughs, talks, where he can be heard, and his aunt is not present; and *cuts*, to use his own word, a considerable figure in a country town. But see—Yet I will not say what I might—He is Lord Davers's nephew; and if he makes his observations, and forbears his speeches, (I mean, can be silent, and only laugh when he sees somebody of more sense laugh, and never approve or condemn but in leading-strings) he may possibly pass in a crowd of gentlemen. But poor, poor Polly Barlow! What can I say for Polly Barlow?

I have a time in view, when my papers may fall under the inspection of a dear gentleman, to whom, next to God, I am accountable for all my actions and correspondences; so I will either write a account of the matter, and seal it up separately, for Mr. B. or, at a fit opportunity, break it to him, and let him know (under secrecy, if he will promise it) the steps I took in it; lest something arise hereafter, when I cannot answer for myself, to render any thing dark or questionable in it. A method, I believe, very proper to be taken by every married lady; and I presume the rather to say so, having had a good example for it; for I have often thought of a little sealed up parcel of papers, my lady made me burn up in her presence, about a month before she died. 'They are, Pamela,' said she, 'such as would not concern me, let who will see them, could they know the springs and causes of them; but, for want of a clue, my son might be at a loss what to think of several of those letters were he to find them in looking over my other papers, when I am no more.

Let me add, that nothing could be more endearing than our parting with our noble guests. My lady repeated her commands for what she often engaged me to promise, that is to say, to renew the correspondence begun between us, so much (as she was pleased to her satisfaction.

I could not help shewing her ladyship, who was always enquiring after my writing employment, most of what passed between you and me: she admires you much, and wished Mr. H. had more wit, that was her word. she should in that case, she said, be very glad to set on foot a treaty between you and him.

But that, I fancy, can never be tolerable to you; and I only mention it *en passant*.—There's a French woman for you!

The countess was full of her kind wishes for my happiness,

and my Lady Davers told me, that if I could give her timely notice, she would be present on a certain occasion.

But, my dear Miss, what could —I know nothing of the matter! —Only, I am a sad coward, and have a thousand anxieties, which I I cannot mention to any body.

But, if I have such in the honorable estate of matrimony, what must those poor souls have, who are seduced, and have all manner of reason to apprehend, that the crime shall be followed by a punishment so natural to it? A punishment in kind, as I may say; which only ends in forfeiture of life, following the forfeiture of fame, must be thought merciful and happy beyond expectation: for how shall they lay claim to the hope given to persons in their circumstances that they shall be saved in child-bearing, since the condition is, if they continue in faith and charity, and holiness with sobriety.

Now, my honored mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, since I am upon this affecting subject, does not this text seem to give a comfortable hope to a good woman, who shall thus die, of being happy in the Divine mercies? For the Apostle, in the context, says, that he suffers not a woman to teach, nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.—And what is the reason he gives? Why, a reason that is a natural consequence of the curse on the first disobedience, that she shall be in subjection to her husband. 'For,' says he, 'Adam was not deceived; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression.' As much as to say—Had it not been for the woman, Adam had kept his integrity, and therefore her punishment shall be, as it is said, 'I will greatly multiply thy sorrow in thy conception: in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children—and thy husband shall rule over thee.' But nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the sharpness of thy sorrow, thy death shall be deemed to be such an alleviation of thy part of the entailed transgression, that thou shalt be saved, if thou hast continued in faith and charity, and holiness with sobriety.

This, my honored parents, and my dear friend, is my paraphrase; and I reap no small comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself; and, my dear friend, perhaps, frighten you from entering into a state, in which our poor sex suffer so much; from the bridal morning, let it rise as gaily as it will upon a thoughtful mind, to that affecting circumstance, (throughout its whole progression) for which nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy husband, can make them any part of amends.

But a word or two more, as to the parting with our honored company. I was a little indisposed, and they all would excuse me, against my will, from attending them in the coach some miles, which their dear brother did. Both ladies most tenderly saluted me, twice or thrice a piece, folding their kind arms about me, and wishing my safety and health, and charging me to think little, and hope much; for they saw me thoughtful at times, though I endeavored to hide it from them.

My Lord Davers said, with a goodness of temper that is peculiar to him, 'My dearest sister,—May God preserve you, and multiply your comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, though I have so much more need of it:—I must leave you—But I leave one whom I love and honor next to Lady Davers, and ever shall.'

Mr. H. looked consciously silly. 'I can say nothing, Madam, But' —(saluting me) 'that I shall never forget your goodness to me.'

I had before, in Mrs. Jervis's parlour, taken leave of Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, my ladies' women: they each stole a hand of mine, and kissed it, begging pardon for the freedom. But I answered, taking each by her hand, and kissing her, 'I shall always think of you with pleasure, my good friends; for you have encouraged me constantly by your presence in my private duties; and may God bless you, and the worthy families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!'

They turned away with tears; and Mrs. Worden would have said something to me, but could not.—Only both taking Mrs. Jervis!' by the hand, 'Happy Mrs. Jervis!' said they, almost in a breath. 'And happy I too,' repeated I, 'in my Mrs. Jervis, and in such kind well-wishers as Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley. Wear this, Mrs. Worden;—wear this, Mrs. Lesley for my sake:' and to each I gave a ring, with a crystal and brilliants set about it, which Mr. B. had bought a week before for this purpose: he has a great opinion of both the good folks, and often praised their prudence, and quiet and respectful behavior to every body, so different from the impertinence (that was his word) of most ladies' women who are favorites.

Mrs. Jervis said, 'I have enjoyed many happy hours in your conversation, Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley: I shall miss you very much.

'I must endeavor,' said I, taking her hand, 'to make it up to you, my good friend, as well as I can. And of late we have not had so many opportunities together as I should have wished, had I not been so agreeably engaged as you know. So we must each try to comfort the other, when we have lost, I such noble, and you such worthy companions.'

Mrs. Jervis's honest heart, before touched by the parting, shewed itself at her eyes. 'Wonder not,' said I, to the gentlewoman, wiping with my handkerchief her venerable cheeks, that I always thus endeavor to dry up all my good Mrs. Jervis's tears;' and then I kissed her, thinking of you, my dear mother; and I was forced to withdraw a little abruptly, lest I should be too much moved myself: for had our departing company enquired into the occasion, they would perhaps have thought it derogatory (though I should not) to my present station, and too much retrospecting to my former.

I could not, in conversation between Mr. B. and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable characters of our noble guests, and of their behavior and kindness to me, help observing, that I had little expected, from some hints which formerly dropt from Mr. B. to find my good Lord Davers so polite and so sensible a man.

'He is a very good natured man, replied Mr. B. 'I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful words of him. But it was the effect of passion at the time, and with a view to two or three points of his conduct in private life; for which I took the liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory excuses. One of these, I remember, was in a conference between a committee of each house of parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a man so nearly allied to me by marriage; for all he could talk of, was the dignity of

their house, when the reason of the thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my lot to answer what he said; which I did with some asperity; and this occasioned a coolness between us for some time.

'But no man makes a better figure in private life than Lord Davers: especially now that my sister's good sense has got the better of her passions, and she can behave with tolerable decency towards him. For once, Pamela, it was not so; the violence of her spirit making him appear in a light too little advantageous either to his quality or merit. But now he improves upon me every time I see him.

'You know, not, my dear, what a disgrace a haughty and passionate woman brings upon her husband, and upon herself too, in the eyes of her own sex, as well as our's. Nay, even those ladies, who would be as glad of dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the man *most* who suffers it.

'And let me tell you,' said the dear man, with an air that showed he was satisfied with his own conduct in this particular, 'that you cannot imagine how much a woman owes to her husband, as well with regard to *her own* peace of mind, as to both their reputations (however it may go against the grain with her sometimes,) if he be a man who has discretion to keep her encroaching passions under a genteel and reasonable control!'

How do you like this doctrine, Miss?—I'll warrant, you believe, that I could do no less, than drop Mr. B. one of my best curt'sies, in acknowledgement of my obligation to him, for so considerately preserving to me my peace of my mind, and my reputation, as well as his own, in this case.

But after all, when one duly weighs the matter, what he says may be right in the main; for I have not been able to contradict him, partial as I am to my sex, when he has pointed out to me instances in the behavior of certain ladies, who, like children, the more they have been humored, the more humorsome they have grown; which must have occasioned as great uneasines to themselves, as to their husbands. Will you excuse me, my dear? This is between ourselves; for I did not own so much to Mr. B. For one should not give up one's sex, you know, if one can help it; for the men will be as apt to impose, as the women to encroach, I doubt.

Well, but here, my honest parents, and my dear Miss Darnford, at last, I end my journal-wise letters, as I may call them; our noble guests being gone, and our time and employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in past days, of which I have given an account. I am, *my dearest father and mother, and beloved Miss Darnford, your dutiful and affectionate.* P. B.

LETTER XXXIX.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD.

I HEAR that Mrs. Jewkes is in no good state of health. I am very sorry for it. I pray for her life, that she may be a credit (if it please God) to the penitence she has so lately assumed.

Do, my dear good Miss, vouchsafe to the poor soul the honor of a visit; she may be low spirited. She may be too much sunk with the recollection of past things. Comfort, with that sweetness which is so natural to Miss Darnford, her drooping heart; and let her know that I have a true concern for her, and give it her in charge to take

care of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her health or peace of mind.

You'll pardon me that I put you upon an office so unsuitable from a lady in your station, to a person in her's; but not to your piety and charity, where a duty so eminent as that of visiting the sick, and cheering the doubting mind, is in the question.

I know your condescension will give her great comfort; and if she should be hastening to her account, what a pleasure will it give such a lady as you, to have illuminated a benighted mind, when it was tottering on the verge of death!

I know she will want no spiritual help from good Mrs. Peters; but then the kind notice of so generally esteemed a young lady, will raise her more than can be imagined; for there is a tenderness, a sympathy, in the good persons of our sex to one another, that (while the best of the other seem but to act as in office, saying those things, which, though edifying and convincing, one is not certain proceeds not rather from the fortitude of their minds, than the tenderness of their natures) mingles with one's very spirits, thins the animal mass, and runs through one's heart in the same life current, (I can't clothe my thought suitably to express what I would) giving assurance, as well as pleasure, in the most arduous cases, and brightening our misty prospects, till we see the Sun of Righteousness rising on the hills of comfort, and dispelling the heavy fogs of doubt and diffidence.

This it is makes me wish and long as I do, for the company of my dear Miss Darnford. O when shall I see you? When shall I? To speak to my present case, it is all I long for: and, pardon my freedom of expression, as well as thought, when I let you know in this instance, how early I experience the ardent longings of one in the way I am in.

But I ought not to set my heart upon any thing not in my own power, and which may be subject to accidents, and the control of others. But let whatever interventions happen, so I have your will to come, I must be rejoiced in your kind intention, although your power should not prove answerable.

But I will say no more than that I am, my honored father and mother, your ever dutiful daughter; and, my dear Miss Darnford, *your affectionate and obliged* P. B.

LETTER XL.

From Miss Darnford to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

We are greatly obliged to you for every particular article in your entertaining journal, which you have brought, sooner than we wished, to a conclusion. We cannot express how much we admire you for your judicious charities, so easy to be practised, yet so uncommon in the manner; and for your inimitable conduct in the affair of your frail Polly and the silly Mr. H.

Your account of the visit of the four rakes; of your parting with your noble guests; Mr. H.'s letter (an original indeed!) have all greatly entertained us, as your prerogative hints have amused us; but we defer our opinion of those hints, till we have the case more fully explained.

But, my dear friend, are you not in danger of falling into a too thoughtful and gloomy way? By the latter part of your last letter, we are afraid you are; and my

mamma, and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peters, enjoin me to write, to caution you on that head. But there is the less need of it, because your prudence will always suggest to you reasons, as it does in that very letter, that must out ballance your fears. Think little, and hope much, is a good lesson in your case, and to a lady of your temper; and I hope Lady Davers will not in vain have given you that caution. After all, I dare say your thoughtfulness is but symptomatical, and will go off in proper time.

But to wave this: let me ask you, is Mr. B.'s conduct to you as respectful, I don't mean fond, when you are alone together, as in company?—Forgive me—But you have hinted two or three times, in your letters, that he always is most complaisant to you in company; and you observe, that wisely does he act in this, as he thereby does credit with every body to his own choice. I make no doubt, that the many charming scenes which your genius and fine behavior furnish out to him, must, as often as they happen, inspire him with joy, and even rapture: and must make him love you more for your mind than for your person:—but these rapturous scenes last very little longer than the present moment. What I want to know is, Whether in the steadier parts of life, when you are both nearer the level of us common folks, he gives up any thing of his own will in compliment to your's? Whether he acts the part of a respectful, polite gentleman, in his behavior to you; and breaks not into your retirements, in the dress, and with the brutal roughness of a fox-hunter? Making no difference, perhaps, between the field or his stud (I will not say kennel) and your chamber or closet?—Policy, for his own credit-sake, as I mentioned, accounts to me well, for his complaisance to you in public. But his regular and uniform behavior to you, in your retirement, when the conversation between you turns upon usual and common subjects, and you have not obliged him to rise to admiration of you, by such scenes as those of your two parsons, Sir Jacob Swynford, and the like: or what would satisfy my curiosity, if you please to give me an instance or two of it.

Now, my dearest Mrs. B. if you can give me a case, partly or nearly thus circumstanced, you will highly oblige me:

First, where he has borne with any infirmity of your own; and I know of none where you can give him such an opportunity, except you get into a vapourish habit, by giving way to a temper too thoughtful and apprehensive:

Next, that, in complaisance to your will, he recedes from his own in any one instance:

Next, whether he breaks not into your retirements unceremoniously, and without apology or concern, as I hinted above.

You know, my dear Mrs. B. all I mean, by what I have said; and if you have any pretty conversation in memory, by the recital of which, this my bold curiosity may be answered, pray oblige me with it; and we shall be able to judge by it, not only of the in-born generosity which all that know Mr. B. have been willing to attribute to him, but of the likelihood of the continuance of both your felicities, upon terms suitable to the characters of a fine lady and fine gentleman: and, of consequence, worthy of the imitation of the most delicate of our own sex.

Your obliging longings, my beloved dear lady, for my company, I hope, will very soon be answered. My papa was so pleased with

your sweet earnestness on this occasion, that he joined with my mama; and both, with equal cheerfulness, said, you should not be many days in London before me. Murray and his mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one quarrel. The only person, he, of either sex, that ever knew Nancy so intimately, and so long, without one!

This is all I have to say, at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. B. how much I am *your obliged and affectionate.*

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER XLI.

MY DEAREST MISS DARNFORD,

I WAS afraid I ended my last letter in a gloomy way; and I am obliged to you for the kind and friendly notice you take of it. It was owing to a train of thinking which sometimes I get into, of late; I hope only symptomatically, as you say, and that the cause and effect will soon vanish together.

But what a task, my dear friend, I'd warrant, you think you have set me! I thought, in the progress of my journal, and in my letters, I had given so many instances of Mr. B.'s polite tenderness to me, that no new ones would be required at my hands; and when I said he was always most complaisant before company, I little expected, that such an inference would be drawn from my words, as would tend to question the uniformity of his behavior to me, when there were no witnesses to it. But I am glad of an opportunity to clear up all your doubts on this subject.

To begin then:

You first desire an instance, where Mr. B. has borne with some infirmity of mine:

Next, that in complaisance to my will, he has receded from his own:

And lastly, whether, he breaks not into my retirement unceremoniously; and without apology or concern, making no difference between the field or the stud, and my chamber or closet?

As to the first, his bearing with my infirmities; he is daily giving instances of his goodness to me on this head; and I am ashamed to say, that of late I give him so much occasion for them as I do; but he sees my apprehensiveness, at times, though I endeavor to conceal it; and no husband was ever so soothing and so indulgent as Mr. B. He gives me the best advice, as to my malady, if I may call it one: treats me with redoubled tenderness; talks to me upon the subjects I most delight to dwell upon: as of my worthy parents: what they are doing at this time, and at that; of our intended journey to London: of the diversions of the town; of Miss Darnford's company; and when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. Jervis to me, because I should not be alone: at other times, takes me abroad with him; brings this neighbor and that neighbor to visit; and carries me to visit them: talks of our journey to Kent, and into Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's, to Bath, to Tunbridge, and I can't tell whither, when the apprehended time shall be over. —In fine, my dear Miss Darnford, you cannot imagine one half of his tender goodness and politeness to me!—Then he hardly ever goes to any distance, but brings some pretty present he thinks will be grateful to me. When at home, he is seldom out of my company; delights to teach me French and Italian, and reads me pieces of manuscript poetry, in several of the modern tongues (for he speaks them all;) explains to me every thing I understand not; delights to

answer all my questions, and to encourage my inquisitiveness and curiosity, tries to give me a notion of pictures and medals, and reads me lectures upon them, for he has a fine collection of both; and every now and then will have it, that he has been improved by my questions and observations.

What say you to these things my dear? Do they come up to your first question? or do they not? Or is not what I have said, a full answer, were I to say no more, to all your inquiries?

O my dear, I am thoroughly convinced, that half the misunderstandings, among married people, are owing to trifles, to petty distinctions, to mere words, and little captious follies, to over-weenings, or unguarded petulances: and who would forego the solid satisfaction of life, for the sake of triumphing in such poor contentions, if one could triumph?

But you next require of me an instance, where, in complaisance to my will, he has receded from his own? I don't know what to say to this. When Mr. B. is all tenderness and indulgence, and requires of me nothing, that I can have a material objection to, ought I not to oblige him? Can I have a will that is not his? Or would it be excusable if I had? All little matters cheerfully give up: great ones have not yet occurred between us, and I hope never will. One point indeed, I have some apprehension may happen; and that, to be plain with you, is, we have had a debate or two on the subject (which I maintain) of a mother's duty to nurse her own child: and I am sorry to say it, he seems more determined than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far as to awaken the sleeping dragon I mentioned, *Prerogative* by name; but I doubt I cannot give up the point very contentedly. But as in lesser points, had I been a duchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my husband.

I could give you many respectful instances too, of his receding, when he has desired to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begged to be excused. One such instance I can give since I began this letter. This is it:

I put it in my bosom, when he came up: he saw me do so.

'Are you writing, my dear, what I must not see?'

'I am writing to Miss Darnford, Sir; and she begged you might not at present.'

'This augments my curiosity, Pamela. What can two such ladies write, that I may not see?'

'If you won't be displeased, Sir, I had rather you would not, because she desires you may not see her letter, nor this my answer, till the letter is in her hands.'

'Then I will not,' returned Mr. B.

Will this instance, my dear, come up to your demand for one, where he recedes from his own will, in complaisance to mine?

But now, as to what both our notions and our practice are on the article of my retirements, and whether he breaks in upon them unceremoniously, and without apology, let the conversation I promised inform you, which began on the following occasion.

Mr. B. rode out early one morning, within a few days past, and did not return till the afternoon; an absence I had not been used to of late; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing with me I had such an impatience to see him, having expected him at dinner, that I was forced to retire to my closet, to try to di-

vert it, by writing; and the gloomy conclusion of my last was then the subject. He returned about four o'clock, and indeed did not tarry to change his riding-dress, as your politeness, my dear friend, would perhaps have expected; but came directly up to me, with an impatience to see me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon enquiry, that I was in my closet.

I heard his welcome step, as he came up stairs; which generally, after a longer absence than I expect, has such an effect upon my fond heart, that it gives a responsive throb for every step he takes towards me, and beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer.

I met him at my closet door. 'So, my dear love,' says he, 'how do you?' folding his kind arms about me, and saluting me with ardour. 'Whenever I have been but a few hours from you, my impatience to see my beloved, will not permit me to stand upon the formality of a message to know how you are engaged; but I break in upon you, even in my riding-dress, as you see.'

'Dear Sir, you are very obliging. But I have no notion of mere formalities of this kind'—(How unpolite this, my dear, in your friend?—'in a married state, since 'tis impossible a virtuous wife can be employed about any thing that her husband may not know, and so need not fear surprises.'

'I am glad to hear you say this, my Pamela; for I have always thought the extraordinary civilities and distances of this kind which I have observed among several persons of rank, altogether unaccountable. For if they are exacted by the lady, I should suspect she had reserves, which she herself believed I could not approve. If not exacted, but practised of choice by the gentleman, it carries with it, in my opinion, a false air of politeness, little less than affrontive to the lady, and dishonorable to himself; for does it not look as if he supposed, and allowed, that she might be so employed that it was necessary to apprise her of his visit, lest he should make discoveries not to her credit or his own?'

'One would not, Sir,' (for I thought his conclusion too severe) 'make such a harsh supposition as this neither: for there are little delicacies and moments of retirement, no doubt, in which a modest lady would wish to be indulged by the tenderest husband.'

'It may be so in an early matrimony, before the lady's confidence in the honor and discretion of the man she has chosen has disengaged her from her bridal reserves.'

'Bridal reserves, dear Sir! permit me to give it as my humble opinion, that a wife's behavior ought to be as pure and circumspect, in degree, as that of a bride, or even of a maiden lady, be her confidence in her husband's honor and discretion ever so great. For, indeed, I think a gross or a careless demeanor little becomes that modesty which is the peculiar excellency and distinction of our sex.'

'You account very well, my dear, by what you now say for your own over-nice behavior, as I have sometimes thought it. But are we not all apt to argue for a practice we make our own, because we do make our own, rather than from the reason of the thing?'

'I hope, Sir, that is not the present case with me; for, permit me to say, that an over-free or negligent behavior of a lady in the married state, must be a mark of disrespect to her consort, and would show as if she was very little solicitous about what appearance she made in his eye. And must we

this beget in him a slight opinion of her sex too, as if, supposing the gentleman had been a free liver, she would convince him there was no other difference in the sex, but as they were within or without the pale, licensed by the law, or acting in defiance of it?'

'I understand the force of your argument, Pamela. But you were going to say something more.'

'Only, Sir, permit me to add, that when, in my particular case, you enjoin me to appear before you always dressed, even in the early part of the day, it would be wrong, if I was less regardful of my behavior and actions, than of my appearance.'

'I believe you are right, my dear, if a precise or unnecessary scrupulousness be avoided, and where all is unaffected, easy and natural, as in my Pamela. For I have seen married ladies, both in England and France, who have kept a husband at a greater distance than they have exacted from some of his sex, who have been more entitled to his resentment, than to his wife's intimacies.

'But to wave a subject, in which, as I can with pleasure say, neither of us have much concern, tell me, my dearest, how you were employed before I came up? Here are pen and ink; here too, is paper, but it is as spotless as your mind. To whom were you directing your favors now? May I not know your subject?'

Mr. H.'s letter was a part of it; and so I had put it by, at his approach, and not choosing he should see that—'I am writing,' replied I, 'to Miss Darnford; but I think you must not ask me to see what I have written this time. I put it aside that you should not, when I heard your welcome step. The subject is our parting with our noble guests; and a little of my apprehensiveness, on an occasion upon which our sex may write to one another; but, for some of the reasons we have been mentioning, gentlemen should not desire to see.'

'Then I will not, my dearest love.' (So here, my dear, is another instance—I could give you an hundred such—of his receding from his own will, in complaisance to mine.) 'Only,' continued he, 'let me warn you against too much apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine; for such a mind as my Pamela's I cannot permit to be habitually overclouded. And yet there now hangs upon your brow an overthoughtfulness which you must not indulge.'

'Indeed, Sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my subject, before you came; but your presence, like the sun, has dissipated the mists that hung upon my mind. See you not,' and I pressed his hand with my lips, 'they are all gone already?' smiling upon him with a delight unfeigned.

'Not quite, my dearest Pamela; and therefore, if you have no objection, I will change my dress, and attend you in the chariot for an hour or two, whither you please, that not one shadow may remain visible in this dear face;' tenderly saluting me.

'Whithersoever you please, Sir. A little airing with you will be highly agreeable to me.'

The dear obliger went and changed his dress in an instant; and he led me to the chariot, with his usual tender politeness, and we had a charming airing of several miles; returning quite happy, cheerful, and delighted with each other's conversation, without calling upon any of our good neighbors; for what of that, my dear, when we could be the best company in the world to each other.

Do these instances come up to your questions, my dear? or, do they not?—If you think not, I could give you our conversation in the chariot; for I wrote it down at my first leisure, so highly was I delighted with it; for the subject was my dearest parents; a subject started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But being tired with writing, I may reserve it till I have the pleasure of seeing you, if you think it worth asking for. And so I will hasten to a conclusion of this long letter.

I have only farther to add, for my comfort, that next Thursday sennight, if nothing hinders, we are to set out for London. And why do you think I say for my comfort? Only that I shall then soon have the opportunity, to assure you personally, as you give me hope, how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford, *your truly affectionate* P. B.

LETTER XLII.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD.

One more letter, and I have done for a great while, because I hope your presence will put an end to the occasion. I shall now tell you of my second visit to the dairy house, where we went to breakfast in the chariot and four, because of the distance, which is ten pretty long miles.

I transcribed for you, from letters written formerly to my dear parents, an account of my former dairy house visit, and what the people were, and whom I saw there; and although I besought you to keep that affair to yourself, as too much affecting the reputation of my Mr B. to be known any farther, and even to destroy that account when you had perused it; yet, I make no doubt, you remember the story, and so I need not repeat any part of it.

When we arrived there, we found at the door, expecting us, (for they heard the chariot wheels at a distance) my pretty Miss Goodwin, and two other Misses, who had earned their ride, attended by the governess's daughter, a discreet young gentlewoman. As soon as I stepped out, the child ran into my arms with great eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her, and leading her into the parlor, asked her abundance of questions about her work, and her lessons; and among the rest, if she had merited this distinction of the chaise and dairy house breakfast, or if it was owing to her uncle's favor, and to that of her governess? The young gentlewoman assured me it was both, and showed me her needleworks and penmanship; and the child was highly pleased with my commendations.

I took a good deal of notice of the other two Misses, for their school-fellow's sake, and made each of them a present of some little toys; and my Miss, of a number of pretty trinkets, with which she was highly delighted: and I told her that I would wait upon her governess when I came from London to the country again, and see in what order she kept her little matters; for, above all things, I love pretty house-wifely misses; and then I would bring her more.

Mr. B. observed with no small satisfaction, the child's behavior, which is very pretty; and appeared as fond of her, as if he had been more than her uncle, and yet seemed under some restraint, lest it should be taken, that he was more. Such power has secret guilt, poor gentleman! to lessen and restrain a pleasure, that would, in a happier light, have been so laudable to have manifested!

I am going to let you into a charming scene, resulting from this perplexity of the dear gentleman. A scene that has afforded me high delight ever since; and always will, when I think of it.

The child was very fond of her uncle, and told him she loved him dearly, and always would love and honor him, for giving her such a good aunt. 'You talked, Madam,' said she, 'when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you—Will you let me, Madam? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my book and my needle; indeed I will.'

'Ask your uncle, my dear,' said I; 'I should like your pretty company of all things.'

She went to Mr. B. and said, 'Shall I, Sir, go and live with my aunt?—Pray let me, when you come from London again.'

'You have a very good governess, child,' said he; 'and she can't part with you.'

'Yes, but she can, Sir; she has a great many Misses, and can spare me well enough; and if you please to let me ride in your coach sometimes, I can go and visit my governess, and beg a holiday for the Misses, now and then, when I am almost a woman, and then all the Misses will love me.'

'Don't the Misses love you now, Miss Goodwin?' said he.

'Yes, they love me well enough, for matter of that; but they'll love me better, when I can beg them a holiday. Do, dear Sir, let me go home to my new aunt, next time you come into the country.'

I was much pleased with the dear child's earnestness; and permitted her to have her full argument with her beloved uncle; but was much moved, and he himself was under some concern, when she said, 'But you should, in pity, let me live with you, Sir, for I have no papa, nor mamma neither; they are so far off!—But I will love you both as if you were my own papa and mamma; so, dear now, my good uncle, promise the poor girl that has never a papa nor mamma!'

I withdrew to the door; 'It will rain, I believe,' said I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almost a shower in my eye; and had I kept my place, could not have refrained showing how much I was affected.

Mr. B. as I said, was a little moved; but for fear the young gentlewoman should take notice of it—'How! my dear,' said he, 'no papa and mamma!—Did they not send you a pretty black boy to wait upon you, a while ago! Have you forgot that!'—'That's true,' replied she; 'but what's a black boy to living with my new aunt! That's better a great deal than a black boy!'

'Well, your aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from London. Be a good girl, meantime, and do as your governess would have you, and then you don't know what we may do for you.'

'Well then, Miss,' said she to her young governess, 'let me be set two tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can to deserve to go to my aunt.'

In this manner the little prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the scene I hinted at, opened as follows:

Mr. B. was pleased to say, 'What a poor figure does the proudest man make, my dear Pamela, under the sense of a concealed guilt, in company of the innocent who know it, and even of those who do not!—Since the casual expression of a baby shall overwhelm him with shame, and make him unable to look up with-

out confusion. I blushed for myself,' continued he, 'to see how you were affected for me, and yet withdrew, to avoid reproaching me so much as with a look. Surely, Pamela, I must then make a most contemptible appearance in your eye! Did you not disdain me at that moment?'

'Dearest Sir! how can you speak such a word? A word I cannot repeat after you! For at that very time, I beheld you with the more reverence, for seeing your noble heart touched with a sense of your error; and it was such an earnest to me of the happiest change I could ever wish for, and in so young a gentleman, that it was one half joy for that, and the other half concern at the little charmer's accidental plea, to her best and nearest friend, for coming home to her new aunt, that affected me so sensibly as you saw.'

'You must not talk to me of the child's coming home, after this visit, Pamela; for how, at this rate, shall I stand the reproaches of my own mind, when I see the little prater every day before me, and think of what her poor mamma has suffered on my account! 'Tis enough, that in you, my dear, I have an hourly reproach before me, for my attempts on your virtue; and I have nothing to boast of, but that I gave way to the triumphs of your innocence; and what then is my boast?'

'What is your boast, dearest Sir? You have every thing to boast, that is worthy to be boasted of.

'You are the best of husbands, the best of landlords, the best of masters, the best of friends; and, with all these excellencies, and a mind, as I hope, continually improving, and more affected with the sense of its past mistakes, will you ask, dear Sir, what is your boast?

'O my dearest, dear Mr. B.' and then I pressed his hands with my lips, 'whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to reflections so hopeful, you are the glory and the boast of your grateful Pamela! And permit me to add', tears standing in my eyes, and holding his hand between mine, 'that I never beheld you in my life, in a more amiable light, than when I saw that noble consciousness which you speak of, manifest itself in your eyes, and your countenance—O Sir! this was a sight of joy, of true joy! to one who loves you for your dear soul's sake, as well as for that of your person; and who looks forward to a companionship with you beyond the term of this transitory life.'

Putting my arms round his arms, as I sat, my fearful eye watching his, 'I fear, Sir, I have been too serious! I have, perhaps, broken one of your injunctions! And if I have, dear Sir, forgive me!'

He clasped his arms around me; 'O my beloved Pamela,' said he; 'thou dear confirmer of all my better purposes! How shall I acknowledge your inexpressible goodness to me? I see every day more and more, my dear love, what confidence I may repose in your generosity and discretion! You want no forgiveness; and my silence is owing to much better motives than to those you were apprehensive of.'

He saw my grateful transport, and kindly said, 'Struggle not my beloved Pamela, for words to express sentiments which your eyes and your countenance much more significantly express than any words can do. Every day produces new instances of your affectionate concern for my future as well as present happiness; and I

her in the passage, 'receive your angelic lady. I must take a little tour without you, Pamela; for I have had too much of your dear company, and must leave you, to descend again to myself; for you have raised me to such a height, that it is with pain I look down from it.'

He kissed my hand, and went into his chariot again; for it was but half an hour after twelve, and said he would be back by two at dinner. He left Mrs. Jervis wondering at his words, and at the solemn air with which he uttered them. But when I told that good friend the occasion, I had a new joy in the pleasure and gratulations of the dear good woman, on what had passed.

My next letter will be from London, and to you, my honored parents; for to you my dear, I shall not write again, expecting to see you soon. But I must now write seldomer, because I am to renew my correspondence with Lady Davers; with whom I cannot be so free, as I have been with Miss Darnford: and so I doubt, my dear father and mother ...

vants, including the coachman. The four maids are also with us.

But my good Mrs. Jervis was indisposed, so came not up with us; but we expect her and Mr. Longman in a day or two; for Mr. B. has given her to my wishes; and as Mr. Longman's business will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. Jervis's care will be the better dispensed with. I long to see the dear good woman, and shall be more in my element when I do.

Then I have, besides, my penitent Polly Barlow, who has never held up her head since that deplorable instance of her weakness, which I mentioned to you and Miss Darnford; yet am I as kind to her as if nothing had happened. I wish, however, some good husband would offer for her.

Mr. Adams, our worthy chaplain, is now with Mr. Williams. He purposes to give us his company here till Christmas, when probably matters will be adjusted for him to take possession of his living. Meantime, not to let fall a good custom, when perhaps we have most occasion for it, I make Jonathan, who is revered by his years and silver hairs, supply his place, appointing him the prayers he is to read.

God preserve you both in health, and continue to me, I beseech you, your prayers and blessings, concludes *your ever dutiful daughter,*

P. B.

LETTER XLIV.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY,

I MUST beg pardon, for having been in this great town more than a week, and not having found an opportunity to tender my devoirs to your ladyship. You know, dear Madam, what hurries and fatigues attend such a journey, to one in my way, and to an entire new settlement, in which an hundred things must be done, and attended to, with a preference to other occasions, however delightful. Yet, I must own, we found a stately, well ordered and convenient house; but, although it is not far from the fields, and has an airy opening to its back part, and its front to a square, as it is called, yet I am not reconciled to it, so entirely as to the beloved mansion we left.

My dear Mr. B. has been, and is busily employed in ordering some few alterations, to make things still more commodious. He has furnished me out a pretty library, and has allotted me very convenient apartments besides; the furniture of every place is rich, as befits the mind and fortune of the generous owner. But I shall not offer at particulars, as we hope to have the honor of a visit from my good lord, and your ladyship, before the winter weather sets in, to make the roads too dirty and deep, but it is proper to mention, that the house is so large, that we can make a great number of beds, the more conveniently to receive the honors of your ladyship and my lord, and Mr. B.'s other friends will do us.

I have not yet been at any of the public diversions. Mr. B has carried me, by gentle turns, out of his workmen's way, ten miles round this overgrown capital, and through the principal of its numerous streets. The villages that lie spangled about this vast circumference, as well on the other side the noble Thames (which I had before a notion of, from Sir John Denham's celebrated Cooper's Hill) as on the Middlesex side, are beautiful, both by buildings and

[illegible] when Mr. B. observed me, that this whole county, and t two cities of London and We minster, are represented in Parl ment by no more than eight me bers, when so many borough tow in England are inferior to t meanest villages about London

I am in daily expectation of tl arrival of Miss Darnford and the I shall wish (accompanied by young lady of so polite a taste) t see a good play. Mr. B. has a ready shown me the opera houses though silent, as I may say: that as he was pleased to observe, they should not be new to me, and tha the sight might not take off my attention from the performance, when I went to the play; so that I can conceive a tolerable notion of every thing, from the disposition of the seats, the boxes, galleries, pit, the music, scenes, and the stage; and so shall have no occasion to gaze about me like a country novice, whereby I might attract a notice that I would not wish, either for my own credit, or your dear brother's honor.

I have had a pleasure which I had not in Bedfordshire [illegible]

happier and happier in the
nce I have as to that particu-
t I imagine they will force
lves upon him, more than
wish, or would permit,
e acquaintance now to be-
r they are not of his turn
, as it seems to me; being,
ntence or two that dropt
em, very free, and very
in their conversation; and
laughing at what they say
ves, taking that for wit
will not stand the test, if I
allowed to say so.

hey have heard, no doubt,
person Mr. B.'s goodness
has lifted into notice; and
ink themselves warranted
ny thing before his country

as pleased to ask me, when
re gone, how I liked his
yers? And said, they were
of family and fortune.

glad of it, Sir,' said I, 'for
n sakes.'

n you don't approve of
'amela?'

y are your friends, Sir;
nnot have any dislike to

y say good things some-
returned he.

n't doubt it, Sir: but you
d things always.'

happy for me my dear,
k so. But tell me what
k of 'em?'

ll be better able, Sir, to an-
ur questions, if I see them
l time.'

we form notions of persons
sight, sometimes, my dear;
are seldom mistaken in

ly think, Sir, that they
ther of them any diffidence;
profession, perhaps, may
above that.'

y don't practise, my dear;
rtunes enable them to live
without it; and they are too studious of their pleasures, to give themselves any trouble they are not obliged to take.'

'They seem to me, Sir, qualified for practice; they would make great figures at the bar, I fancy.'

'Why so?'

'Only, because they seem prepared to think well of what they say themselves; and lightly of what other people say, or may think of them.'

'That indeed, my dear, is the necessary qualifications of a public speaker, be he lawyer, or what he will; the man who cannot doubt himself, and can think meanly of his auditors, never fails to speak with self applause at least.'

'But you'll pardon me, good Sir, for speaking my mind so freely and so early of these your friends.'

'I never, my love, ask you a question I wish you not to answer; and always expect your answer to be without reserve; for many times I may ask your opinion as a corrective or a confirmation of my own judgment.'

How kind, how indulgent was this, my good lady? But you know, how generously your dear brother treats me on all occasions; and this makes me so bold as I often am.

It may be necessary, my dear lady, to give you an account of our visitors, in order to make the future parts of my writing the more intelligible; because what I have to write may turn sometimes upon the company we see; for which reason, I shall also just mention Sir George Stuart, a Scottish gentleman, with whom Mr. B. became acquainted in his travels, who seems to be a polite (and Mr. B. says, is a learned) man, and a virtuoso; he and a nephew of his of the same name, a bashful gentle-

man, and who, for that reason, I imagine, has a merit that lies deeper than a first observation can reach, are just gone from us, and were received with so much civility by Mr. B. as entitles them to my respectful regard.

Thus, Madam, do I run on in a manner, without materials; and only to show you the pleasore I take in obeying you. I hope my good Lord Davers enjoys his health and continues me in his favor; which I value extremely, as well as your ladyship's. Mr. H. I hope, likewise enjoys his health. But let me not forget my particular and thankful respects to the Countess, for her favor and goodness to me, which I shall ever place next, in my grateful esteem, to the honors I have received from your ladyship, and which bind me to be, with the greatest respect, *your obliged and faithful servant,*

P. B.

LETTER XLV.

MY HONORED AND DEAR PARENTS,

I WRITE to you both, at this time, for your advice in a particular dispute, which is the only one I have had, or I hope ever shall have, with my dear benefactor; and as he is pleased to insist upon his way, and it is a point of conscience with me, I must resolve to be determined by your joint advice; for if my father and mother, and husband, are of one opinion, I must, I think, yield up my own.

This is the subject:—I think a mother ought, if she can, to be the nurse to her own children.

Mr. B. says he will not permit it.

It is the first *will not* I have heard from him, or given occasion for; and I tell him, that it is a point of conscience with me, and I *hope* he will indulge me; but the dear gentleman has an odd way of arguing, that sometimes puzzles me. He pretends to answer me from Scripture; but I have some doubts of his exposition; and he gives me leave to write to you, though yet he won't promise to be determined by your opinions, if they are not the same with his own; and I say to him, 'Is this fair, my dearest Mr. B.? Is it?'

He has got the Dean's opinion with him; for our debate began before we came to town; and then he would not let me state the case, but did it himself; and yet 'tis but an half opinion, as I may say, neither. For it is, that if the husband is set upon it, it is a wife's duty to obey.

But I can't see how it is; for if it be the natural duty of a mother, it is a divine duty; and how can a husband have power to discharge a divine duty? As great as a wife's obligation is to obey her husband, which is, I own, one indispensable of the marriage contract, it ought not to interfere with what one takes to be a superior duty; and must not one be one's own judge of actions, by which we must stand or fall?

I'll tell you my plea:

I say, that where a mother is unhealthy, subject to communicative distempers, as scrophulous or scorbutic, or consumptive disorders, which have infected the blood or lungs; or where they have not plenty of nourishment for the child, that in these cases, a dispensation lies of course.

But where there is good health, free spirits, and plentiful nourishment, I think it an indispensable duty.

For this was the custom of old, of all the good wives we read of in Scripture.

Then the nourishment of the

mother must be most natural to the child.

These were my pleas, among others; and this is his answer which he gave to me in writing:

'As to what you allege, my dear, of old customs; times and fashions are much changed. If you tell me of Sarah's, or Rachel's, or Rebecca's, or Leah's nursing their children, I can answer, that the one drew water at a well for her father's flocks; another kneaded cakes and baked them on the hearth; another dressed savory meat for her husband; and all of them performed the common offices of the household; and when our modern ladies shall follow such examples in every thing, their plea ought to be allowed in this.

'Besides, my fondness for your personal graces, and the laudable, and, I will say, honest pleasure, I take in that easy, genteel form, which every body admires in you, at first sight, oblige me to declare, that I can by no means consent to sacrifice these to the carelessness into which I have seen very nice ladies sink, when they became nurses. Moreover, my chief delight in you is for the beauties of your mind: and unequalled as they are, in my opinion, you have still a genius capable of great improvement; and I sha'nt care, when I want to hear my Pamela read her French and Latin lessons, which I take so much delight to teach her (and to endeavor to improve myself from her virtue and piety, at the same time) to seek my beloved in the nursery; or to permit her to be engrossed by those baby offices, which will better befit weaker minds.

'No, my dear, you must allow me to look upon you as my scholar, in one sense; as my companion in another; and as my instructress, in a third. You know I am not governed by the worst motives; I am half overcome by your virtue; and you must take care that you leave not your work half done. But I cannot help looking upon the nurse's office, as an office beneath Pamela. Let it have your inspection, your direction, and your sole attention, if you please, when I am abroad; but when I am at home, even a son and heir, so jealous am I of your affections, shall not be my rival in them: nor will I have my rest broken in upon by your servants bringing to you your dear little one, at times, perhaps, as unsuitable to my repose and your own, as to the child's necessities.

'The chief thing with you, my dear, is that you think it unnatural in a mother not to be a nurse to her own child, if she can; and what is unnatural, you say, is sin.

'Some men may be fond of having their wives undertake this province, and good reasons may be assigned for such their fondness; but it suits not me at all. And yet no man would be thought to have a greater affection for children than myself, or be more desirous to do them justice; for I think every one should look forward to posterity with a preference; but if my Pamela can be better employed; if the office can be equally well performed; if your direction and superintendance will be sufficient; and if I cannot look upon you in that way with equal delight, as if it was otherwise; I insist upon it, my Pamela, that you acquiesce with my dispensation, and don't think to let me lose my beloved wife, and have a nurse put upon me instead of her.

'As to that (the nearest to me of all) of dangers to your constitution; there is as much reason to hope it may not be so as to fear

that it may. For children sometimes bring health with them as well as infirmity; and it is not a little likely, that the nurses office may affect the health of one I hold most dear, who has no very robust constitution, and thinks it so much her duty to attend to it, that she will abridge herself of half the pleasures of life, and on that account confine herself within doors, or, in the other case, must take with her her infant and her nursery maid wherever she goes; and I shall either have very fine company, (shall I not?) or be obliged to deny myself yours.

'Then, as I propose to give you a smattering of the French and Italian, I know not but I may take you on a little tour to France and Italy; at least, to Bath, Tunbridge, Oxford, York, and the principal places of England. Wherefore, as I love to look upon you as the companion of my pleasures, I advise you, my dearest love, not to weaken, or, to speak in a phrase proper to the present subject, *wean* me from that love to you, and admiration of you, which hitherto has been rather increasing than otherwise, as your merit and regard for me have increased.'

These, my dear parents, are charming allurements, almost irresistible temptations! And that makes me mistrusts myself the more, and be the more diffident; for we are but too apt to be persuaded into any thing, when the motives are so tempting as the last.

I take it for granted, that many wives will not choose to dispute this point so earnestly as I have done; for we have had several little debates about it; and it is the only point I have ever yet debated with him; but one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no compliment to him to be quite passive, and to have no will at all of one's own: yet would I not dispute one point, but in supposition of a superior obligation; and this, he says, he can dispense with. But alas! my dear Mr. B. was never yet thought so entirely fit to fill up the character of a casuistical divine, as that one may absolutely rely upon his decisions in these serious points; and you know we must stand or fall by our own judgments.

Upon condition, therefore, that he requires not to see this my letter, nor your answer to it, I write for your advice. But this I see plainly, that he will have his own way; and if I cannot get over my scruples, what shall I do? For if I think it is a sin to submit to the dispensation he insists upon as in his power to grant, and to submit to it, what will become of my peace of mind? For it is not in our power to believe as one will.

As to the liberty he gives me for a month, I should be loath to take it; for one knows not the inconveniences that may attend a change of nourishment; or if I did, I should rather—But I know not what I would say; for I am but a young creature to be in this way, and so very unequal to it in every respect! So I commit myself to God's direction, and your advice, as becomes *your ever dutiful daughter*, P. B.

LETTER XLVI.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

YOUR mother and I have as well considered the case you put as we are able; and we think your own reasons very good; and it is a thousand pities your honored husband will not allow them, as you, my dear, make it such a point with you. Very few ladies would give their spouses, we believe, the

uble of this debate; and few
ntlemen are so very nice as
urs in this respect, for I (but
at signifies what such a mean
il as I think, compared to so
rned and brave a gentleman;
I) always thought your dear
ther, and she has been a pretty
man too, in her time, never
ked so lovely, as when I saw
, like the pelican in the wilder-
ss, feeding her young ones from
kind breast:—and had I ever
noble an estate, I should have
l the same thoughts.

But since the good squire can-
take this pleasure; since he so
ch values your person; since
gives you warning, that it may
range his affections; since he is
patient of denial, and thinks so
hly of his prerogative; since he
y, if disobliged, resume some
habits, and so you may have
your prayers and hopes in his
fect reformation frustrated, and
l your own power to do good
re narrowed; we think, besides
obedience you have vowed to
, and is the duty of every good
e, you ought to give up the
nt, and acquiesce; for this
meth to us to be the lesser evil;
l God Almighty, if it should be
r duty, will not be less merci-
than men; who, as his honor
s, by the laws of the realm, ex-
us a wife, when she is faulty, by
command of the husband; and
hope the fault he is pleased to
ke you commit (if a fault, for
really gives praise-worthy mo-
s for his dispensation) will not
laid at his own door. So e'en
olve, my dearest child, to sub-
to it, and with cheerfulness too.
God send you an happy hour!
t who knows, when the time
nes, whether it may not be pro
to dispense with this duty as
deem it on other accounts?
r every young person is not
enabled to perform it. So, to
show his honor that you will cheer
fully acquiesce, your dear mother
advises you to look out for a whole
some, good humored, honest body,
as near your complexion and tem
per, and constitution, as may be;
and it may not be the worse, she
thinks, if she is twenty, or one or
two-and-twenty; for she will have
more strength and perfection, as
one may say, than even you can
have at your tender age; and
above all, for the wise reason you
give from your reading, that she
may be brought to bed much about
your time, if possible. We can
look out about us, for such an one.
And, as Mr. B. is not averse to
have the dear child in the house,
you will have as much delight,
and the dear baby may fare as well
under your prudent and careful
eye, as if you were obliged in the
way you would choose.

So God direct you, my child, in
all your ways, and make you ac
quiesce in this point with cheer-
fulness, (although as you say, one
cannot believe, as one pleases; for
we verily are of opinion you safe-
ly may, as matters stand) and con-
tinue to you, and your honored
husband, health, and all manner of
happiness, are the prayers of *your
most affectionate father and mother*

J. and E. ANDREWS.

LETTER XLVII.

I THANK you, my dearest pa-
rents for your kind letter; it was
given to Mr. B. and he brought it
to me himself, and was angry with
me; indeed he was, as you shall
hear:

"'Tis from the good couple, my
dear, I see. I hope they are of
my opinion—But whether they be
or not—But I will leave you; and
do you, Pamela, step down to my
closet, when you have perused it.

what say the wo
pair?'

'O Sir! they declare for
They say it is best for me to y
up this point.'

'They are certainly in the r
--But were you not a dear
verse creature, to give me all
trouble about your saucy s
ples?'

'Nay, Sir, don't call them
said I; little thinking he was
pleased with me. 'I still
somewhat wavering; though th
advise me to acquiesce; and, as
is your will, and you have det
mined, it is my duty to yield up t
point?'

'But do you yield it up che
fully, my dear?'

I do, Sir; and will never me
dispute it, let what will happe
And I beg pardon for having
often entered into this subject wi
you. But you know, Sir, if one
weakness of mind gives one scr
ples, one should not yield implic
ly, till they are satisfied; for th
would look as if one gave not y
the obedience of a free mind.'

'You are very obliging ju
now, my dear; but I can tell

his point with me five or six times, insomuch, that I wondered what was come of my dearest.'

'I thought, Sir, you would have distinguished between a command where my conscience was concerned, and a common point: you know, Sir, I never had any will but yours in common points. But, indeed you make me fearful, because my task is rendered too difficult for my own weak judgment.'

I was silent, but my tears.

'Now, I doubt, Pamela, your spirit is high. You won't speak, because you are out of humor at what I say. I will have no sullen reserves, my dearest. What means that heaving sob? I know that this is the time with your sex, when, saddened with your apprehensions, and indulged because of them, by the fond husband, it is needful, for both their sakes, to watch over the changes of their temper. For ladies in your way are often like encroaching subjects; apt to extend what they call their privileges, on the indulgence shewed them; and the husband never again recovers the ascendant he had before.'

'You know these things better than I, Mr. B. But I had no intention to invade your province, or to go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a right to a little free will, on some greater occasions.'

'Why, so you have, my dear. But you must not plead in behalf of your own will, and refuse to give due weight to mine.'

'Well, Sir, I must needs say, I have one advantage above others of my sex; for if wives, in my circumstances, are apt to grow upon indulgence, I am very happy that your kind and watchful care will hinder me from falling into that error.'

He gave me a gentle tap on the neck: 'Let me beat my beloved saucebox,' said he; 'is it thus you really my watchful care over you for your own good? But tell me, truly, Pamela, are you not a little sullen? Look up to me, my dear—Are you not?'

'I believe I am; but 'tis but very little, Sir—It will soon go off—Please to let me withdraw, that I may take myself to task about it; for at present I know not what to do, because I did not expect the displeasure I have incurred.'

'Is it not the same thing,' replied he, 'if this our first quarrel end here, without your withdrawing—I forgive you heartily, my Pamela; and give me one kiss, and I will think of your saucy appeal against me no more.'

'I will comply with your condition, Sir: but I have a great mind to be saucy. I wish you would let me for this once.'

'What would you say my dearest?—Be saucy then, as you call it, as saucy as you can'

'Why, then I am a little sullen at present, that I am; and I am not fully convinced, whether it must be I that forgive you, or you me. For, indeed, if I can recollect I cannot think my fault so great in this point, that was a point of conscience to me, as (pardon me, Sir) to stand in need of your forgiveness.'

'Well, then, my dearest,' said he, 'we will forgive one another? but take this with you, that it is my love to you that makes me more delicate than otherwise I should be; and you have inured me so much to a faultless conduct, that I can hardly bear with natural infirmities from you.—But,' giving me another tap, 'get you gone; I leave you to your recollection; and let me know what fruits it produces; for I must not be put off with a half-compliance; I must have your whole will with me if possible

So I went up, and recollecting every thing, *sacrificed to my sex*, as Mr. B. calls it, when he talks of a wife's reluctance to yield a favourite point: for I shed many tears, because my heart was set upon it.

And so, my dear parents, twenty charming ideas and pleasures I had formed to myself, are vanished from me, and my measures are quite broken. But after my heart was relieved by my eye, I was lighter and easier. And the result is, we have heard of a good sort of woman, that is to be my poor *baby's mother*, when it comes; so your kindly-offered inquires are needless, I believe.

'Tis well for our sex in general, that there are not many husbands who distinguish thus nicely. For, I doubt, there are but very few so well entitled to their ladies' observances as Mr. B. is to mine, and who would act so generously and so tenderly by a wife as he does, in every material instance on which the happiness of life depends.

But we are quite reconciled; although as I said, upon his own terms: and so I can still style myself, *my dear honored parents, your* happy, *as well as dutiful daughter*,

P. B.

LETTER XLVIII.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I HAVE sent you a present, the completest I could procure, of every thing that may suit your approaching happy circumstance; as I hope it will be to you, and to us all: but it is with a hope annexed, that although both sexes are thought of in it, you will not put us off with a girl: no, child, we will not permit you, may we have our wills, to *think* of giving us a girl, till you have presented us with half-a-dozen fine boys. For our line is grown low, we expect that human security from you in your first seven years, or we shall be disappointed.

I will now give you their names if my brother and you approve of them; your first shall be BILLY, my Lord Davers, and the Earl of C——, godfathers; and it must be doubly godmothered too, or I am afraid the countess and I shall fall out about it. Your second DAVERS, be sure remember that.——Your third, CHARLEY; your fourth JEMMY; your fifth, HARRY; your sixth —DUDLEY, if you will—and your girl, if you had not rather call PAMELA, shall be called BARBARA—The rest name as you please.——And so, my dear, I wish all seven happily over with you.

I am glad you got safe to town: and long to hear of Miss Darford's arrival, because I know you'll be out of your bias in your new settlement till then. She is a fine lady, and writes the most to my taste of any one of her sex that I know, next to you. I wish she'd be so kind as to correspond with me. But be sure don't omit to give me the sequel of her sister's and Murray's affair, and what you think will please me in relation to her. You do well to save yourself the trouble of describing the town and the public places. We are no strangers to them; and they are too much our table talk, when any country lady has for the first time been carried to town, and returned: besides, what London affords, is nothing that deserves mention, compared to what we have seen at Paris and at Versailles and other of the French palaces. You exactly therefore, hit our tastes, and answer our expectations, when you give us, in your peculiar manner, sentiments on what we may call the *soul of things*, and such characters as you

draw with a pencil borrowed from the hand of nature, intermingled with those fine lights and shades of reflections and observations, that make your pictures glow, and instruct as well as delight.

There, Pamela, is encouragement for you to proceed in obliging us. We are all of one mind in this respect; and more than ever, since we have seen your actions so well answered to your writings; and that theory and practice, as to every excellence that can adorn a lady, is the same thing with you.

We are pleased with your lawyers' characters. There are life and nature in them; but never avoid giving all that occur to you, for that seems to be one of your talents; and in the ugliest, there will be matter of instruction; especially as you seem naturally to fall upon such as are so general, that no one who converses, but must see in them the picture of one or other he is acquainted with.

By this time, perhaps, Miss Darnford will be with you—Our respects to her, if so.—And you will have been at some of the theatrical entertainments: so will not want subjects to oblige us. —'Twas a good thought of your dear mam's, to carry you to see the several houses, and to make you a judge, by that means, of the disposition and fashion of every thing in them. Tell him, I love him better and better. I am proud of my brother, and do nothing but talk of what a charming husband he makes. But then, he gives an example to all who know him, and his uncontroulable temper, (which makes against many of us) that it is possible for a good wife to make even a bad man a worthy husband: and this affords an instruction, which may stand all our sex in good stead.—But then they must have been cautious first, to choose a man of natural good sense, and good manners, and not a brutal or abandoned debauchee.

But hark-ye-me, my sweet girl, what have I done, that you won't write yourself *sister* to me? I could find in my heart to be angry with you. Before my last visit, I was scrupulous to subscribe myself so to *you*. But since I have seen myself so much surpassed in every excellence, that I would take pleasure in the name, you assume a pride in your turn, and may think it undervaluing yourself, to call *me* so—Ay, that's the thing, I doubt—Although I have endeavoured by several regulations since my return, (and the countess, too, keeps your example in distant view, as well as I,) to be more worthy of the appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the reproaches of secret pride, under the shadow of so remarkable an humility, for the future never omit subscribing as I do, with great pleasure *your truly affectionate sister and friend*,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XLIX.

In answer to the preceding.

HOW you overwhelm me with your goodness, my dearest lady, in every word of your last welcome letter, is beyond my power to express! How noble has your ladyship contrived, in your ever-valued present, to encourage a doubting and apprehensive mind! And how does it contribute to my joy and my glory, that I am deemed by the noble sister of my best beloved, not wholly unworthy of being the humble means to continue, and, perhaps, to perpetuate, a family so ancient and so honourable

When I contemplate this, and look upon what I was—How shall I express a sense of the honour done me!—And when, reading

over the other engaging particulars in your ladyship's letter, I come to the last charming paragraph, I am doubly affected to see myself seemingly upbraided, but so politely emboldened to assume an appellation, that otherwise I hardly dared.

I—*humble* I—who never had a sister before—To find one now in Lady Davers! O Madam, you, and *only* you, can teach me words fit to express the joy and the gratitude that filled my delighted heart. But thus much I am taught, that there is something more than the low-born can imagine in birth and education. This is so evident in your ladyship's actions, words, and manner, that it stikes one with a becoming reverence; and we look up with awe to a condition we emulate in vain, when raised by partial favour, like what I have found: and are confounded when we see grandeur of soul joined with grandeur of birth and condition; and a noble lady acting thus nobly, as Lady Davers acts.

My best wishes, and a thousand blessings, attend your ladyship in all you undertake! And I am persuaded the latter will, and a peace and satisfaction of mind incomparably to be preferred to whatever else this world can afford, in the new regulations, which you, and my dear lady countess, have set on foot in your families: and when I can have the happiness to know what they are, I shall, I am confident, greatly improve my own methods by them.

Were we to live for ever in this life, we might be careless and indifferent about these matters: but when such an uncertainty as to the time, and such a certainty as to the event is before us, a prudent mind will be always preparing, till prepared; and what can be a better preparative, than charitable actions to our fellowcreatures in the eye of that Majesty, which wants nothing of us himself, but to do just and merciful things to one another.

Pardon me, my dearest lady, for this my free style. Methinks I am out of myself! I know not how to descend all at once from the height to which you have raised me: and you must forgive the reflections to which you yourself and your own noble actions, have given birth.

Here, having taken respite a little, I naturally sink into *body* again. And will not your ladyship confine your expectations from me within narrower limits?—For, O, I cannot; even with my wishes, so swiftly follow your expectations, if such they are! But, however, leaving futurity to HIM, who only governs futurity, and who conducts us all, and our affairs, as shall best answer his own divine purposes, I will proceed as well as I can, to obey you in those articles, which are, at present, more within my own power.

My dear Miss Darnford, then, let me acquaint your ladyship, arrived on Thursday last: she had given us notice, by a line, of the day she set out; and Sir Simon and Lady Darnford saw her ten miles on the way to the stage coach in Sir Simon's coach, Mr. Murray attending her on horseback. They parted with her, as was easy to guess from her merit, with great tenderness; and we are to look upon the visit (as we go) as a high favor from her papa and mamma; who, however, charge her not to exceed a month in and out, which I regret much. Mr. B. kindly proposed to me, as she came in the stage coach, attended with one maid-servant, to meet her part of the way in his coach and six, if, as he was pleased to say, it would not be too fatiguing to me; and we would go so early, as to dine at St. Allan's. I gladly consented and we got thither about one o'clock; and while dinner was pre-

paring, he was pleased to shew me the great church there, and the curious vault of the good Duke of Gloucester, and also the monument of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon in St. Michael's church; all which, no doubt, your ladyship has seen.

There happened to be six passengers in the stage coach, including Miss Darnford and her maid; she was exceeding glad to be relieved from them, though the weather was cold enough, two of the passengers being not very agreeable company, one a rough military man, and the other a positive humoursome old gentlewoman; and the others two sisters—'who jangled now and then,' said she, 'as much as my sister, and my sister's sister.'

Judge how joyful this meeting was to us both. Mr. B. was no less delighted, and said, he was infinitely obliged to Sir Simon for this precious trust.

'I come with double pleasure,' said she, 'to see the greatest curiosity in England, a husband and wife, who have not, in so many months as you have been married, if I may believe report, and your letters, Mrs. B. once repented.'

'You are severe, Miss Darnford,' replied Mr. B. 'upon people in the married state: I hope there are many such instances.'

'There might, if there were more such husbands as Mr. B. makes.—I hated you once, and thought you very wicked: but I revere you now.'

'If you will *revere* any body, my dear Miss Darnford,' said he, 'let it be this good girl; for it is all owing to her conduct and direction, that I make a tolerable husband: were there more such wives, I am persuaded, there would be more such husbands than there are.'

'You see, my dear,' said I, 'what it is to be wedded to a generous man. Mr. B. by his noble treatment of me, creates a merit in me, and disclaims the natural effects of his own goodness.'

'Well, you're a charming couple—Person and mind. I know not any equal either of you have. But, Mr. B. I will not compliment you too highly. I may make *you* proud, for men are saucy creatures; but I cannot make your *lady* so; and in this doubt of the one, and confidence in the other, I must join with you, that *her* merit is the greatest—Since, excuse, me, Sir, her example has reformed her rake; and you have only confirmed in her the virtues you found ready formed to your hand.'

'That distinction,' said Mr. B 'is worthy of Miss Darnford's judgment.'

'My dearest Miss Darnford—my dearest Mr. B.' said I, laying my hand upon the hand of each, 'how can you go on thus! As I look upon every kind thing, two such dear friends say of me, as incentives for me to endeavour to deserve it, you must not task me too high; for then, instead of encouraging, you'll make me despair.'

He led us into the coach; and in a free, easy, joyful manner, not in the least tired or fatigued, did we reach the town and Mr. B.'s house; with which and its furniture, and the apartments allotted for her, my dear friend is highly pleased.

But the dear lady put me into some little confusion, when she saw me first, taking notice of my *improvements*, as she called them, before Mr. B. I looked at him and her with a downcast eye. He smiled, and said, 'Would *you*, my good Miss Darnford, look so silly, after such a length of time, with a husband you need not be ashamed of.'

'No, indeed, Sir, not I, I'll assure you; nor will I forgive those

maiden airs in a wife so happy as you are.'

I said nothing. But I wished myself, in mind and behaviour, to be just what Miss Darnford is.

But, my dear lady, Miss Darnford has had those early advantages from conversation, which I had not; and so must never expect to know how to deport myself with that modest freedom and ease, which I know I want, and shall always want, although some of my partial favourers think I do not. For I am every day more and more sensible of the great difference there is between being used to the politest conversation as an inferior, and being born to bear a part in it: in the one, all is set, stiff, awkward, and the person just such an ape of imitation as poor I; in the other, all is natural ease and sweetness—like Miss Darnford.

Knowing this, I don't indeed aim at what I am sensible I cannot attain; and so, I hope, am less exposed to censure than I should be if I did. For, I have heard Mr. B. observe with regard to gentlemen who build fine houses, make fine gardens, and open fine prospects, that art should never take place of, but be subservient to, nature; and a gentleman, if confined to a situation, had better conform his designs to that, than to do as at Chatsworth, level a mountain at a monstrous expense; which, had it been suffered to remain, in so wild and romantic a scene as Chatsworth affords, might have been made one of the greatest beauties of the place.

So I think I had better endeavor to make the best of those natural defects I cannot master, than, by assuming airs and dignities in appearance, to which I was not born, act neither part tolerably. By this means, instead of being thought neither gentlewoman nor rustic, as *Sir Jacob* hinted, (*linsey-woolsey*, I think was his term too,) I may be looked upon as an original in my way; and all originals pass well enough, you know, Madam, even with judges.

Now I am upon this subject, I can form to myself, if your ladyship will excuse me, two such polite gentlemen as my lawyers mentioned in my former, who, with a true London magnanimity and penetration (for Madam, I fancy your London critics will be the severest upon the country girl,) will put on mighty significant looks, forgetting, it may be, that they have any faults themselves, and apprehending that they have nothing to do, but to sit in judgment upon others, one of them expressing himself after this manner—'Why, truly, Jack, the girl is well enough—*considering*—I can't say—, (then a pinch of snuff, perhaps, adds importance to his air)—'but a man might love for her a month or two.' (These sparks talked thus of other ladies before me.) 'She behaves better than I expected from her—*considering*—' again will follow.

'So I think,' cries the other, and tosses his tye behind him, with an air partly of contempt, and partly of rakery.

'As you say, Jemmy, I expected to find an awkward country girl, but she tops her part, I'll assure you!—Nay, for that matter, behaves very tolerably well for what she was—And is right not to seem desirous to drown the remembrance of her original in her elevation—And, I can't but say,' (for something like it he did say,) 'is mighty pretty, and passably genteel.' And thus with their poor praise of Mr. B.'s girl, they think they have made a fine compliment to his judgment.

But for his sake (for as to my own, I am not solicitous about such gentlemen's opinions,) I owe them

a spite; and believe I shall find an opportunity to come out of their debt For I have the vanity to think, now you have made me proud by your kind encouragements and approbation, that the country girl will make 'em look about them, with all their genteel contempts, which they miscall praise.

But how I run on! Your ladyship expects that I shall write as freely to you as I used to do to my par[illegible] I have the merit of obeying you, that I have: but I doubt, too much to the exercise of your patience.

This (like all mine) is a long letter; and I will only add to it Miss Darnford's humble respects, and thanks for your ladyship's kind mention of her, which she receives as no small honor.

And now Madam, with a greater pleasure than I can express, will I make use of the liberty you so kindly allow me to take, of subscribing myself with that profound respect which becomes me, *your ladyship's most obliged sister and faithful servant,* P. B.

Mr. Adams, Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis have just arrived; and our household is now complete.

LETTER L.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B.

DEAR PAMELA,

AFTER I have thanked you for your last agreeable letter, which has added the Earl and Lady Jenny to the number of your admirers, (you know Lady Betty, her sister, was so before,) I shall tell you, that I now write, at their requests, as well as at those of my Lord Davers, the countess you so dearly love, and Lady Betty, for your decision of an odd dispute, that on reading your letter, and talking of your domestic excellencies, happened among us.

Lady Betty says, that, notwithstanding any awkwardness you attribute to yourself, she cannot but decide, by all she has seen of your writings, and heard from us, that yours is the perfectest character she ever found in the sex.

The countess said, that you wrong yourself in supposing you are not every thing that is polite and genteel, as well in your behavior, as in your person; and that she knows not any lady in England who better becomes her station than you do.

'Why, then,' said Lady Jenny, 'Mrs. B. must be quite perfect, that's certain.' So said the earl; so said they all. And Lord Davers confirmed that you were.

Yet, as we are sure, there cannot be such a character in this life as has not one fault, although we could not tell where to fix it, the countess made a whimsical motion; 'Lady Davers,' said she, 'pray do you write to Mrs. B. and acquaint her with our subject; and it is impossible for one who can act as she does, not to know herself better than any body else can do, desire her to acquaint us with some of those secret foibles, that leave room for her to be still more perfect.'

'A good thought;' said they all. And this is the present occasion of my writing; and pray see that you accuse yourself of no more than you know yourself guilty; for over-modesty borders nearly on pride, and too liberal self-accusations are generally but so many traps for acquittal with applause; so that (whatever other ladies might) you will not be forgiven, if you deal with us in a way so poorly artful; let your faults, there-

fore, be such as you think we can subscribe to, from what we have seen of you and what we have read of yours; and you must try to extenuate them too, as you give them, lest we should think you above that nature, which, in the best cases is your undoubted talent.

I congratulate you and Miss Darnford on her arrival: she is a charming young lady; but tell her that we shall not allow her to take you at your word, and to think that she excels you in any one thing; only, indeed, we think you nicer in some points than you need to be, as to your present agreeable circumstance. And yet let me tell you, that the easy, unaffected, conjugal purity, in word and behavior, between your good man and you, is worthy of imitation, and what the countess and I have with pleasure contemplated since we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both; and it is good policy too, child, as well as high decorum; for it is what will make you ever new and respectful to one another.

But you have the honor of it all, whose sweet, natural, and easy modesty, in person, behavior, and conversation, forbid indecency, even in thought, much more in word, to approach you; insomuch that no rakes can be rakes in your presence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their restraint.

However, as people who see you at this time, will take it for granted that you and Mr. B. have been very intimate together, I should think you need not be ashamed of your appearance, because, as he rightly observes, you have no reason to be ashamed of your husband.

Excuse my pleasantry, my dear, and answer our demand upon you, as soon as you can, which will oblige us all; particularly *your affectionate sister*, B. DAVERS.

LETTER LI.

MY DEAREST LADY,

WHAT a task have you imposed upon me! And according to the terms you annex to it, how shall I acquit myself of it, without incurring the censure of affectation, if I freely accuse myself as I may deserve, or of vanity, if I do not? Indeed, Madam, I have a great many failings; and you don't know the pain it costs me to keep them under; not so much for fear the world should see them, for I bless God, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they should become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, surely, I need not have told your ladyship and the countess of C. who have read my papers, and seen my behavior in the kind visit you made to your dear brother, and had from both but too much reason to censure me, did not your generous and partial favor make you overlook my greater failings, and pass under a kinder name many of my lesser; for surely, my good ladies, you must both of you have observed, in what you have read and seen, that I am naturally of a saucy temper; and with all my appearance of meekness and humility, can resent, and sting too, when I think myself provoked.

I have also discovered in myself, on many occasions, (of some of which I will by-and-bye remind your ladyship) a malignancy of heart, that, it is true, lasts but a little while—nor had it need—but for which I have often called myself to account—to very little purpose hitherto.

And, indeed, Madam, (now for a little extenuation, as you expect from me,) I have some difficulty, whether I ought to take such pains

to subdue myself in some instances in the station to which I am raised, that otherwise it would have become me to attempt to do; for it is no easy task, for one in my circumstances, to distinguish between the ought and ought not; to be humble without meanness, and decent without arrogance. And if all persons thought as justly as I flatter myself I do, of the inconveniences, as well as conveniences, which attend their being raised to a condition above them, they would not imagine all the world was their own, when they came to be distinguished as I have been; for, what with the contempts of superior relations on one side, the envy of the world, and low reflections arising from it, on the other, from which no one must hope to be totally exempted, and the awkwardness besides, with which they support their elevated condition, if they have sense to judge of their own imperfections: and if the gentleman be not such an one as mine—(and where will such another be found?)—On all these accounts, I say, they will be made sensible, that, whatever they might once think, happiness and an high estate are two very different things.

But I shall be too grave, when your ladyship, and all my kind and noble friends, expect, perhaps, I should give the uncommon subject a pleasanter air; yet what must that mind be that is not serious, when obliged to recollect, and give account of its defects?

But I must not only accuse myself, it seems, I must give proofs, such as your ladyship can subscribe to, of my imperfections. There is so much real kindness in this seeming hardship, that I will obey you, Madam, and produce proofs in a moment, which cannot be controverted.

As to my sauciness, those reports will give an hundred instances against me, as well to your dear brother, as to others. Indeed, to extenuate, as you command me, as I go along, these were mostly when I was apprehensive of my honor, they were.

And then, I have a little tincture of jealously, which sometimes has made me more uneasy than I ought to be, as the papers you have not seen would have demonstrated, particularly in Miss Godfrey's case, and in my conversation with your ladyships, in which I have frequently betrayed my fears of what might happen when in London; yet, to extenuate again, I have examined myself very strictly on this head; and really think that I can ascribe a great part of this jealousy to laudable motives; no less than to my concern for your dear brother's future happiness, in the hope that I may be a humble means, through Providence, to induce him to abhor those crimes of which young gentlemen too often are guilty, and bring him over to the practice of those virtues in which he will ever have cause to rejoice.—Yet, my lady, some other parts of the charge must stand against me; for as I love his person, as well as his mind, I have pride in my jealousy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to support myself as I ought, under the trial of a competition, in this very tender point.

And this obliges me to own, that I have a little spark—not a little one, perhaps—of secret pride and vanity, that will arise, now and then, on the honors done me; but which I keep under as much as I can; and to this pride, let me tell your ladyship, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourself.

So you see, my dear lady, what a naughty heart I have, and how

far I am from being a faultless creature—I hope I shall be better and better, however, as I live longer, and have more grace, and more wit; for here to recapitulate my faults, is in the first place, vindictiveness, I will not call it downright revenge—And how much room do all these leave for amendment and greater perfection?

Had your ladyship and the countess favored us longer in your kind visit, I must have so improved by your charming conversations, and by that natural ease and dignity which accompany every thing your ladyships say and do, as to have got over such of these foibles as are not rooted in nature; till in time I had been able to do more than emulate those perfections, which at present, I can only at an awful distance revere; as becomes, *my dear ladies, your most humble admirer and obliged servant,*

P. B.

LETTER LII.

From Miss Darnford to her Father and Mother.

MY EVER HONORED PAPA AND MAMMA,

I ARRIVED safely in London on Thursday, after a tolerable journey, considering Deb and I made six in the coach (two having been taken up on the way, after you left me,) and none of the six highly agreeable. Mr. B. and his lady, who looks very stately upon us (from the circumstance of person, rather than of mind, however,) were so good as to meet me at St. Alban's, in their coach and six. They have a fine house here, richly furnished in every part, and have allotted to me the best apartment in it.

We are happy beyond expression. Mr. B. is a charming husband; so easy, so pleased with, and so tender of his lady; and she so much all that we saw her in the country, as to humility and affability, and improved in every thing else which we hardly thought possible she could be—that I never knew so happy a matrimony.—All that prerogative sauciness which we apprehended would so eminently display itself in his behavior to his wife, had she been ever so distinguished by birth and fortune, is vanished. I did not think it was in the power of an angel, if our sex could have produced one, to have made so tender and so fond a husband of Mr. B. as he makes. And should I have the sense to follow Mrs. B.'s example, if ever I marry, I should not despair of making myself happy, let it be to whom it would, provided he was not a brute, nor sordid in his temper; which two characters are too obvious to be concealed, if persons take due care, and make proper inquiries, and if they are not led by blind passion. May Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy make just such a happy pair!

You commanded me, my honored mamma, to write to you an account of every thing that pleased me—I said I would; but what a task should I then have!—I did not think I had undertaken to write volumes. You must therefore allow me to be more brief than I had intended.

In the first place, it would take up five or six long letters to do justice to the economy observed in this happy family. You know that Mrs. B. has not changed one of her servants, and only added her Polly to them. This is an unexampled thing, especially as they were her fellow servants as we may say; but since they have the sense to admire so good an example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and

her power, I think it one of her peculiar felicities to have continued them, and to choose to reform such as were exceptionable rather than dismiss them.

Their mouths, Deb tells me, are continually full of her lady's praises, and prayers, and blessings, uttered with such delight and fervor for the happy pair, that it makes her eyes, she says, ready to run over to hear them.

Moreover, I think it an extraordinary degree of policy (whether designed or not) to keep them, as they were all worthy folks; for had she turned them off, what had she done but made as many enemies as she had discarded servants; and as many more as those had friends and acquaintance? And we all know, how much the reputation of families lies at the mercy of servants; and it is easy to guess to what cause each would have imputed his or her dismission. And so she has escaped, as she ought the censure of pride; and made every one, instead of reproaching her with her descent, find those graces in her, which turn that very disadvantage to her glory.

She is exceedingly affable; always speaks to them with a smile; but yet has such a dignity in her manner, that it secures her their respect and reverence; and they are ready to fly at a look, and seem proud to have her commands to execute; insomuch, that the words—'My lady commands so, or so,' from one servant to another, are sure to meet with an indisputable obedience, be the duty required what it will.

If any of them are the least indisposed, her care and tenderness for them engage the veneration and gratitude of all the rest, who see how kindly they will be treated should they ail any thing themselves. And in all this she is very happy in Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent second to her admirable lady; and is treated by her with as much respect and affection, as if she was her mother.

You may remember, Madam, that in the account she gave us of her benevolent round, as Lady Davers calls it, she says, that as she was going to London, she should instruct Mrs. Jervis about some of her clients, as I find she calls her poor, to avoid a word which her delicacy accounts harsh with regard to them, and ostentatious with respect to herself. I asked her, how (since contrary to her then expectation, Mrs. Jervis was permitted to be in town with her) she had provided to answer her intention as to those of her clients, whom she had referred to the care of that good woman?

She said, that Mr. Barlow, her apothecary, was a very worthy man, and she had given him a plenary power in that particular, and likewise desired him to recommend any new and worthy case to her that no deserving person among the destitute sick poor, might be unrelieved by reason of her absence.

And here in London she has applied herself to Dr. ——, (her parish minister, a fine preacher, and sound divine, who promises on all opportunities to pay his respects to Mr. B.) to recommend to her any poor housekeepers, who would be glad to accept of some private benefactions, and yet, having lived creditably, till reduced by misfortunes, are ashamed to apply for public relief; and she has several of these already on her benevolent list, to some of whom she sends coals now at the entrance on the wintry season, to some a piece of Irish or Scottish linen, or so many yards of Norwich stuff, for gowns and coats for the girls, or York-

shire cloth for the boys; and money to some, who she is most assured will lay it out with care.—And she has moreover *mortified*, as the Scots call it, one hundred and fifty pounds as a fund for loans, without interest, of five, ten, or fifteen, but not exceeding twenty pounds, to answer some present exigence in some honest families, who find the best security they can to repay it in a given time; and this fund, she purposes, as she grows richer, she says, to increase; and estimates pleasantly her worth by this sum, saying sometimes, 'Who would ever have thought I should have been worth one hundred and fifty pounds so soon? I shall be a rich body in time.' But in all these things, she enjoins secresy, which the doctor has promised.

She told the doctor what Mr. Adams' office is in her family: and hoped, she said, he would give her his sanction to it; assuring him, that she thought it her duty to ask it, as she was one of his flock, and he, on that account, her principal shepherd, which made a spiritual relation between them, the requisites of which, on her part, were not to be dispensed with. The good gentleman very cheerfully and applaudingly gave his consent; and when she told him how well Mr. Adams was provided for, and that she would apply to him to supply her with a town chaplain, when she was deprived of him, he wished that the other duties of his function (for he has a large parish) would permit him to be the happy person himself, saying, that till she was supplied to her mind, either he or his curate would take care that so laudable a method should be kept up.

You will do me the justice, Madam, to believe that I very cheerfully join in my dear friend's Sunday duties; and I am not a little edified, with the good example, and the harmony and good will that this excellent method preserves in the family.

I must own I never saw such a family of love in my life; for here, under the eye of the best of mistresses, they twice every Sunday see one another all together (as they used to do in the country,) superior as well as inferior servants; and Deb tells me, after Mrs. B. and I are withdrawn, there are such friendly salutations among them, that she never heard the like—'Your servant, good Master Longman:'—'Your servant, Master Colbrand,' cries one another.—'How do you, John?—'I'm glad to see you, Abraham!—'All blessedly met once more!' cries Jonathan, the venerable butler, with his silver hairs, as Mrs. B. always distinguishes him:—'Good Madam Jervis,' cries another, 'you look purely this blessed day, thank God!' And they return to their several vocations, so light, so easy, so pleased, so even tempered in their minds, as their cheerful countenances, as well as expressions testify, that it is a heaven of a house: and being wound up thus constantly once a week at least, like a good eight-day clock, no piece of machinery that ever was made is so regular and uniform as this family is.

What an example does this dear lady set to all who see her, know her, and who hear of her; how happy they who have the grace to follow it! What a public blessing would such a mind as hers be, could it be vested with the robes of royalty, and adorn the sovereign dignity! But what are the princes of the earth, look at them in every nation, and what they have been for ages past, compared to this lady? who acts from the impulses

of her own heart, unaided in most cases, by any human example. In short, when I contemplate her innumerable excellencies, and that sweetness of temper, and universal benevolence, which shine in every thing she says and does, I cannot sometimes help looking upon her in the light of an angel, dropped down from heaven, and received into bodily organs, to live among men and women, in order to show what the first of the species was designed to be.

And, here is the admiration, that one sees all these duties performed in such an easy and pleasant manner, as any body may perform them; for they interfere not with any parts of the family management; but rather aid and inspirit every one in the discharge of all their domestic services; and, moreover, keep their minds in a state of preparation for the more solemn duties of the day; and all without the least intermixture of affectation, enthusiasm, or ostentation. O my dear papa and mamma, permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all these good lessons, and how happy shall I be!

As to the town, and the diversions of it, I shall not trouble you with any accounts, as, from your former thorough knowledge of both, you will want no information about them; for, generally speaking, all who reside constantly in London, allow that there is little other difference in the diversions of one winter and another, than such as are in clothes; a few variations of the fashions only, which are mostly owing to the ingenious contrivances of persons who are to get their bread by diversifying them.

Mrs. B. has undertaken to give Lady Davers an account of the matters as they pass, and her sentiments on what she sees. There must be something new in her observations, because she is a stranger to these diversions, and unbiassed entirely by favor or prejudice; and so will not play the partial critic, but give to a beauty its due praise, and to a fault its due censure, according to that truth and nature which are the unerring guides of her actions as well as sentiments. These I will transcribe for you; and you'll be so good as to return them when perused, because I will lend them, as I used to do her letters, to her good parents; and so I shall give her a pleasure at the same time in the accommodating them with the knowledge of all that passes, which she makes it a point of duty to do, because they take delight in her writings.

My papa's observation, that a woman never takes a journey but she forgets something, is justified by me; for, with all my care, I have left my diamond buckle, which Miss Nancy will find in the inner till of my bureau, wrapt up in cotton; and I beg it may be sent to me by the first opportunity. With my humble duty to you both, my dear indulgent papa and mamma, thanks for the favor I now rejoice in, and affectionate respects to Miss Nancy, (I wish she would love me as well as I love her,) and service to Mr. Murray, and all our good neighbors, conclude me *your dutiful and highly favored daughter,*

M. Darnford.

Mr. and Mrs. B desire their compliments of congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Peters on the marriage of their worthy neice; also to your honored selves they desire their kind respects and thanks for the loan of your worthless daughter. I experience every hour some new token of their politeness and affection; and I make no scruple

to think I am with such a brother, and such a sister as any happy creature may rejoice in, and be proud of. Mr. B. I cannot but repeat, is a charming husband, and a most polite gentleman. His lady is always accusing herself to me of awkwardness and insufficiency; but not a soul who sees her can find it out; she is all genteel ease; and the admiration of every one who beholds her. Only I tell her, with such happiness in possession, she is a little of the gravest sometimes.

LETTER LIII.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY GOOD LADY,

You command me to acquaint you with the proceedings between Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy Darnford; and Miss Polly makes it easy for me to obey you in this particular, and in very few words; for she says, every thing was adjusted before she came away, and the ceremony, she believes, may be performed by this time. She rejoices that she was out of the way of it; for, she says, love is so awkward a thing to Mr. Murray, and good humor so uncommon an one to Miss Nancy, that she hopes she shall never see such another courtship.

We have been at the play-house several times; and, give me leave to say, Madam, (for I have now read as well as seen several,) that I think the stage, by proper regulations, might be made a profitable amusement.—But nothing more convinces one of the truth of the common observation, that the best things, corrupted, prove the worst, than these representations. The terror and compunction for evil deeds, the compassion for a just distress, and the general benevolence which those lively exhibitions are so capable of raising in the human mind, might be of great service, when directed to right ends and induced by proper motives: particularly where the actions which the catastrophe is designed to punish, are not set in such advantageous lights, as shall destroy the end of the moral, and make the vice that ought to be censured, amiable; where instruction is kept in view all the way, and where vice is punished, and virtue rewarded.

But give me leave to say, that I think there is hardly one play I have seen, or read hitherto, but has too much of love in it, as that passion is generally treated. How unnatural in some, how inflaming in others, are the descriptions of it! In most, rather rant and fury, like the loves of the fiercer brute animals, as Virgil, translated by Dryden, describes them, than the soft, sighing, fearfully hopeful murmurs, that swell the bosoms of our gentler sex; and the respectful, timorous, submissive complainings of the other, when the truth of the passion humanizes, as one may say, their more rugged hearts.

In particular, what strange indelicates do these writers of tragedy often make of our sex! They don't enter into the passion at all, if I have any notion of it; but when the authors want to paint it strongly (at least in those plays I have seen and read) their aim seems to raise a whirlwind, as I may say, which sweeps down reason, religion, and decency; and carries every laudable duty away before it; so that all the examples can serve to show, is, how a disappointed lover may rage and storm, resent and revenge.

The play I first saw was the tragedy of the Distressed Mother; and a great many beautiful things

I think there are in it; but half of it is a tempestuous, cruel, ungoverned rant of passion, and ends in cruelty, bloodshed, and desolation, which the truth of the story not warranting, as Mr. B. tells me, makes it the more pity, that the original author (for it is a French play, translated, you know Madam,) had not conducted it, since it was his choice, with less terror, and with greater propriety, to the passions intended to be raised, and actually raised in many places.

But the epilogue spoken after the play, by Mrs. Oldfield, in the character of Andromache, was more shocking to me, than the most terrible of the play; as by lewd and even senseless *double entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous sentiments, which the tragedy was designed to raise.

The pleasure this gave the men was equally barbarous and insulting; all turning to the boxes, pit, and galleries, where ladies were, to see how they looked, and stood an emphatical and too well pronounced ridicule, not only upon the play in general, but upon the part of Andromache in particular, which had been so well sustained by an excellent actress; and I was extremely mortified to see my favorite (and the only perfect) character debased and despoiled, and the widow of Hector, prince of Troy, talking nastiness to an audience, and setting it out with all the wicked graces of action, and affected archness of look, attitude and emphasis.

I stood up—'Dear Sir!—Dear Miss!' said I.

'What's the matter, my love?' said Mr. B. smiling.

'Why have I wept the distresses of the injured Hermione?' whispered I; 'why have I been moved by the murder of the brave Pyrrhus, and shocked by the madness of Orestes! Is it for this? See you not Hector's widow, the noble Andromache, inverting the design of the whole play, satirizing her own sex, but indeed most of all ridiculing and shaming, in my mind, that part of the audience who can be delighted with this vile epilogue, after such scenes of horror and distress?'

He was pleased to say, smiling, 'I expected, my dear, that your delicacy, and Miss Darnford's too, would be shocked on this preposterous occasion. I never saw this play, rake as I was, but the impropriety of the epilogue sent me away dissatisfied with it, and with human nature too; and you only see, by this one instance, what a character that of an actor or actress is, and how capable they are to personate any thing for a sorry subsistence.'

'Well, but, Sir,' said I, 'are there not, think you; extravagant scenes and characters enough in most plays to justify the censures of the virtuous upon them, that the wicked friend of the author must crown the work in an epilogue, for fear the audience should go away improved by the representation? It is not, I see, always narrowness of spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the mouths of good people against these diversions.'

In this wild way talked I; for I was quite out of patience at this unnatural and unexpected piece of ridicule, tacked to so serious a play, and coming after such a moral.

Here is a specimen, my dear lady, of my observations on the first play I saw. How just or impertinent, I must leave to your better judgment. I very probably expose my ignorance and folly in them, but I will not say, presumption, because you have put me upon the task, which otherwise I should

hardly have attempted. I have very little reason therefore to blame myself on this score; but, on the contrary, if I can escape your ladyship's censure, have cause to pride myself in the opportunity you have thereby given me to show my readiness to obey you; and the rather since I am sure of your kindest indulgence, now you have given me leave to style myself your *obliged sister, and faithful servant,*

P. B.

LETTER LIV.

MY DEAR LADY,

I GAVE you in my last bold remarks upon a Tragedy—The Distressed Mother. I will now give you my shallow notions of a Comedy—The Tender Husband.

I liked this part of the title; though I was not pleased with the other, explanatory of it; Or—The Accomplished Fools. But when I heard it was written by Sir Richard Steele, and that Mr. Addison had given some hints towards it, if not some characters—'O dear Sir,' said I, 'give us your company to this play; for the authors of the Spectator cannot possibly produce a faulty scene.'

Mr. B. indeed smiled; for I had not then read the play; and the Earl of F. his countess, Miss Darnford, Mr. B. and myself, agreed to meet with a neice of my lord's in the stage box, which was taken on purpose.

There [illegible]ed to me to be much wit and [illegible]re in the play; but upon my word, I was grievously disappointed as to the morality of it; nor, in some places, is probability preserved; and there are divers speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such from the names I mentioned.

In short the author seems to have forgotten the moral all the way, and being put in mind of it by some kind friend (Mr. Addison, perhaps,) was at a loss to clear one from such characters and plots as he had produced; and so put down what came uppermost, for the sake of custom, without much regard to propriety. And truly, I should think that the play was begun with a design to draw some amiable characters, answerable to the title of Tender Husband; but that the author, being carried away by the luxuriancy of a genius, which he had not the heart to prune, on a general survey of the whole, distrusting the propriety of that title, added the under one, with an, OR, The Accomplished Fools, in justice to his piece, and compliment to his audience. Had he called it The Accomplished Knaves, I would not have been angry at him, because there would have been more propriety in the title.

I wish I could, for the sake of the authors, have praised every scene of this play: I hoped to have reason for it. Judge then, my dear lady, my mortification, not to be able to say I liked above one, the Painter's scene, which too was out of time, being on the wedding day; and am forced to disapprove of every character in it, and the views of every one. I am, dear Madam, *your most obliged sister and servant,*

P. B.

LETTER LV.

MY DEAR LADY,

ALTHOUGH I cannot tell how you received my observations on the tragedy of the Distressed Mother, and the Comedy of the Tender Husband, yet will I proceed to give your ladyship my opinion of the opera I was at last night.

But what can I say, after mentioning what you so well know, the fine scenes, the genteel and splendid company, the charming voices, and delightful music?

If, Madam, one were all ear, and lost to every sense but that of harmony, surely the Italian opera would be a transporting thing!—But when one finds good sense, and instruction, and propriety, sacrificed to the charms of sound, what an unedifying, what a mere temporary delight does it afford! For what does one carry home, but the remembrance of having been pleased so many hours by the mere vibration of air, which, being but sound, you cannot bring away with you; and must therefore enter the time passed in such a diversion, into the account of those blank hours, from which one has not reaped so much as one improving lesson?

Mr. B. observes, that when once sound is preferred to sense, we shall depart from all our own worthiness, and, at best, be but the apes, yea, the dupes, of those whom we may strive to imitate, but never can reach, much less excel.

Mr. B. says, sometimes, that this taste is almost the only good fruit our young nobility gather, and bring home from their foreign tours; and that he found the English nation much ridiculed on this score, by those very people who are benefitted by their depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other qualifications be, which they bring home?—Yet every one does not return with so little improvement, it is to be hoped.

But what can I say of an Italian opera?—For who can describe sound! Or what words shall be found to embody air? And when we return, and are asked our opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above, the scenery is fine, the company splendid and genteel, the music charming for the time, the action not extraordinary, the language unintelligible, and, for all these reasons—the instruction none at all.

This is all the thing itself gives me room to say of the Italian opera; very probably, for a want of a polite taste, and a knowledge of the language.

In my next, I believe, I shall give you, Madam, my opinion of a diversion, which, I doubt, I shall like still less, and that is a masquerade; for I fear I shall not be excused going to one, although I have no manner of liking to it, especially in my present way. I am, Madam, *your ladyship's most obliged and faithful,* P. B.

I must add another half sheet to this letter on the subject matter of it, the opera; and am sure you will not be displeased with the addition.

Mr. B. coming up just as I had concluded my letter, asked me what was my subject? I told him I was giving your ladyship my notions of the Italian opera. 'Let me see what they are, my dear; for this is a subject that very few of those who admire these performances, and fewer still of those who decry them know any thing of.'

He read the above, and was pleased to commend it. 'Operas,' said he, 'are very sad things in England, to what they are in Italy; and the translations given of them abominable: and indeed, our language will not do them justice.

'Every nation, as you say, has its excellencies; and ours should not quit the manly nervous sense, which is the distinction of the English drama. One play of our celebrated Shakspeare will give infinitely more pleasure to a sensible

mind, than a dozen English-Italian operas. But, my dear, in Italy, they are quite another thing; and the sense is not, as here, sacrificed so much to the sound, but that they are both very compatible.'

'Be pleased, Sir, to give me your observations on this head in writing, and then I shall have something to send worthy of Lady Davers's acceptance.'

'I will, my dear;' and he took a pen, and wrote the inclosed; which I beg your ladyship to return me; because I will keep it for my instruction, if I should be led to talk of this subject in company. 'Let my sister know,' said he, 'that I have given myself no time to re-peruse what I have written. She will do well, therefore, to correct it, and return it to you.'

'In Italy, judges of operas are so far from thinking the drama or poetical part of their operas nonsense, as the unskilled in Italian rashly conclude in England, that if the Libretto, as they call it, is not approved, the opera, notwithstanding the excellence of the music will be condemned. For the Italians justly determine, that the very music of an opera cannot be complete and pleasing, if the drama be incongruous, as I may call it, in its composition, because, in order to please, it must have the necessary contrast of the grave and the light, that is, the diverting equally blended through the whole. If there be too much of the first, let the music be composed ever so masterly in that style, it will become heavy and tiresome; if the latter prevail, it will surfeit with its levity; wherefore it is the poet's business to adapt the words for this agreeable mixture; for the music is but secondary, and subservient to the words; and if there be an artful contrast in the drama, there will be the same in the music, supposing the composer to be a skilful master.

'Now, since in England, the practice has been to mutilate, curtail, and patch up a drama in Italian, in order to introduce favorite airs, selected from different authors, the contrast has always been broken thereby, without every one's knowing the reason; and since ignorant, mercenary prompters, though Italians, have been employed in hotch-potch, and in translating our dramas from Italian into English, how could such operas appear any other than incongruous nonsense?'

Permit me, dear Madam, to repeat my assurances, that I am, and must ever be, *your obliged sister and servant,* P. B.

LETTER LVI.

Well, now, my dear lady, I will give you my poor opinion of a masquerade, to which Mr. B. persuaded me to accompany Miss Darnford; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great indifference, or rather dislike, to go, and Miss therefore wanted so powerful a second, to get me with her; because I was afraid the freedoms which I had heard were used there would not be very agreeable to my apprehensive temper, at this time especially.

But finding Mr. B. chose to have me go, if, as he was pleased to say, I had no objection, I said, 'I will have none, I can have none, when you tell me it is your choice; and so send for the habits you like, and that you would have me appear in, and I will cheerfully attend you.'

The habit Mr. B. pitched upon was that of a Spanish Don, and it well befitted the majesty of his person and air; and Miss Darnford chose that of a young widow; and Mr. B. recommended that of a Quaker for me. We all admired our

another in our dresses; and Mr. B. promising to have me always in his eye, we went thither.

But I never desire to be present at another. Mr. B. was singled out by a bold Nun, who talked Italian to him with such free airs, that I did not much like it, though I knew not what she said; for I thought the dear gentleman no more kept to his Spanish gravity, than she to the habit she wore, when I had imagined that all that was tolerable in a masquerade, was the acting up to the character each person assumed; and this gave me no objection to the Quaker's dress; for I thought I was prim enough for that naturally.

I said softly, 'Dear Miss Darnford!, (for Mr. B. and the Nun were out of sight in a moment,) 'what is become of that Nun?'—'Rather,' whispered she, 'what is become of the Spaniard?'

A Cardinal attacked me instantly in French: but I answered in English, not knowing what he said, 'Quakers are not fit company for Redbirts.'

'They are,' said he, in the same language; for a Quaker and a Jesuit is the same thing.'

Miss Darnford was addressed by the name of the Sprightly Widow; another asked how long she intended to wear those weeds? And a footman in a rich livery, answered for her eyes, through her mask, that it would not be a month.

But I was startled when a Presbyterian Parson came up, and bid me look after my Musidorus—So that I doubted not by this, it must be one who knew my name to be Pamela; and I soon thought of one of my lawyers, whose characters I gave before.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was sorry, on more accounts than that of my timorousness, to have lost sight of him. 'Out upon these nasty masquerades,' thought I; 'I can't abide them already!'

An egregious beauish appearance came up to Miss, and said, 'You hang out a very pretty sign, Widow.'

'Not,' replied she, 'to invite such fops as you to my shop.'

'Any customer would be welcome,' returned he, 'in my opinion. I whisper this as a secret.'

'And I whisper another,' said she, but not whisperingly, 'that no place warrants ill manners.'

'Are you angry, Widow?'

She affected a laugh: 'No, indeed, it isn't worth while.'

He turned to me—and I was afraid of some such hit as he gave me. 'I hope, friend, thou art prepared with a father for the light within thee?'

'Is this wit?' said I, turning to Miss Darnford; 'I have enough of this diversion, where nothing but coarse jests appear barefac'd.'

At last Mr. B. accosted us as if he had not known us. 'So lovely a widow, and so sweet a friend! no wonder you do not separate; for I see not in this various assembly a third person of your sex fit to join with you.'

'Not *one*, Sir!' said I, 'Will not a penitent Nun make a good third with a mournful Widow, and a prim Quaker?

'Not for more than ten minutes at most.'

Instantly the Nun, a fine person of a lady, with a noble air, though I did not like her, joined us, and spoke in Italian something very free, as it seemed by her manner, and Mr. B.'s smiling answer; but neither Miss Darnford nor I understood that language, and Mr. B. would not explain it to us.

But she gave him a signal to follow her, seeming to be much taken with his person and air; for though there were three other Spanish

habits there, he was called The stately Spaniard by one, The handsome Spaniard by another, in our hearing, as he passed with us to the dessert, where we drank each of us a glass of champaigne, and eat a few sweetmeats, with a crowd about us; but we appeared not to know one another; while several odd appearances, as one Indian Prince, one Chinese Mandarin, several Domino's, of both sexes, a Dutch Skipper, a Jewish Rabbi, a Greek Monk, a Harlequin, a Turkish Bashaw, and Capuchin Friar, glided by us as we returned into company, signifying that we were strangers to them, by squeaking out—'I know you!'—Which is half the wit of the place.

Two ladies, one in a very fantastic party-colored habit, with a plume of feathers, the other in a rustic one, with a garland of flowers round her head, were much taken notice of for their freedom, and having something to say to every body. They were as seldom separated as Miss Darnford and I, and were followed by a crowd wherever they went.

The party-colored one came up to me: 'Friend,' said she, 'there is something in thy person that attracts every one's notice; but if a sack had not been a profane thing, it would have become thee almost as well.'—'I thank thee friend,' said I, 'for thy counsel; but if thou hadst been pleased to look at home thou wouldst not have taken so much pains to join such advice and such an appearance, together, as thou makest!'

This made every one that heard it laugh—One said, the butterfly hath met with her match.

She returned, with an affected laugh, 'Smartly said!—But art thou come hither, friend, to make thy light shine before men or women?'

'Verily, friend, neither,' replied I; 'but out of mere curiosity, to look into the minds of both sexes; which I read in their dresses.'

'A general satire on the assembly, by the mass!' said a fat Monk.

The Nun whisked to us;—'We're all concerned in my friend's remark.'—

'And no disgrace to a fair Nun,' returned I, 'if her behavior answer her dress—Nor to a reverend Friar,' turning to the Monk, 'if his mind be not a discredit to his appearance—Nor yet to a country girl,' turning to the party-colored lady's companion, 'if she has no weeds in her heart to disgrace the flowers on her head.'

An odd figure, representing a Merry Andrew, took my hand, and said, I had the most piquant wit he had met with that night; 'And, friend,' said he, 'let us be better acquainted!'

'Forbear,' said I, withdrawing my hand; 'not a companion for a Jack-pudding, neither!'

A Roman Senator just then attacked Miss Darnford; and Mr. B. seeing me so much engaged, ''Twere hard,' said he, 'if our nation, in spite of Cervantes, produced not one cavalier to protect a fair lady thus surrounded.'

'Though surrounded, not distressed, my good knight-errant,' said the Nun; 'the fair Quaker will be too hard for half a dozen antagonists, and wants not your protection:—but your poor Nun bespeaks it,' whispered she, 'who has not a word to say for herself.' Mr. B. answered her in Italian, (I wish I understood Italian!)—and she had recourse to her beads.

You can't imagine, Madam, how this Nun haunted him!—I don't like these masquerades at all. Many ladies, on these occasions, are so very free, that the censorious will be apt to blame the whole

[illegible] their conduct, and to say, their hearts are as faulty as those of the most culpable men, since they scruple not to show as much, when they think they cannot be known by their faces. But it is my humble opinion, that could a standard be fixed, by which one could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* wit, decency would not be so often wounded by attempts to be witty as it is. For here every one; who can say things that shock a modester person, not meeting with due rebuke, but perhaps a smile, (without considering whether it be of contempt or approbation) mistakes courage for wit; and every thing sacred or civil becomes the subject of his frothy jest.

But what a moralizer am I! will your ladyship say; indeed I can't help it:—and especially on such a subject as a masquerade, which I dislike more than any thing I ever saw. I could say a great deal more on this occasion; but, upon my word, I am quite out of humor with it; for I liked my English Mr. B. better than my Spaniard; and the Nun I approved not by any means; though there were some who observed, that she was one of the gracefullest figures in the place. And, indeed, in spite of my own heart, I could not help thinking so too.

Your ladyship knows so well what masquerades are, that I may well be excused saying any thing further on a subject I am so little pleased with; for you only desire my notions of those diversions, because I am a novice in them; and this, I doubt not, will doubly serve to answer that purpose.

I shall only therefore add, that after an hundred other impertinences spoken to Miss Darnford and me, and retorted with spirit by her, and as well as I could by myself, quite sick of the place, I feigned to be more indisposed than I was, and so got my beloved Spaniard to go off with us, and reached home by three in the morning. And so much for masquerades. I hope I shall never have occasion to mention them again to your ladyship. I am, my dearest Madam, *your ever obliged sister and faithful servant,*

P. B.

LETTER LVII.

MY DEAREST LADY,

My mind is so wholly engrossed by thoughts of a very different nature from those which the diversions of the town and theatres inspire, that I beg to be excused, if, for the present, I say nothing further of those lighter matters. But as you do not disapprove of my remarks, I intend, if God spares my life, to make a little book, which I will present to your ladyship, of my poor observations on all the dramatic entertainments I have seen, and shall see, this winter; and for this purpose I have made brief notes in the margin of the printed plays I have bought, as I saw them, with a pencil; by referring to which, as helps to my memory, I shall be able to state what my thoughts were at the time of seeing them pretty nearly with the same advantage, as if I had written them at my return from each.

I have obtained Sir Simon and Lady Darnford's permission for Miss to stay with me till it shall be seen how it will please God to deal with me, and I owe this favor partly to a kind letter written in my behalf to Sir Simon, by Mr. B. and partly to the young lady's earnest request to her papa, to oblige me; Sir Simon having made some difficulty to comply, as Mr. Murray

and his bride have left them, saying, he could not live long, if he had not the company of his beloved daughter.

But what shall I say, when I find my frailty so much increased, that I cannot, with the same intenseness of devotion I used to be blest with, apply myself to the throne of Grace, nor, of consequence, find my invocations answered by that delight and inward satisfaction, with which I used when the present near prospect was more remote?

I hope I shall not be deserted in the hour of trial, and that this my weakness of mind will not be punished with a spiritual dereliction, for suffering myself to be too much attached to those worldly delights and pleasures, which no mortal ever enjoyed in a more exalted degree than myself. And I beseech you, my dearest lady, to let me be always remembered in your prayers —only for a resignation to the Divine will; a cheerful resignation! I presume not to prescribe to his gracious Providence; for if one has but that, one has but every thing that one need to have.

Forgive me, my dearest lady, for being so deeply serious. I have just been contending with a severe pang, that is now gone off; what effect its return may have, God only knows. And if this is the last line I shall ever write, it will be the more satisfactory to me, as (with my humble respects to my good Lord Davers, and my dear countess, and praying for the continuance of all your healths and happiness, both here and hereafter,) I am permitted to subscribe myself *your ladyship's obliged sister and humble servant,*

P. B.

LETTER LVIII.

From Lady Davers to Mr. B

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

ALTHOUGH I believe it needless to put a man of your generous spirit in mind of doing a worthy action: yet, as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a line or two with regard to the good old couple in Kent.

I am sure, if, for our sins, God Almighty should take from us my incomparable sister, (forgive me, my dear brother, but to intimate what may be, although I hourly pray, as her trying minute approaches, that it will not,) you will, for her sake, take care that her honest parents have not the less of your favor, to deepen the inconsolable one, they will have, in such a case, of the best of daughters.

I say, I am sure you will do as generously by them as ever; and I dare say your sweet Pamela doubts it not; yet, as you know how sensible she is of every favor done them, it is the countess's opinion and mine, and Lady Betty's too, that you give her this assurance, in some legal way; for, as she is naturally apprehensive, and thinks more of her present circumstances, than, for your sake, she chooses to express to you, it will be like a cordial to her dutiful and grateful heart; and I do not know, if it will not contribute more than any one thing, to make her go through her task with ease and safety.

I know how much your heart is wrapped up in the dear creature; and you are a worthy brother to let it be so! You will excuse me therefore, I am sure, for this my officiousness.

I have no doubt but God will

spare her to us, because, although we may not be worthy of such excellence, yet we all now unite so gratefully to thank him for such a worthy relation, that I hope we shall not be deprived of an example so necessary to us all.

I can have but one fear, and that is, that young as she is, she seems ripened for glory; she seems to have lived long enough for herself. But for you, and for us, that God will still spare her, shall be the hourly prayer of, *my dear worthy brother, your ever affectionate sister,* B. DAVERS.

LETTER LIX.

From Mrs. B. to Mr. B.

MY DEAR AND EVER-HONORED MR. B.

SINCE I know not how it may please God Almighty to dispose of me on the approaching occasion, I should think myself inexcusable, not to find one or two select hours to dedicate to you, out of the very many, in the writing way, which your goodness has indulged me, because you saw I took delight in it.

But yet, think not, O best beloved of my heart! that I have any boon to beg, any favor to ask, either for myself or for my friends, or so much as the continuance of your favor to the one or the other. As to them you have prevented and exceeded all my wishes; as to myself, if it please God to spare me, I know I shall always be rewarded beyond my desert, let my deservings be what they will. I have only therefore to acknowledge with the deepest sense of your goodness to me, and with the most heart-affecting gratitude, that from the happy, the thrice happy hour, that you so generously made me yours, till this moment, you have not left one thing, on my own part, to wish for, but the continuance and increase of your felicity, and that I might be still worthier of the unexampled goodness, tenderness, and condescension, wherewith you have always treated me.

No, my dearest, my best beloved master, friend, husband, my first, my last, and only love! believe me, I have nothing to wish for but your honor and felicity, temporal and eternal; and I make no doubt, that God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, will perfect his own good work, begun in your dear heart; and, whatever may now happen, give us a happy meeting, never more to part from one another.

Let me then beg of you, my dearest protector, to pardon all my imperfections and defects; and if ever since I have had the honor to be yours, I have in looks, or in word, or in deed, given you cause to wish me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the score of natural infirmity (for in thought or intention, I can truly boast, I have never wilfully erred.) Your tenderness, and generous politeness to me, always gave me apprehension, that I was not what you wished me to be, because you would not find fault with me so often as I fear I deserved; and this makes me beg of you to do, as I hope God Almighty will, pardon all my involuntary errors and omissions.

But let me say one word for my dear worthy Mrs. Jervis. Her care and fidelity will be very necessary for your affairs, dear Sir, while you remain single, which I hope will not be long. But, whenever you make a second choice, be pleased to allow her such an annuity as may make her independent, and pass away the remainder of her life with ease and comfort. And this I the rather presume to

in the kingdom.

Nor will Christian charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent Jewkes. I understand by Miss Darnford, that she begs for nothing but to have the pleasure of dying in your service, and by that means to atone for some small slips and mistakes in her accounts, which she had made formerly, and of which she accuses herself; for she will have it, that Mr. Longman has been better to her than she deserved, in passing one account particularly, to which he had, with too much reason, objected; do, dear Sir, if your *future* happy lady has no great dislike to the poor woman, be pleased to grant her request, except her own mind should alter, and she desire her dismission.

And now I have to beg of God to shower down his most precious blessings upon you, my dearest, my first, my last, and my only love! and to return to you an hundred fold, the benefits which you have conferred upon me and m

Mrs. Andrews, a discreet, wor-
y soul as ever I knew, and who
her aspect and behavior is far
m being a disgrace even to Mr.
s lady, is with her dear daughter,
her no small satisfaction, as you
y suppose.

Mr. B. asked my advice yester-
y about having in the house a
dwife, to be at hand, at a mo-
nt's warning. I said I feared
sight of such a person would
rify her; and so he instantly
rted an expedient, of which her
ther, Mrs. Jervis, and myself ap-
oved, and have put into practice;
this day, Mrs. Harris, a distant
ation of mine, though not of
urs, Sir and Madam, is arrived
m Essex to make a visit; and
. B. has prevailed upon her, in
npliment to me, as he pretend-
to accept of her board in his
use, while she stays in town,
ich she says, will be about a
ek.

Mrs. Harris being a discreet,
dest, matron-like person, Mrs.
took a liking to her at first
ht, and is already very familiar
h her; and understanding she
s a doctor of physic's lady, and
es as much delight in adminis-
ing to the health of her own sex,
her husband used to do to that
oth, Mrs. B. says it is very for-
ate, that she has so experienced
dy to consult, as she is such a
rice in her own case.

Mr. B. however, to carry on the
est imposture the better, just
v, in presence of Mrs. Harris,
Mrs. Andrews, and me, asked
former if it was not necessary
ave in the house the good wo-
? This frighted Mrs. B. who
ed pale, and said she could not
r the thoughts of it. Mrs. Har-
said it was highly necessary
Mrs. B. if she would not per-
the gentlewoman to be in the
se, should *see her*; and that
then, she apprehended, there would be no necessity, as she did not live far off, to have her in the house, since Mrs. B. was so uneasy on that account This pleased Mrs. B. much, and Mrs. Thomas was admitted to attend her.

Now, you must know, that this is the assistant of my new relation; and she being apprised of the matter, came; but never did I see so much shyness and apprehension as Mrs. B. showed all the time Mrs. Thomas was with her, holding sometimes her mother, sometimes Mrs. Harris by the hand, and being ready to sweat with terror.

Mrs. Harris scraped acquaintance with Mrs. Thomas, who, pretending to recollect her, gave Mrs. Harris great praises; which increased Mrs. B.'s confidence in her, and she undertakes to govern the whole so, that the dreaded Mrs. Thomas need not come till the very moment; which is no small pleasure to the over-nice lady. And she seems every hour to be better pleased with Mrs. Harris, who, by her prudent talk, will more and more familiarize her to the circumstance, unawares to herself in a manner. But, notwithstanding this precaution, of a midwife in the house, Mr. B. intends to have a gentleman of the profession in readiness, for fear of the worst.

Mrs. B. has written a letter, with this superscription: 'To the ever honored and ever dear Mr. B. with prayers for his health, honor and prosperity in this world, and everlasting felicity in that to come. P. B.' It is sealed with black wax, and she gave it to me this moment, on her being taken ill, to give to Mr. B. if she dies. But God, of his mercy, avert that! and preserve the dear lady, for the honor of her sex, and the happiness of all who know her and particularly for the sake of your Polly Darnford [illegible]

not have a greater loss, I am sure, while my honored papa and mamma are living; and may that be for many, very many, happy years.

I will not close this letter till all is over; happily, as I hope!—Mrs. B. is better again, and has, occasionally, made some fine reflections, directing herself to me, but designed for the benefit of her Polly, on the subject of the inconsideration of some of our sex, with regard to the circumstances she is in.

I knew what her design was, and said, 'Aye, Polly, let you and I, and every single young body, bear these reflections in mind, pronounced by so excellent a lady, in moment, so arduous as these!'

The girl wept, and very movingly fell down by the door, on her knees, praying to God to preserve her dear lady, and she should be happy for ever!

Mrs. B. is exceedingly pleased with my new relation Mrs. Harris, as we call her, who behaves with so much prudence, that she suspects nothing, and told Mrs. Jervis, she wished nobody else was to come near her. And as she goes out (being a person of eminence in her way,) two or three times a day, and last night staid out late, Mrs. B. said, she hoped she would not be abroad, when she should wish her to be at home.

I have the very great pleasure, my dear papa and mama, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that just half an hour ago, my dear Mrs. B. was brought to bed of a fine boy.

We are all out of our wits for joy almost. I ran down to Mr. B. myself, who received me with trembling impatience. 'A boy! a fine boy! dear Mr. B.' said I: 'a son and heir, indeed!'

'But how does my Pamela? Is she safe? Is she like to do well?' 'We hope so,' said I; 'or I had not come down to you, I'll assure you!' He folded me in his arms, in a joyful rapture: 'How happy you make me, dearest Miss Darnford! If my Pamela is safe, the boy is welcome, welcome indeed!—But when may I go up to thank my jewel?'

Mrs. Andrews is so overjoyed, and so thankful, that there is no getting her from her knees.

A man and horse is already dispatched to Lady Davers, and another ordered to Kent, to the good old man.

Mrs. Jervis, when I went up, said she must go down and release the good folks from their knees; for, half an hour before, they declared they would not stir from that posture till they heard how it went with their lady; and when the happy news was brought them of her safety, and of a young master, they were quite ecstatic, she says, in their joy, and not a dry eye among them, shaking hands, and congratulating one another, men and maids; which made it one of the most affecting sights that can be imagined. And Mr. Longman, who had no power to leave the house for three days past, hastened to congratulate his worthy principal; and never was so much moving joy seen, as this honest hearted steward ran over with.

I did a foolish thing in my joy—I gave Mr. B. the letter designed for him, had an unhappy event followed; and he won't return it; but says, he will obtain Mrs. B.'s leave, when she is better, to open it; and the happier turn will augment his thankfulness to God, and love to her, when he shall, by this means be blest with sentiments so different from what the other case would have afforded.

Mrs. B. had a very sharp time. Never more, my dear papa, talk of a husband to me. Place all your expectations on Nancy! Not one

of these men that I have yet seen, is worth running these risques for! But Mr. B.'s endearments and tenderness to his lady, his thankful and manly gratitude and politeness when he was admitted to pay his respects to her, and his behavior to Mrs. Andrews, and to us all, though but a visit of ten minutes, was alone worthy of all her risque.

I would give you a description of it, had I Mrs. B.'s pen, and of twenty agreeable scenes and conversations beside; but for want of that, must conclude with my humble duty, as becomes, honored Sir, and Madam, *your ever grateful,*

POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXI.

From the same.

MY HONORED PAPA AND MAMMA,

WE have nothing but joy and festivity in this house; and it would be endless to tell you the congratulations the happy family receives every day from tenants and friends. Mr. B. you know, was always deemed one of the kindest landlords in England; and his tenants are overjoyed at the happy event which has given them a young landlord of his name; for all those who live in that large part of the estate, which came by Mrs. B. his mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir Jacob Swynford's family for their landlord, who, they say, are all made up of pride and cruelty, and would have racked them to death; insomuch that they had a voluntary meeting of about twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the occasion; and it was unanimously agreed to make a present of a piece of gilt plate, to serve as a bason for the christening, to the value of one hundred guineas; on which is to be engraven the following inscription:—

'In acknowledgement of the humanity and generosity of the best of landlords, and as a token of his tenants' joy on the birth of a son and heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his father's generosity, and his mother's virtues, this piece of plate is, with all due gratitude, presented as a christening bason to all the children that shall proceed from such worthy parents, and their descendants, to the end of time.

'By the obliged and joyful tenants of the maternal estate in Bedfordshire and Gloucestershire, the initials of whose names are under engraven, viz.'

Then are to follow the first letter's of each person's christian and surname.

What an honor is this to a landlord! In my opinion very far surpassing the *mis-nomer'd* free gifts which we read of in some kingdoms on extraordinary occasions, some of them like this. For here it is all truly spontaneous—A free gift indeed! and Mr. B. took it very kindly, and has put off the christening for a week, to give time for its being completed and inscribed as above.

The Earl and Countess of C and Lord and Lady Davers are here, to stand in person at the christening; and you cannot conceive how greatly my Lady Davers is transported with joy, to have a son and heir to the estate; she is every hour, almost, thanking her dear sister for him; and reads in the child all the great qualities she forms to herself in him. 'Tis indeed, a charming boy, and has a great deal (if one may judge of a child so very young) of his father's manly aspect. The dear lady herself is still but weak; but the joy of all around her, and her spouse's

tenderness and politeness, give her cheerful and free spirits; and she is all serenity, ease, and thankfulness.

Mrs. B. as soon as the danger was over, asked me for her letter with the black seal. I had been very earnest to get it from Mr. B. but to no purpose; so I was forced to tell her who had it. She said, but very composedly, she was sorry for it, and hoped he had not opened it.

He came into her chamber soon after, and I demanded it before her. He said he had designed to ask her leave to break the seal, which he had not yet done; nor would without her consent.

'Will you give me leave, my dear,' said he, 'to break the seal?' 'If you do, Sir, let it not be in my presence; but it is too serious.'—'Not, my dear, now the apprehension is so happily over; it may now add to my joy and thankfulness on that account.'—'Then, do as you please, Sir; but I had rather you would not.'

'Then here it is, Miss Darnford; it was put into your hands, and there I place it again.' 'That's something like,' said I, 'considering the gentleman. Mrs. B. I hope we shall bring him into good order between us in time.' So I returned it to the dear writer, who put it into her bosom.

I related to Lady Davers, when she came, this circumstance, and she, I believe, has leave to take it with her. She is very proud of all opportunities now of justifying her brother's choice, and doing honor to his wife, with Lady Betty C. who is her great favorite, and who delights to read Mrs. B.'s letters.

You desire to know, my honored papa, how Mr. B. passes his time, and whether it be in his lady's chamber. No, indeed! Catch gentlemen, the best of them, in too great a complaisance that way, if you can. 'What then, does he pass his time with you, Polly? you are pleased to ask. What a disadvantage a man lies under, who has been once a rake! But I am so generally with Mrs. B. that when I tell you, Sir, his visits to her are much of the polite form, I believe I answer all you mean by your questions; and especially when I remind you, Sir, that Lord and Lady Davers, and the Earl and Countess of C. and your unworthy daughter, are at dinner and supper-time generally together; for Mrs. Andrews, who is not yet gone back to Kent, breakfasts, dines, and sups with her beloved daughter, and is hardly ever out of the room.

Then, Sir, Mr. B. the Earl, and Lord Davers, give pretty constant attendance to the business of parliament; and now and then sup abroad—So, Sir, we are all upon honor; and I could wish (only that your facetiousness always gives me pleasure, as it is a token that you have your much desired health and freedom of spirits,) that even in jest, my mamma's daughter might pass unquestioned.

But I know why you do it; it is only to put me out of heart to ask to stay longer. Yet I wish—But I know you won't permit me to go through the whole winter here. Will my dear papa grant it, do you think, if you were to lay the highest obligation upon your dutiful daughter, and petition for me? And should you care to try? I dare not hope it myself; but when one sees a gentleman here, who denies his lady nothing, it makes one wish, methinks, that Lady Darnford was as happy in that particular as Mrs. B.

Your indulgence for this one winter, or, rather this small remainder of it, I make not so much doubt of, you see, Madam. I know

you'll call me a bold girl; but then you always, when you do, condescend to grant my request; and I will be as good as ever I can be afterwards. I will fetch up all the lost time; rise an hour sooner in the morning, go to bed an hour later at night; flower my papa any thing he pleases; read him to sleep when he pleases; put his gout into good humor, when it will be soothed—And Mrs. B. to crown all, will come down with me, by permission of her sovereign lord, who will attend her you may be sure; and will not all this do, to procure me a month or two more? If it won't, why then, I will thank you for your past goodness to me, and with all duty and cheerfulness, bid adieu to this dear London, this dearer family, and attend a *still* dearer papa and mamma; whose dutiful daughter I will ever be, whilst POLLY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXII.

To the same.

MY HONORED PAPA AND MAMMA,

I HAVE received your joint commands, and will set out on Wednesday, next week. I hope to find my papa in better health than at present, and in better humor too; for I am sorry he is displeased with my petitioning for a little longer time in London. It is very severe to impute to me want of duty and affection, which would, if deserved, make me most unworthy of your favor.

Mr. B. and his Lady are resolved to accompany me in their coach, till your chariot meets me, if you will be pleased to permit it so to do; and even set me down at your gate, if it did not; but he vows that he will neither alight at your house nor let his lady. But I say that this is a misplaced resentment, because I ought to think it a favor, that you have indulged me so much as you have done. And yet even this is likewise a favor on their side to me, because it is an instance of their fondness for your unworthy daughter's company.

Mrs. B. is, if possible, more lovely since her lying-in than before. She has so much delight in her nursery, that I fear it will take her off from her pen, which will be a great loss to all whom she used to oblige with her correspondence. Indeed this new object of her care is a charming child; and she is exceedingly pleased with her nurse; for she is not permitted, as she very much desired, to suckle it herself.

She makes a great proficiency in the French and Italian languages; and well she may, for she has the best schoolmaster in the world, and one whom she loves better than any lady ever loved a tutor. He is lofty, and will not be disputed with; but I never saw a more polite and tender husband for all that.

We had a splendid christening, exceedingly well ordered, and every body was delighted at it. The quality gossips went away but on Tuesday; and my Lady Davers took leave of her charming sister with all the blessings, and all the kindness and affection de fondness, that could be expressed.

Mr. Andrews, that worthy old man, came up to see his grandson yesterday. You would never have forgotten the good man's behavior (had you seen it,) to his daughter, and to the charming child; I wish I could describe it to you; but I am apt to think Mrs. B. will notice it to Lady Davers; and if she enters into the description of it while I stay, I will beg a copy of it, to bring down with me; because I

I see but one thing that can possibly happen to disturb the felicity of this charming couple; and that I will mention, in confidence. Mr. B. and Mrs. B. and myself were at the masquerade, before she lay-in; there was a lady greatly taken with Mr. B. She was in a Nun's habit, and followed him wherever he went; and Mr. Turner, a gentleman of one of the inns of court, who visits Mr. B. and is an old acquaintance of his, tells me, by the bye, that the lady took an opportunity to unmask to Mr. B Mr. Turner has since found she is the young Countess Dowager of ——, a fine lady; but not the most reserved in her conduct of late, since her widowhood. And he has since discovered, as he says, that a letter or two, if not more, have passed between Mr. B. and that lady.

Now Mrs. B. with all her perfections, has, as she owns, a little spice of jealousy; and should she be once alarmed, I tremble for the consequence to both their happ-

on our journey to London, and found my dearest, dear boy in charming health.

What a new pleasure has God bestowed upon me; which, after every little absence, rises upon me in a true maternal tenderness, every step I move toward the dear little blessing! Yet sometimes I think your dear brother is not so fond of him as I wish him to be. He says 'tis time enough for him to mind him, when he can return his notice, and be grateful!—A negligent word, is'nt it, Madam—considering;—

My dear father came to town to accompany my good mother down to Kent, and they set out soon after your lordship left us. It is impossible to describe the joy with which his worthy heart overflowed, when he congratulated us on the happy event. And as he had been apprehensive for his daughter's safety, judge, my lady, what his transports were, to see us all safe and well, and happy, and a son given to Mr. B by his greatly honored daughter.

I was in the nursery when he came. So was my mother. Miss Darnford also was there. And Mr. B who was in his closet, at his arrival, after having received his most respectful congratulations himself, brought him up (though he has not been there since: indeed he h'nt!) 'Pamela,' said the dear gentleman, 'see who's here!'

I spring to him, and kneeled for his blessing; 'O my father!' said I, 'see' (pointing to the dear baby at the nurse's breast,) 'how God Almighty has answered all our prayers!'

He dropped down on his knees by me, clasping me in his indulgent arms: 'O my daughter!—My blessed daughter!—And do I once more see you safe and well!—I do! I do!—Blessed be thy name, O gracious God, for these thy mercies!'

While we were thus joined, happy father, and happy daughter, in one thanksgiving, the sweet baby having fallen asleep, the nurse had put it into the cradle; and when my father rose from me, he went to my mother, 'God bless my dear Betty,' said he,' I longed to see you, after this separation. Here's joy! here's pleasure! O how happy are we!' And taking her hand he kneeled down on one side the cradle, and my mother on the other, both looking at the dear baby, with eyes running over; and, hand in hand, he prayed in the most fervent manner for a blessing upon the dear infant, and that God Almighty would make him an honor to his father's family, and to his mother's virtue; and that, in the words of Scripture, he might grow on, and be in favor both with the Lord, and with man.'

Mr. B. has just put into my hands Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education, and he commands me to give him my thoughts upon it in writing. He has a very high regard for this author, and tells me that my tenderness for Billy will make me think some of the first advice given in it a little harsh; but although he has not read it through, only having dipped into it here and there, he believes from the name of the author, I cannot have a better directory; and my opinion of it, after I have well considered it, will inform him, he says, of my own capacity and prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the point of a first education.

I asked if I might not be excused writing, only making my observations here and there, to himself, as I found occasion? But he said, 'You will yourself, my dear, better consider the subject, and be more a mistress of it, and I shall

the better attend to your reasonings, when put into writing; and surely, Pamela, you may, in such an important point as this, as well oblige me with a little of your penmanship, as your other dear friends.'

After this, your ladyship will judge I had not another word to say. He cuts one to the heart, when he speaks so seriously.

I have looked a little into it. It is a book quite accommodated to my case, being written to a gentleman, the author's friend, for the regulation of his conduct towards his children. But how shall I do, if in such a famed and renowned author, I see already some few things which I think want clearing up; Won't it look like intolerable vanity in me, to find fault with such a genius as Mr. Locke?

I must, on this occasion, give your ladyship the particulars of a short conversation between your brother and me; which however, perhaps, will not be to my disadvantage, because it will shew you what a teazing body I can be, if I am indulged. But Mr. B. will not spoil me neither in that way, I dare say! Your ladyship will see this in the very dialogue I shall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. Lock's book, and Mr. B. asked me how I liked it?—'Exceedingly well, Sir. But I have a proposal to make which, if you will be pleased to comply with, will give me a charming opportunity of understanding Mr. Locke.'

'What is your proposal, my dear? I see it is some very particular one, by that sweet earnest in your look.'

'Why, so it is, Sir: and I must know, whether you are in high good humor, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me; and my proposal will not then, I'm sure.'

'You have all the amusing way of your sex, my dear Pamela. But tell me what you would say? You know I don't love suspense.'

'May-be your'e busy, Sir. Perhaps I break in upon you. I believe you were going into your closet.'

'True woman!—How you love to put one upon the tenters! Yet, my life for yours, by your parade, what I just now thought important, is some pretty trifle!—Speak it at once, or I'll be angry with you,' and tapped my cheek.

'Well, I wish I had not come just now!—I see you are not in a good humor enough for my proposal.—So, pray, Sir, excuse me till to-morrow.'

He took my hand, and led me to his closet, calling me his pretty impertinent; and then urging me, I said, 'You know, Sir, I have not been used to the company of children. Your dear Billy will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any part of education. I can learn of the charming boy nothing but the baby conduct; but now if I might take into the house some little master of three or four years old, or Miss of five or six, I should watch over their little ways; and now reading a chapter in the *child*, and now one in the *book*, I can look forward, and with advantage into the subject; and go through all the parts of education tolerably, for one of my capacity; for, Sir, I can, by my own defects, and what I have wished to mend, know how to judge of, and supply that part of life which carries a child up to eleven or twelve years of age, which was mine, when my lady took me.'

'A pretty thought, Pamela! but tell me, who will part with their child, think you? Would you, if it

were your case, although ever so well assured of the advantages your little one would reap by it?—For don't you consider, that the child ought to be wholly subjected to your authority? That its father or mother ought seldom to see it; because it should think itself absolutely dependent upon you?—And where, my dear, will you meet with parents so resigned?—Besides one would have the child descended of genteel parents, and not such as could do nothing for it; otherwise the turn of mind and education you would give it, might do it more harm than good.'

'All this, Sir, is very true. But have you no other objection, if one could find a genteely-descended young Master? And would you join to persuade his papa to give me up his power, only from three months to three months, as I liked, and the child liked, and as the papa approved of my proceedings?'

'This is so reasonable, with these last conditions, Pamela, that I should be pleased with your notion if it could be put into practice, because the child would be benefitted by your instruction, and you would be improved in an art which I could wish to see you an adept in.'

'But, perhaps, Sir, you had rather it were a girl than a boy?'—'I had, my dear, if a girl could be found, whose parents would give her up to you; but I suppose you have some boy in your head, by your putting it upon that sex at first.'

'Let me see, Sir, you say you are in a good humor! Let me see if you be;'—looking boldly in his face.

'What now,' with some little impatience, 'would the pretty fool be at?'

'Only, Sir, that you have nothing to do, but to speak the word, and there is a child whose papa and mamma too, I am sure, would consent to give up to me for my own instruction, as well as for her sake; and if, to speak in the Scripture phrase, I have found *grace in your sight*, kind Sir, speak this word to the dear child's papa.'

'And have you thus come over me, Pamela!—Go, I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner against myself. This looks so artful, that I won't love you!'—'Dear Sir!'—'And dear Madam too! Be gone, I say!—You have surprised me by art, when your talent is nature, and you should keep to that!'

I was sadly baulked, and had neither power to go nor stay! At last, seeing I had put him into a kind of flutter, as now he had put me. I moved my unwilling feet towards the door.—He took a turn about the closet meantime.—'Yet stay,' said he, 'there is something so generous in your art, that, on recollection, I cannot part with you.'

He took notice of the starting tear—'I am to blame!—You had surprised me so, that my hasty temper got the better of my consideration. Let me kiss away this pearly fugitive. Forgive me, my dearest love! What an inconsiderate brute I am, when compared to such an angel as my Pamela! I see at once now, all the force, and all the merit, of your amiable generosity; and to make you amends for this my hastiness, I will cooly consider of the matter, and will either satisfy you by my compliance, or by the reasons which I will give you for the contrary.

'But say, my Pamela, can you forgive my harshness?—'Can I!—Yes, indeed, Sir,' pressing his hand to my lips; 'and bid me Go, and Be gone, twenty times a day, if I am to be thus kindly called back to you, thus nobly and condescendingly treated in the same

[illegible], and that I took the example of the prophet, to King David, in the parable of the *Ewe-Lamb.*'

'I remember it, my dear—and you have well pointed your parable, and had nothing to do, but to say—"*Thou art the man!*"

I am called upon by my dear benefactor for a little airing, and he suffers me only to conclude this long letter. So I am obliged, with greater abruptness than I had designed, to mention thankfully your ladyship's goodness to me: particularly in that kind letter in behalf of my dear parents, had a certain event taken place. Mr. B. shewed it to me this morning, and not before—I believe, for fear I should have been so much oppressed by the sense of your unmerited goodness to me, had he let me known of it before your departure from us, that I should not have been able to look up at you; heaping favors and blessings upon me, as you were hourly doing besides. What a happy creature am I!—But my gratitude—

I suppose you'll be going out of town soon, now the parliament is rising. My Lord is resolved to put his proxy into another hand, and intends, I believe, to take my brother's advice in it. Both the Earl and his Lordship are highly pleased with my brother's moderate and independent principles. He has got great credit among all unprejudiced men, by the part he acted throughout the last session, in which he has shewn that he would no more join to distress and clog the wheels of government, by an unreasonable opposition, than would do the dirty work of any administration. As he has so noble a fortune, and wants nothing of any body, he would be doubly to blame to take any other part than that of his country, in which he has so great a stake.

May he act out of the house, and in the house with equal honor; and he will be his country's pride, and your pride, and mine too! which is the wish of *your affectionate sister*, B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXV.

MY DEAR LADY,

I HAVE been a little in disorder, that I have. Some few rubs have happened. I hope they will be happily removed. I am unwilling to believe all that is said. But this is a wicked town. I wish we were out of it. Yet I see not when that will be. I wish Mr. B. would permit me and my Billy to go into Kent. But I don't care to leave him behind me, neither; and he is not inclined to go. Excuse my brevity, my dearest lady—But I must break off, with only assuring your ladyship, that I am, and ever will be, *your obliged and grateful*, P. B.

LETTER LXVI.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

I UNDERSTAND things go not so well as I wish. If you think my coming up to town, and residing with you, while your stay, will be of service, or help you to get out of it, I will set out directly. I will pretend some indisposition, and a desire of consulting the London physicians; or any thing you shall think fit to be done, by *your affectionate sister, and faithful friend*, B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXVII.

MY DEAREST LADY

A THOUSAND thanks for your goodness to me; but I hope all will be well. I hope God will enable me to act so prudent a part, as will touch his generous breast. Be pleased to tell me what your ladyship has heard; but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any appeals; for I know those will not be excused; and I do all I can to suppress my uneasiness before him. But I pay for it when I am alone. My nursery, and my reliance on God, (I should have said the latter first,) are all my consolation. God preserve and bless you, my good lady, and my noble lord! (but I am apt to think your ladyship's presence will not avail,) prays *your affectionate and obliged*, P. B.

LETTER LXVIII.

WHY does not my sweet girl subscribe *Sister*, as usual? I have done nothing amiss to you! I love you dearly, and ever will. I can't help my brother's faults. But I hope he treats you with politeness and decency. He shall be none of

generally the last who hears in these cases, and you should not be first told any thing by me that must afflict you, but cannot you more than it does me. God give you patience and comfort! The wicked lady has a deal to answer for, to disturb such an uncommon happiness. But no more, than that I am *your ever affectionate sister,*

B. Davers.

I am all impatience to hear how you conduct yourself upon this trying occasion. Let me know what you have heard, and how you came to hear it.

LETTER LXIX.

Why don't I subscribe sister? asks my dearest Lady Davers.—I have not had the courage to do it of late. For my title to that honor arises from the dear, thrice dear Mr. B. And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot say. But since you command it, I will call your ladyship by that beloved name, let th

I try to smile, and seem pleased,) 'I am all sunshine now you are come!—don't you see I am?'

'Yes, your sunshine of late is all through a cloud! I know not what's the matter with you. Your temper will alter, and then—'

'It shan't alter, Sir—it shan't—If I can help it. And then I kissed his hand, that, perhaps, was last about his more beloved Countess's neck—Distracting reflection.

But come, may be I think the worst! To be sure I do!—For my apprehensions were ever aforehand with events; and bad must be the case, if it be worse than I think it.

You command me to let you know what I have heard, and how I came to hear it. I told your ladyship in one of my former, that two gentlemen brought up to the law, but above the practice of it, though I doubt, not above practices less honorable, had visited us on coming to town.

They have been often here since, Mr. Turner particularly; and sometimes by himself, when Mr. B. has happened to be out; and he it was, as I guessed, that gave me, at the wicked masquerade, the advice to look after my *Musidorus*.

I did not like their visits, and *his* much less; for he seemed to be a man of intriguing spirit. But about three weeks ago, Mr. B. setting out upon a party of pleasure to Oxford, he came, and pretended great business with me. I was at breakfast in the parlor, only Polly attending me, and admitted him to drink a dish of chocolate with me. When Polly had stept out, he told me after many apologies, that he had discovered who the nun was at the masquerade, that had engaged Mr. B.

I said, it was very indifferent to me who the lady was.

He replied (making still more apologies, and pretending great reluctance to speak out,) that it was no less a lady than the young Countess Dowager of ——, a lady noted for her wit and beauty, but of a gay disposition, though he believed not yet culpable.

I was alarmed; but would not let him see it; and told Mr. Turner, that I was so well satified with Mr. B.'s affection for me, and his well-known honor, that I could not think myself obliged to any gentleman who should endeavor to give me a less opinion of either than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me, that the very party Mr. B. was upon, was with the Countess for one, and Lord ——, who had married her sister.

I said, I was glad he was in such good company, and wished him every pleasure in it.

He hoped, he said, he might trust to my discretion, that I would not let Mr. B. know from whom I had the information; that, indeed, his motive in mentioning it, was self-interest; having presumed to make some overtures of an honorable nature to the Countess in his own behalf; which had been rejected since that masquerade night; and he hoped the prudent use I would make of the intimation, might somehow be a means to break off that correspondence, before it was attended with bad consequences.

I told him, coldly, though it stung me to the heart, that I was fully assured of Mr. B.'s honor; and was sorry he, Mr. Turner, had so bad an opinion of a lady to whom he professed so high a consideration. And rising up—'Will you excuse me, Sir, that I cannot attend at all to such a subject as this? I think I ought not; and so must withdraw.'

'Only, Madam, one word.' He offered to take my hand, but I

[illegible] proper to be communicated, every tittle of it to Mr. B.; and this must be my excuse for withdrawing.' And away I went from him.

Your ladyship will judge with how uneasy a heart; which became more so, when I sat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was resolved to give it as little credit as I could, or that any thing would come of it, till Mr. B.'s own behavior should convince me, to my affliction, that I had some reason to be alarmed; so I opened not my lips about it, not even to Mrs. Jervis.

At Mr. B.'s return, I received him in my usual affectionate and unreserved manner, and he behaved himself to me with his accustomed goodness and kindness; or, at least with so little difference, that had not Mr. Turner's officiousness made me more watchful, I should not have perceived it.

But next day a letter was brought by a footman for Mr. B. He was out; so John gave it to me. The superscription was a lady's [illegible]

'I am much obliged to the lady, Sir, be she who she would.'

'Why, my dear, you are *so* engaged in your nursery! Then this was a sudden thing; as you know I told you.'

'Nay, Sir, as long as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do but to be pleased with it.'

He watched my eyes, and the turn of my countenance—'You look, Pamela, as if you'd be glad to return the lady thanks in person. Shall I engage her to visit you? She longs to see you.'

'Sir—Sir,' hesitated I, 'as you please—I can't—I can't be displeased—'

'Displeased?' interrupted he: 'why that word? and why that hesitation in your answer? You speak very volubly, my dear, when you're not moved.'

'Dear Sir,' said I, almost as quick as he was, 'why should I be moved? What occasion is there for it? I hope you have a better opinion of me than—'

'Than what, Pamela?—What would you say? I know you are a little rogue, I know you are.'

'But, dear Sir, why do you impute jealousy to me on *this* score? What a creature must I be, if you could not be abroad with a lady, but I must be jealous of you? No, Sir, I have reason to rely upon your honor; and I *do* rely upon it; and—'

'And what? Why my dear, you are giving me assurances, as if you thought the case required it!'

'Ah!' thought I, 'so it does, I see too plainly, or apprehend I do;' but I durst not say so, nor give him any hint about my informant; though now confirmed of the truth of what Mr. Turner had said.

Yet, I resolved, if possible, not to alter my conduct. But my frequent weepings, when by myself, could not be hid as I wished; my eyes not keeping my heart's counsel.

And this gives occasion to some of the stern words which I have mentioned above.

All that he further said at this time was, with a negligent, yet a determined air—'Well, Pamela, don't be doubtful of my honor. You know how much I love you. But, one day or other, I shall gratify this lady's curiosity, and bring her to pay you a visit, and you shall see you need not be ashamed of her acquaintance.'—'Whenever you please, Sir,' was all I cared to say farther; for I saw he was upon the catch, and looked stedfastly upon me whenever I moved my lips; and I am not a finished hypocrite, and he can read the lines of one's face, and the motion of one's heart, I think.

I am sure mine is a very uneasy one. But till I reflected and weighed well the matter, it was worse; and my natural imperfection of this sort made me see a necessity to be more watchful over myself, and to doubt my own prudence. And thus I reasoned when he withdrew:

'Here,' thought I, 'I have had a greater proportion of happiness without alloy, fallen to my share, than any of my sex; and I ought to be prepared for some trials.

''Tis true, this is of the sorest kind; 'tis worse than death itself to me, who had an opinion of the dear man's reformation, and prided myself not a little on that account. So that the blow is full upon my sore place. 'Tis on the side I could be the most easily penetrated. But Achilles could be touched only in his heel; and if he was to die by an enemy's hands, must not the arrow find out that only vulnerable place? My jealousy is that place with me, as your ladyship observes; but it is seated deeper than the heel; it is in my heart.

'let me not, by my present behav
leave any room for heart-burnin,
but, like a skilful surgeon, so h
the wound to the bottom, thou
the operation be painful, that it m
not fester, and break out again w
fresh violence, on future misund
standings, if any shall happen.

'Well, but,' thought I, 'let t
worst come to the worst, he p
haps may be so good as to perm
me to pass the remainder of m
days with my dear Billy, in Ke
with my father and mother; ar
so, when I cannot rejoice in po
session of a virtuous husband,
shall be employed in praying fo
him, and enjoy a two-fold happ
ness, that of doing my own duty t
my dear baby—a pleasing enter
tainment this! and that of comfort
ing my worthy parents, and bein
comforted by them—a no smal
consolation! And who knows bu
I may be permitted to steal a visi
now and then to dear Lady Davers
and be called Sister, and be deeme
a *faultless* sister too?' But remem
ber, my dear lady, that if ever

LETTER LXX.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

You need not be afraid of any body's knowing what passes between us on this cutting subject. Though I hear of it from every mouth, yet I pretend 'tis all falsehood and malice. Yet Lady Betty will have it, that there is more in it than I will own; and that I know my brother's wickedness by my pensive looks. She will make a vow, she says, never to marry any man living.

I am greatly moved by your affecting periods. Charming Pamela! what a tempest do you raise in one's mind, when you please, and lay it too, at your own will! Your colorings are strong; but I hope your imagination carries you much farther than it is possible he should go.

I am pleased with your prudent reasonings, and your wise resolutions. I see nobody can advise or help you. God only can! And his direction you beg *so* hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that when the noble uncle of this vile lady—(why don't you call her so as well as I *I*)—expostulated with her on the scandals she brought upon her character and family, she pretended to argue (foolish creature!) for polygamy; and said she had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England.

I leave you to your own workings; but if I find your prudence unrewarded by the wretch, the storm you saw raised at the Hall, shall be nothing to the hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the roots all the happiness the two wretches propose to themselves.

Don't let my intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you over-much. Try some way to move the wretch. It must be done by touching his generosity; he has that in some perfection. But how in *this* case to move it, is beyond my power or skill to prescribe. God bless you, my dearest Pamela! You shall be my *only* sister. And I will never own my brother, if he be so base to your superlative merit. Adieu once more, *from your sister and friend*, B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXXI.

MY DEAREST LADY,

A THOUSAND thanks for your kind, your truly sisterly letter and advice. Mr. B. is just returned from a tour to Portsmouth, with the Countess, I believe, but am not sure.

Here I am forced to leave off.

Let me scratch through this last surmise. It seems she was not with him. This is some comfort.

He is very kind; and Billy not being well when he came in, my grief passed off without blame. He has said many tender things to me; but added, that if I gave myself so much uneasiness every time the child ailed any thing, he would hire the nurse to overlay him. Bless me, Madam! what hard-hearted shocking things are these men capable of saying!—The farthest from their hearts, indeed; so they had need—For he was as glad of the child's being better as I could be.

In the morning he went out in the chariot for about an hour, and returned in a good humor, saying twenty agreeable things to me, which makes me *so* proud, and *so* pleased!

He is gone out again.

Could I but find this matter happily conquered, for his own sake,

sake!—But he seems, by what your ladyship mentions, to have carried this polygamy point with the lady.

Can I live with him, Madam—*ought* I—if this be the case? I have it under his hand, that the laws of his country were sufficient to deter him from that practice. But alas! he knew not this countess then!

But here I must break off.

He is returned, and coming up. 'Go into my bosom for the present, O letter, dedicated to dear lady Davers—Come to my hand the play employment, so unsuited to my present afflicted mind!'—Here he comes!

O, Madam! my heart is almost broken!—Just now Mr. B. tells me that the Countess Dowager, and the Viscountess, her sister, are to be here to see my Billy, and to drink tea with me this very afternoon!

I was all confusion when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon every thing but him.

'Will not my friends be welcome, Pamela?' said he sternly.

'O yes, very welcome! But I have these wretched vapors so, that I wish I might be excused—I wish I might be allowed to take an airing in the chariot for two or three hours; for I shall not be seen by such—ladies,' said I, half out of breath.

'You'll be fit to be seen by nobody, my dear, if you go on thus. But do as you please.'

He was going, and I took his hand: 'Stay, dear Sir, let me know what you would have me do. If you would have me stay, I will.'

'To be sure I would.'

'Well, Sir, then I will. For it is hard,' thought I, 'if an innocent person cannot look up in her own house too, as it now is, as I may say, to a guilty one! Guilty in her heart, at least!—Though, poor lady, I hope she is not so in fact; and, if God hears my prayers, never will, for all three of our sakes.'

But Madam, think for me, what a task I have!—How my heart throbs in my bosom! How I tremble! how I struggle with myself! What rules I form for my behavior to this naughty lady! How they are dashed in pieces as soon as formed, and new ones taken up! And yet I doubt myself when I come to the test.

But one thing will help me. I *pity* the poor lady; and as she comes with the heart of a robber, to invade me in my lawful right, I pride myself in a superiority over this countess; and will endeavor to show her the country girl in a light which would better become *her* to appear in.

I must be forced to leave off here, for Mr. B. has just come in to receive his guests; and I am in a sad flutter upon it. All my resolution fails me; what shall I do! O that this countess was come and gone!

I have one comfort, however in the midst of my griefs; and that is in your ladyship's goodness, which gives me leave to assume the honored title, that let what may happen, will give me equal pride and pleasure, in subscribing myself your *ladyship's most obliged sister and humble servant,* P. B.

LETTER LXXI.

MY DEAR LADY,

I WILL now pursue my last affecting subject; for the visit is over; but a sad situation I am in with Mr. B. for all that; but, bad as it is, I'll try to forget it, till I come to it in course.

About in the afternoon Mr. B.

came in to receive his guests, whom he expected at five. He came up to me. I had just closed my last letter; but put it up, and set before me your ladyship's play subjects.

'So, Pamela!—How do you do now?'

Your ladyship may guess, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary account of myself—'As well—as well, Sir, as possible; half out of breath.

'You give yourself strange melancholy airs of late, my dear. All that cheerfulness, which used to delight me whenever I saw you, I am sorry for it, is quite vanished. You and I must shortly have a little serious talk together.'

'When you please, Sir. I believe it is only being used to this smoaky thick air of London!—I shall be better when you carry me into the country. I dare say I shall. But I never was in London so long before, you know, Sir.'

'All in good time, Pamela!—But is this the best appearance you choose to make to receive such guests?'

'If it displeases you, Sir, I will dress otherwise in a minute.'

'You look well in any thing. But I thought you'd have been better dressed. Yet it would never have less become you; for of late your eyes have lost that brilliancy that used to strike me with a lustre much surpassing that of the finest diamonds.'

'I am sorry for it, Sir. But as I never could pride myself in deserving such a kind of compliment, I should be too happy, forgive me, my dearest Mr. B. if the failure be not rather in your eyes, than in *mine*.'

He looked at me steadfastly. 'I fear Pamela—But don't be a fool.'

'You are angry with me, Sir?'

'No, not I'

'Would you have me dress better?'

'No, not I. If your eyes looked a little more brilliant, you want no addition.' Down he went.

Strange short speeches, these, my lady, to what you have heard from his dear mouth.—'Yet they shall not rob me of the merit of a patient sufferer, I am resolved,' thought I.

Now, my lady, as I doubted not my rival would come adorned with every outward ornament, I put on only a white damask gown, having no desire to vie with her in appearance; for a virtuous and honest heart is my glory, I bless God! I wish the countess had the same to boast of!

About five their ladyships came in the countess's new chariot; for she has not long been out of her transitory mourning, and dressed as rich as jewels, and a profusion of of expense could make her.

I saw them from the window alight. O how my heart throbbed! 'Lie still,' said I, 'busy thing! why all this emotion?—Those shining ornaments cover not such a guileless flutterer as thou. Why then all this emotion?'

Polly Barlow came up instantly from Mr. B.

I hastened down; tremble, tremble, tremble, went my feet, in spite of all the resolution I had been endeavoring so long to collect together.

Mr. B. presented the countess to me, both of us covered with blushes; but from very different motives, as I imagine.

'The Countess of ——, my dear.'

She saluted me, and looked, as I thought, half with envy, half with shame; but one is apt to form people's countenances by what one judges of their hearts.

'O too lovely, too charming rival!' thought I—'Would to heaven

I saw less attraction in you!' For indeed she is a charming lady; yet she could not help calling me Mrs. B., that was some pride to me; every little distinction is some pride to me now—and said she hoped I would excuse the liberty she had taken; but the character given of me by Mr. B. made her desirous of paying her respects to me.

'O these villainous masquerades' thought I!—'You would never have wanted to see me, but for them, poor naughty Nun, that was.'

Mr. B. presented also the Viscountess to me; I saluted her ladyship; her sister saluted me.

She is a graceful lady; better, as I hope, in heart, but not equal in person to her sister.

'You have a charming boy, I am told, Madam; but no wonder from such a pair!'

'O dear heart,' thought I, 'is'n't it so!' Your ladyship may guess what I thought farther.

'Will your ladyship see him now,' said Mr. B.

He did not look down; no, not one bit!—though the Countess played with her fan, and looked at him, and at me, and then down by turns, a little consciously; while I wrapped up myself in my innocence, my first flutterings being over, and thought I was superior, by reason of that, even to a Countess.

With all her heart, she said.

I rang. 'Polly, bid the nurse bring *my* Billy down.'—*My*, said I, with an emphasis.

I met the nurse at the stairs' foot and brought in my dear baby in my arms; 'Such a child, and such a mamma!' said the Viscountess.

'Will you give master to my arms, one moment, Madam?' said the Countess.

'Yes,' thought I, 'much rather than my dear naughty gentleman should any other.'

I yielded it to her; I thought she would have stifled it with her warm kisses. 'Sweet boy! charming creature, and pressed it to her too lovely bosom, with such emotion, looking on the child, and on Mr. B. that I liked it not by any means.

'Go, you naughty lady,' thought I; But I durst not say so. 'And go, naughty man, too!, thought I; 'for you seem to look too much gratified in your pride, by her fondness for your boy. I wish I did not love you so well as I do!' But neither, your ladyship may believe, did I say this.

Mr. B. looked at me, but with a bravery, I thought, too like what I had been witness to, in some former scenes, in as bad a cause. 'But,' thought I, 'God delivered me *then*; I will confide in him. He will now, I doubt not, restore thy heart to my prayers; untainted, I hope for thy own dear sake as well as mine.'

The Viscountess took the child from her sister, and kissed him with great pleasure. She is a married lady. Would to God, the Countess was so too! for Mr. B. never corresponded, as I told your ladyship once, with married ladies; so I was not afraid of her love to my Billy. 'But let me,' said she, 'have the pleasure of restoring Master to his charming mamma.' 'I thought,' added she, 'I never saw a lovelier sight in my life, than when in his mamma's arms.'

'Why, I *can't* say,' said the countess, 'but Master and his mamma do credit to one another. Dear Madam, let us have the pleasure of seeing him still on your lap, while he is so good.'

I wondered the dear baby was so quiet; though indeed, he is generally so; but he might surely, if but by sympathy, have complain

ed for his poor mamma, though she durst not for herself.

How apt one is to engage every thing in one's distress, when it is deep! and one wonders too, that things animate and inanimate look with the same face, when we are greatly moved by any extraordinary and interesting event.

I sat down with my baby on my lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous boldness (I will call it so; for well says the text, '*The righteous is as bold as a lion*,') now on my Billy, now on his papa, and now on the Countess, with such a triumph in my heart; for I saw her blush and look down, and the dear gentleman seemed to eye me with a kind of conscious tenderness, as I thought.

A silence of five minutes, I believe, succeeded, we all four looking upon one another; and the little dear was awake, and stared full upon me, with such innocent smiles, as if he promised to love me, and make me amends for all.

I kissed him, and took his pretty little hand in mine—'You are very good, my charmer, in this company!' said I.

I remembered a scene, which made greatly for me in the papers you have seen, when, instead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. Longman for harsh usage (for, O my lady, your dear brother has a hard heart indeed when he pleases,) I only prayed for him on my knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had dignity and a proud superiority in my vain heart, over them all. Then it was not my part to be upon defances, where I loved, and where I hoped to reclaim. Besides, what had I done by that, but justified, seemingly, by after acts in a passionate resentment, to their minds, at least their too wicked treatment of me?—Moreover, your ladyship will remember, that Mr. B. knew not that I was acquainted with his intrigue; for I must call it so. If he had, he is too noble to insult me by such a visit; and he had told me, I should see the lady he was at Oxford with.

And this, breaking silence, he mentioned; saying, 'I gave you hope, my dear, that I should procure you the honor of a visit from a lady who put herself under my care at Oxford.'

I bowed my head to the Countess; but my tears being ready to start, I kissed my Billy; 'Dearest baby,' said I, 'you are not going to cry, are you?—I would have had him just then to cry, instead of me.

The tea equipage was brought in. 'Polly, carry the child to the nurse.' I gave it another kiss, and the Countess desired another. I grudged it, to think her naughty lips should so closely follow mine. Her sister kissed it also, and carried him to Mr. B. 'Take him away,' said he, 'I owe him my blessing.'

'O these young gentlemen papas!' said the Countess—'They are like unbroken horses, just put into the traces!'—'Are they so?' thought I. 'Matrimony must not expect your good word, I doubt.'

Mr. B. after tea, at which I was far from being talkative (for I could not tell what to say, though I tried as much as I could, not to appear sullen,) desired the Countess to play one tune upon the harpsicord. She did, and sung, at his request, an Italian song to it very prettily, too prettily, I thought. I wanted to find some faults, some great faults in her; but O Madam! she has too many outward excellencies!—pity she wants a good heart.

He could ask nothing, that she was not ready to oblige him; indeed he could not.

She desired me to touch the keys. I would have been excused

—— whatever he pleased.

She said, she hoped to be better acquainted—('I hope not,' thought I)—and that I would give her my company, for a week or so, upon the Forest; it seems she has a seat upon Windsor Forest.

'Mr. B. says,' added she, 'you can't ride a single horse; but we'll teach you there. 'Tis a sweet place for that purpose.'

'How came Mr. B.' thought I, 'to tell *you* that, Madam? I suppose you know more of me than I do myself.' Indeed, my lady, this may be too true; for she may know what is to become of me!

I told her I was very much obliged to her ladyship; and that Mr. B. directed all my motions.

'What say you, Sir?' said the Countess.

'I can't promise that, Madam; for Mrs. B. wants to go down to Kent, before we go to Bedfordshire, and I am afraid I can't give her my company thither.'

'Then, Sir, I shan't choose to go without you.'

So he went into the best parlor and put on his sword, and took his hat. I followed him—'Sir, Sir!' with my arms expanded, was all I could say; but he avoided me, putting on his hat with an air; and out he went, bidding Abraham follow him.

This is the dilemma, into which, as I hinted at the beginning of this letter, I have brought myself with Mr. B. How strong, how prevalent is the passion of jealousy; and thus it will shew itself uppermost, when it is uppermost, in spite of one's most watchful regards!

My mind is so perplexed, that I must lay down my pen; and, indeed, your ladyship will wonder, all things considered, that I could write the above account as I have done, in this cruel suspense, and with such apprehensions. But writing is all the diversion I have when my mind is oppressed.

PAST TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

I have only time to tell your ladyship (for the postman waits) that Mr. B. is just come in. He is gone into his closet and has shut the door, and taken the key on the inside; so I dare not go to him there. In this uncertainty and suspense, pity and pray for *your ladyship's afflicted sister and servant*,

P. B.

LETTER LXXIII.

MY DEAR LADY,

I WILL now proceed with my melancholy account. Not knowing what to do, and Mr. B. not coming near me, and the clock striking twelve, I ventured to send this billet to him, by Polly.

'DEAR SIR,

'I KNOW you choose not to be invaded, when retired to your closet; yet, being very uneasy, on account of your abrupt departure, and heavy displeasure, I take the liberty to write these few lines.

'I own, Sir, that the sudden flow of tears which involuntarily burst from me, at your kind expressions to the Countess in my favor, when I had thought for more than a month past, you were angry with me, and which had distressed my weak mind beyond expression, might appear unaccountable to you. But had you kindly waited but one moment till this fit, which was rather owing to my gratitude than to perverseness, had been over (and I knew the time when you would have generously soothed it,) I should have had the happiness of a more serene and favorable parting.

'Will you suffer me, Sir, to attend you? (Polly shall wait your answer.) I dare not come without your permission; for should you be as angry as you were, I know not how I shall bear it. But if you say I may come down, I hope to satisfy you that I intended not any offence. Do, dear Sir, permit me to attend you, I can say no more, than that I am *your ever dutiful*

P. B.

Polly returned with the following. 'So,' thought I, 'a letter!—I could have spared that, I am sure.'

I expected no favor from it. So tremblingly, opened it.

'MY DEAR,

'I WOULD not have you sit up for me. We are getting apace into the matrimonial recriminations. *You knew the time!*—So did I, my dear!—But it seems that the time is over with both; and I have had the mortification, for some weeks past, to come home to a very different Pamela, than I used to leave all company and all pleasure for. I hope we shall better understand one another. But you cannot see

me at present with any advantage to yourself; and I would not that any thing farther should pass, to add to the regrets of both. I wish you good rest. I will give your cause a fair hearing, when I am more fit to hear all you please, and your excuses. I cannot be insensible, that the reason for the concern you have lately shewn, must lie deeper than, perhaps, you'll now own. As soon as you are prepared to speak all that is upon your mind, and I to hear it with temper, then we may come to an eclaircissement. Till when I am *your affectionate*, &c.'

My busy apprehension immediately suggested to me, that I was to be terrified, with a high hand, into a compliance with some new scheme or other that was projecting; and it being near one, and hearing nothing from Mr. B. I bid Polly go to bed, thinking she would wonder at our intercourse by letter, if I should send again.

So down I ventured, my feet, however, trembling all the way, and tapped at the door of his closet.

'Who's that?'

'I, Sir; one word, if you please. Don't be more angry, however, Sir.

He opened the door; 'Thus poor Hester, to her royal husband, ventured her life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that eastern monarch, great as he was, extended to the fainting suppliant his golden sceptre!'

He took my hand; 'I hope, my dear, by this tragedy speech, we are not to expect any sad catastrophe to our present understanding.'

'I hope not, Sir. But 'tis all as God and you shall please. I am resolved to do my duty, Sir, if possible. But, indeed, I cannot bear this cruel suspense! Let me know what is to become of me. Let me *know* but what is designed for me, and you shall be sure of all the acquiescence that my duty and conscience can give to your pleasure.'

'What means the dear creature! What means my Pamela? Surely, your head, child, is a little affected!'

'I can't tell, Sir, but it may!—But let me have my trial, that you write about. Appoint my day of hearing, and speedily too; for I would not bear such another month as the last has been, for the world.'

'Come, my dear,' said he, 'let me attend you to your chamber. But your mind has taken much too solemn a turn, to enter further now upon this subject. Think as well of me as I do of you, and I shall be as happy as ever.'

I wept. 'Be not angry, dear Sir; your kind words have just the same effect upon me now, as in the afternoon.'

'Your apprehensions, my dear, must be very strong, that a kind word, as you call it, has such an effect upon you! But let us wave the subject for a few days, because I am to set out on a little journey at four, and had not intended to go to bed for so few hours.'

When we came up, I said, 'I was very bold, Sir, to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my life had been the forfeit; and you received me with more goodness than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I ask whither you go so soon? And if you had intended to have gone without taking leave of me?'

'I go to Tunbridge, my dear. I should have stept up and taken leave of you before I went.'

'Well, Sir, I will not ask you who is of your party; I will not—No,' (putting my hands to his lips) 'don't tell me Sir; it may'nt be proper.'

'Don't fear, my dear, I won't tell you; nor am I certain whether it be proper or not, till we are come

to a better understanding. Only, once more, think as well of me as I do of you.'

'Would to heaven,' thought I, 'there was the same reason for the one as for the other!'

I intended (for my heart was full) to enter further into this subject, so fatal to my repose; but the dear gentleman had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, but he fell asleep, or feigned to do so, and that was as prohibitory to my talking as if he had. So I had all my own entertaining reflections to myself; which gave me not one wink of sleep; but made me of so much service, as to tell him, when the clock struck four, that he should not (though I did not say so, you may think, Madam) make my ready rivaless (for I doubted not her being one of the party) wait for him.

He arose, and was dressed instantly; and saluting me, bid me be easy and happy, while it was *yet* in my power.

He said he should be back on Saturday night, as he believed. And I wished him, most fervently, I am sure, health, pleasure, and safety.

Here, Madam, must I end this letter. My next, will, perhaps, contain my trial, and my sentence; God give me but patience and resignation, and then whatever occurs, I shall not be unhappy; especially when I can have, in the last resource, the pleasure of calling myself *your ladyship's obliged sister and servant*, P. B.

LETTER LXXIV.

MY DEAR LADY,

I WILL be preparing to write to you, as I have opportunity, not doubting but this must be a long letter; and having some apprehensions, that, as things may fall out, I may want either head or heart to write to your ladyship, were I to defer it till the catastrophe of this cruel suspense.

O what a happiness am I sunk from!—And in so few days too! O the wicked masquerades!

The following letter, in a woman's hand, and signed, as you'll see, by a woman's name, and spelt as I spell it, will account to your ladyship for my beginning so heavily. It came by the penny-post.

'MADAME,

'I AME unknowne to yowe; but yowe are not so altogathar to mee, becaus I haue bene edefy'd by yowre pius behafiorr att church, whir I see yowe with playsir everie Sabbaoth day. I am welle acquaintid with the famely of the Coumptesse of ——; and yowe maie passiblie haue hard what you wished not to haue hard concerninge hir. Butt this verie morninge, I can assur yowe, hir ladishippe is gon with yowre spowse to Tonbrigge; and theire they are to take lodgings, or a hous; and Mr. B. is after to come to town and settel matters to go downe to hir, where they are to liue as man and wiffe. Make what use yowe pleas of this informasion: and beliue me to haue no other motife, than to serue yowe, becaus of yowre vartues, whiche make yowe deserue a better retorne, I ame, thof I shall not set my trewe name, *yowre grete admirer and seruant*,

'THOMASINE FULLER.

'Wednesday morninge,
9 o'clock.'

Just above I called my state, a state of *cruel suspense!* But I recal the words; for now it is no longer suspense; since, if this letter says truth, I know the worst, and there is too much appearance that it does, let the writer be who he will, or his or her motive be

what it will; for, after all, I am apt to fancy this a contrivance of Mr. Turner's, though for fear of ill consequences, I will not say so.

And now, Madam, I am endeavoring, by the help of religion, and cool reflection, to bring my mind to bear this heavy evil, and to recollect what I *was*, and how much more honorable an estate I am in, than I could ever have expected to be in; that my virtue and good name are secured; and I can return innocent to my dear parents; and these were once the only pride of my heart.

In addition to what I was then (and yet I pleased myself with my prospects, poor as they were,) I have honest parents, bountifully provided for, thank God and your ever dear brother for this blessing! and not only provided for—but made useful to him, to the amount of their provision, well nigh!—There is a pride, my lady!

Then I shall have better conditions from his generosity to support myself, than I can wish for, or make use of.

Then I have my dear Billy—O be contented, too charming, and too happy rival, with my husband; and tear not from me my dearest baby, the pledge, the beloved pledge, of our happier affections, and the dear remembrance of what I once was!—A thousand pleasing prospects that had begun to dawn on my mind, I can bear to have dissipated! But I cannot, indeed I cannot! permit my dear Mr. B.'s son and heir to be torn from me.

But I am running on in a strain that shews my impatience, rather than my resignation; yet some struggles must be allowed me; I could not have loved, as I love, if I could easily part with my interest in so beloved a husband.—For my *interest* I *will* part with, and sooner *die*, than live with a gentleman who has another wife, though I was the first. Let countesses, if they can, and ladies of birth, choose to humble themselves to this baseness—The low born Pamela cannot stoop to it. Pardon me; you know I only write this with a view to the poor lady's answer to her noble uncle, of which you wrote me word.

FRIDAY

Is now concluding. I hope I am much calmer. For, being disappointed, in all likelihood, in twenty agreeable schemes and projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much pleasure to myself as I may.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. Jervis with me. You must not, Madam, be too much concerned for me. After a while, I shall be no unhappy person; for though I was thankful for my splendid fortunes, and should have been glad, to be sure I should, of continuing in them with so dear a gentleman; yet a high estate had never such dazzling charms with me as it has with some; if it had, I could not have resisted so many temptations, possibly, as God enabled me to resist.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Is now come. 'Tis nine, and no Mr. B. 'O why,' as Deborah makes the mother of Sisera say, 'is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?'

I have this note now at eleven o'clock.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

I DISPATCH the messenger, lest, expecting me this night, you should be uneasy. I shall not be with you until Monday, when I hope to dine with my dearest life. *Ever affectionately yours.*

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to bed.—Yet 'tis a sad thing!—I have had but poor rest for a great while; nor shall have any till my fate is decided.—Hard hearted man, he knows under what uneasiness he left me!

MONDAY, ELEVEN.

If God Almighty hears my yesterday's, and indeed my hourly prayers, the dear man will be good still: but my aching heart, every time I think what company he is in (for I find the Countess is *certainly* one of the party,) bodes me little satisfaction.

He's come! He's come! now, just now, come! I will have my trial over before this night be past, if possible. I'll go down and meet him with love unfeigned, and a duty equal to my love, although he may forget his to me. If I conquer myself on this occasion, I conquer nature, as your ladyship says; and then, by God's grace, I can conquer every thing. They have taken their house, I suppose; but what need they, when they'll have one in Bedfordshire, and one in Lincolnshire? But they know best. God bless him, and reform her! That's all the harm I wish them, or will wish them!

My dear Mr. B. has received me with great affection and tenderness. Sure he cannot be so bad! Sure he cannot!

'I know, my dear,' said he, 'I left you in great anxiety; but 'tis an anxiety you brought upon yourself; and I have not been easy ever since I parted from you.'

'I am sorry for it, Sir.'

'Why, my dear love, there is still a melancholy air in your countenance; indeed it seems mingled with a kind of joy; I hope at my return to you. But 'tis easy to see which of the two is most natural.'

'You should see nothing, Sir, that you should not wish to see, if I could help it.'

'I am sorry you cannot. But I am come home to hear all your grievances, and to redress them, if in my power.'

'When, Sir, am I to come upon my trial? I have much to say. I will tell you every thing I think. And, as it may be the last *grievances*, as you are pleased to call them, I may ever trouble you with, you must promise to answer me not one word till I have done. For, if it does but hold, I have great courage indeed! you don't know half the sauciness that is in your girl yet; but when I come upon my trial, you'll wonder at my boldness.'

'What means my dearest?' taking me into his arms. 'You alarm me exceedingly by this moving sedateness.'

'Don't let it alarm you, Sir! I mean nothing but good!—But I have been preparing myself to tell you all my mind. And, as an instance of what you may expect from me, sometimes, Sir, I will be your judge, and put home questions to you; and sometimes you shall be mine, and at last pronounce sentence upon me; or, if you won't, I will upon myself; a severe one to me, it shall be, but an agreeable one, perhaps, to you!—When comes on the trial, Sir?'

He looked steadily upon me, but was silent. And I said, 'But don't be afraid, Sir, that I will invade your province; for though I shall count myself your judge, in some cases, you shall be judge paramount still.'

'Dear charmer of my heart,' said he, and clasped me to his bosom, 'what a *new* Pamela have I in my arms! A mysterious charmer! Let us instantly go to my closet, or yours, and come upon

our mutual trial; for you have fired my soul with impatience!'

'No, Sir, if you please, we will dine first. I have hardly eaten any thing these four days; and your company may give me an appetite. I shall be pleased to sit down at table with you, Sir,' taking his hand and trying to smile upon him; 'for the moments I have of your company, may be, some time hence very precious to my remembrance.'

I was then forced to turn my head, to hide from him my eyes, brimful as they were of tears.

He took me again into his arms; 'My dearest Pamela, if you love me, distract not my soul thus, by your dark and mysterious speeches. You are displeased with *me*, and I thought I had reason, of late, to take something amiss in *your* conduct; but instead of your suffering by my anger, you have words and an air that penetrate my very soul.'

'O Sir, Sir, treat me not thus kindly! Put on an angrier brow, or how shall I retain my purpose? How shall I!'

'Dear, dear creature! make not use of *all* your power to melt me! *Half* of it is enough. For there is eloquence in your eyes I cannot resist; but in your present solemn air, and affecting sentences, you mould me to every purpose of your heart; so that I am a mere machine, a passive instrument, to be played upon at your pleasure.'

'Dear, kind Sir, how you revive my heart, by your goodness! Perhaps I have only been in a frightful dream, and am but just now awakened.—But we will not anticipate our trial. Only, Sir, give orders, that you are not to be spoken with by any body, when we have dined; for I must have you *all* to myself, without interruption.'

Just as I had said this, a gentleman calling, I retired to my chamber, and wrote to this place.

Mr. B. dismissed his friend without asking him to dinner,—But we said little, and sat not above a quarter of an hour; looking at each other; he, with impatience, and some seeming uneasiness; I with more steadiness, I believe, but now and then a tear starting.

I ate but little, though I tried all I could, and especially as he helped me, and courted me with tenderness and sweetness—O why were ever such things as *masquerades* permitted in a Christian nation!

I chose to go into my closet rather than into his; and here I sit, waiting the dear gentleman's coming up to me. If I keep but my courage, I shall be pleased. I know the *worst*, and that will help me; for he is too noble to use me roughly, when he sees I mean not to provoke him by upbraidings any more than I will act, in this case, beneath the character I ought to assume as his wife.

Mr. B. came up, with great impatience in his looks. I met him at the chamber door, with a very sedate countenance, and my heart was high with my purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected. Yet, on recollection, now I impute to myself something of that kind of magnanimity that was wont to inspire the innocent sufferers of old, for a still worthier cause than mine; though their motives could hardly be more pure, in that one hope I had, to be an humble means of saving the man I love and honor, from errors that might be fatal to his soul.

I took his hand with boldness: 'Dear Sir,' leading him to my closet, 'here is the bar at which I am to take my trial,' pointing to the backs of three chairs, which I had placed in a joined row, leaving just room to go by on each side

ıust give me, Sir, all my
y; this is the first, and per-
: last time, that I shall de-
—Nay, dear Sir,' turning
from him, 'look not upon
an eye of tenderness: if
(may lose my purpose, im-
to me as they are; and
r fantastic my behavior may
you, I wan. not to move
ıssions (for the good im-
s made upon them may be
y dissipated by the winds
) but *your reason;* and if
be done, I am safe, and
ır no relapse.'
ıt means all this parade,
r? Let me perish,' that
word, 'if I know how to
for you or your humor.'
will, presently, Sir. But
all my way—I pray you
one time only!'
l, so this is your bar, is it?
an elbow-chair, I see; take
ıee in it, Pamela, and here
d to answer all your ques-

Sir, that must not be.' So
led him to the elbow-chair.
re the judge, Sir; it is I
to be tried. Yet I will
I am a criminal. I know
. But that must be proved
know.'
l, take your way; but I
your head, my dear, in all

r only my heart, Sir, that's
there you must sit—So
etiring to the three chairs,
ing on the backs,) 'here

now, my dearest Mr. B.
t begin first; you must be
ser as well as my judge.'
e nothing to accuse you of,
, if I *must* give in to your
whimsy. You are every
wish you to be. But for
month you have seemed to
y, and have not done me
the justice to acquaint me with your reasons for it.'

'I was in hopes my reasons might have proved to be no reasons; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded apprehensions. But now, Sir, we are come directly to the point! and methinks I stand here as Paul did before Felix; and like that poor prisoner, if I, Sir, reason of *righteousness, temperance,* and *judgment to come,* even to make you, as the great Felix did, tremble, don't put me off to another day, to a more convenient season, as that governor did Paul; for you must bear patiently with all that I have to say.'

'Strange, uncommon girl! how unaccountable is all this! Pr'ythee, my dear,' and he pulled a chair by him, 'come and sit down by me, and without these romantic airs let me hear all you have to say; and teaze me not with this parade.'

'No, Sir, let me stand if you please, while I can stand; when weary, I will sit down at my bar.'

'Now, Sir, since you are so good as to say, you have nothing but change of temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that and assign a cause; and I will do it without evasion or reserve; but I beseech you say not one word, but Yes or No, to my questions, till I have said all I have to say, and then you shall find me all silence and resignation.'

'Well, my strange dear! But sure your head is a little turned!—What is your question?'

'Whether, Sir, the Nun—I speak boldly; the cause requires it—who followed you at the Masquerade every where, is not the Countess of ——?'

'What then, my dear?' (speaking with quickness.)—'I thought the occasion of your sullenness and reserve was this!—But Pamela ——'

'Nay, Sir,' interrupted I, 'only Yes, or No, if you please; I will be all silence by and bye.'

'Yes, then.'—'Well, Sir, then let me tell you, for I ask you not (it may be too bold in me to multiply questions,) that she *loves* you; that you correspond by letters with her—Yes, Sir, *before* that letter from her ladyship came, which you received from my hand in so short and angry a manner, for fear of my curiosity to see its contents, which would have been inexcuseable in me, I own, if I had. You have talked over to her all your poligamy notions, and she seems so well convinced of them, as to declare to her noble uncle (who expostulated with her on the occasions she gave for talk,) that she had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England; and you are but just returned from a journey to Tunbridge in which that lady was a party; and the motive for it, I am acquainted with, by this letter.'

He was displeased, and frowned; I looked down, being resolved not to be terrified, if I could help it.

'I have cautioned you Pamela.'

'I know you have, Sir,' interrupted I; 'but be pleased to answer me. Has not the Countess taken a house or lodgings at Tunbridge?'

'She has; and what then?'

'And is her ladyship there, or in town?'

'*There*—and what then?'

'Are you to go to Tunbridge, or not?—Be pleased to answer but that one question.'

'I *will* know,' rising up in anger, 'your informants, Pamela.'

'Dear Sir, so you shall, in proper time; you shall know all, when I am convinced that your wrath will not be attended with *bad* consequences to yourself and *others*. That is wholly the cause of my reserve in this point; for I have not had a thought, since I have been yours, that I wished to be concealed from you.—But your knowledge of the informants makes nothing at all as to the truth of the information—Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not you are soon to return to Tunbridge?'

'I *am*, and what then?—Must the consequence be crime enough to warrant your jealousy?'

'Dear Sir, don't be so angry,' still looking down; for I durst not trust myself to look up. 'I don't do this, as your letter charged me, in a spirit of matrimonial recrimination; if you don't tell me, that you see the Countess with pleasure I ask it not of you; nor have I any thing to say by way of upbraiding. 'Tis my misfortune, that she is too lovely, and too attractive; and it is the less wonder, that a fine young gentleman as you are, and a fine young lady as she is, should engage one another's affections.

'I knew every thing except what this letter, which you shall read presently communicates, when you brought the two noble sisters to visit me; hence proceeded my grief; and should I, Sir, have deserved to be what I am, if I was not grieved? Religion has helped me, and God has answered my supplications, and enabled me to act this new and uncommon part before you at this imaginary bar. You shall see, Sir, that as, on one hand, I was not, as I said before, to move your passions in my favor; so, on the other, I shall not be terrified by your displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the moment that my raised spirits sink down to their usual level, or are diverted from this my long meditated purpose, to tell you all my mind.

'I repeat, then, Sir, that I knew all this, when the two noble ladies

ne to visit your poor girl, and see your Billy. Yet, *grave* as Countess called me, (dear Sir, h I not well be grave, know- what I knew?) did I betray impatience of speech or action, my discomposure?

No, Sir,' putting my hand on breast, 'here all my discompo- e lay, vehemently struggling, and then, and wanting that it of my eyes, which it seems ercome by my joy, to hear my- f favorably spoken of by you and lady,) it *too soon* made itself. t I could not help it—You ght have seen, Sir, I could not! But I want neither to recrimin- nor expostulate; nor yet, Sir, form excuses for my general duct; for that you accuse not in main—but be pleased, Sir, to d this letter. It was brought the penny-post, as you'll see by mark. Who is the writer, I w not. And did you, Sir, that owledge, and your resentment n it, will not alter the fact, or e it a more favorable appear- e.'

I stepped to him, and giving him letter, came back to my bar, I sat down on one of the chairs ile he read it, drying my eyes; they would overflow as I talked, what I could.

He was much moved at the con- ts of this letter; called it malice, I hoped he might find out the hor of it, saying, he would adver- 500 guineas reward for the coverer.

He put the letter into his pocket, Well, Pamela, you believe all you e said, no doubt; and this mat- has a black appearance, indeed, you do. But who was your t informants?—Was that by er or personally? That Tur , I doubt not, is at the bottom of this. The vain coxcomb has l the insolence to imagine the countess would favor an address of his; and is enraged to meet with a repulse; and has taken liberties upon it, that have given birth to all the scandals scattered about on this occasion. Nor do I doubt but he has been the Serpent at the ear of my Eve.'

I stood up at the bar, and said, 'Don't be too hasty, Sir, in your judgment—You *may* be mistaken.'

'But *am* I mistaken, Pamela?—You never yet told me an untruth in cases the most important to you to conceal. Am I mistaken?'

'Dear Sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr. Turner, you'll guess at somebody else; and what avails all this to the matter in hand?—You are your own master, and must stand or fall by your own conscience. God grant that *that* may acquit you!—But my intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.'

'But, my dear, to the fact then. This is a malicious and a villainous piece of intelligence, given you, perhaps, for the sake of designs and views, that may not yet be proper to be avowed.'

'By God's grace, Sir, I defy all designs and views of any one, upon my honor!'

'But, my dear, the charge is basely false; we have not agreed upon any such way of life.'

'Well, Sir, all this only proves that the intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, Sir, sit down one minute, to recover my failing spirits, and then I'll tell you all I purpose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much brevity as I can, for fear neither my head nor my heart should perform the part I have been so long endeavoring to prevail upon them to perform.'

I sat down then, he taking out the letter, and reading it again with much vexation and anger in his

countenance; and after a few tears and sobs, that would needs be so officious as to offer their service, unbidden and undesired, to introduce what I had to say; I rose up, my feet trembling, as well as my knees; which, however, leaning against the seats of the chairs that made my bar, as my hand held by the back, tolerably supported me, I cleared my voice, wiped my eyes, and said,

'You have all the excuse, dear Mr. B. that a gentleman can have in the object of your present passion.'

'Present passion, Pamela!'

'Dear Sir, hear me without interruption.'

'The Countess is a charming lady. She excels your poor girl in all those outward graces of form which your kind fancy (more valued by me than the opinion of all the world besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional advantages, as nobleness of birth, of alliance, and deportment, which I want. (Happy for you, Sir, that you had known her ladyship some months ago, before you disgraced yourself by the honors you have done me!) This therefore frees you from the aggravated crime of those who prefer, to their own ladies, less amiable and less deserving persons; and I have not the sting which those must have, who are contemned and ill-treated for the sake of their inferiors. Yet cannot the Countess love you better than your girl loves you, not even for your person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal attachment! when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward eye as it is, that is the least consideration by far with me; no, Sir, your generous and beneficent mind, is the principal object of my affection; and my pride in *hoping* to be an humble means, in the hands of Providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more pleasure than all the blessings I reaped from your name or your fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. B. my grief and disappointment.'

'But I will not expostulate, I *will not*, because it *must* be to no purpose; for could my fondness, and my watchful duty to you, have kept you steady, I should not now appear before you in this solemn manner; and I know the charms of my rival are too powerful for me to contend with. Nothing but divine grace can touch your heart; and that I expect not, from the nature of the case, should be instantaneous.'

'I will therefore, Sir, dear as you are to me—(Don't look with such tender surprise upon me!) give up your person to the happier, to my *worthier* rival. For since such is your will, and seem to be your engagements, what avails it to me to oppose them?

'I have only to beg, that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to Kent, to my dear parents, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your favor and bounty. I will there' (holding up my folded hands) 'pray for you every hour of my life; and for every one who shall be dear to you, not excepting your charming Countess.

'I will never take your name in to my lips, nor suffer any other in my hearing, but with reverence and gratitude, for the good I and mine have reaped at your hands; nor wish to be freed from my obligations to you, except you shall choose to be divorced from me; and if so, I will give your wishes all the forwardness I honorably can, with regard to my own character and yours, and that of your beloved baby.

'But you must give me some-

thing worth living for along with you; your Billy and mine!—Unless it is your desire to kill me quite! and then 'tis done, and nothing will stand in your happy Countess's way, if you tear from my arms my *second* earthly good, after I am deprived of you, my *first*.

'I will there, Sir, dedicate all my time to my first duties; happier far, than once I could have hoped to be! And if, by any accident, and misunderstanding between you, you should part by consent, and you will have it so, my heart shall be ever yours, and my hopes shall be resumed of being an instrument still for your future good, and I will receive your returning ever-valued heart, as if nothing had happened, the moment I can be sure it will be wholly mine.

'For, think not, dear Sir, whatever be your notions of polygamy, that I will, were my life to depend upon it, consent to live with a gentleman, dear as, God is my witness,' (lifting up my tearful eyes) 'you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open sin with another! You know, Sir, and I appeal to you for the purity, and will aver piety, of my motives, when I say this, that I *would not*; and as you do know this, I cannot doubt but my proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear Sir, to take me at my word; and don't let me be tortured, as I have been so many weeks, with such anguish of mind, that nothing but religious considerations can make supportable to me.'

'And are you in earnest, Pamela?' coming to me, and folding me in his arms over the chair's back, the seat of which supported my trembling knee, 'Can you so easily part with me?'

'I can, Sir, and I will!—rather than divide my interest in you, *knowingly*, with any lady upon earth. But say not, can I part with you, Sir; it is you that part with me; and tell me, Sir, tell me but what you had intended should become of me?'

'You talk to me, my dearest life as if all you had heard against me was true; and you would have me answer you, (would you?) as if it was.'

'I want nothing to convince me, Sir, that the Countess loves you, you know the rest of my information; judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe!—You know the rumors of the world concerning you. Even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least pains to find out my wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I knew it, have come to the hearing of it; and if you know the licence taken with both your characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me that you value not your honor in the world's eye, nor my lady her's? I told you, Sir, the answer she made to her uncle.'

'You told me, my dear, as you were told. Be tender of a lady's reputation, for your own sake. No one is exempted from calumny; and even words said, and the occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done, had the occasion been told.'

'This may be all true, Sir; I wish the lady would be as tender of her reputation as I would be, let her injure me in your affections as she will. But can you say, Sir, that there is nothing between you, that should *not* be, according to *my* notions of virtue and honor, and according to your *own*, which I took pride in, before that fatal masquerade?'

'You answer me not,' continued I; 'and may I not fairly presume you cannot as I wish to be answered

But come, dearest Sir,' (and putting my arms round his neck) 'let me not urge you too boldly. I will never forget your benefits, and your past kindness to me. I have been a happy creature; no one, till within these few weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with a passion as ardent as ever I loved you. Absence cannot lessen such a love as mine; I am sure it cannot.

'I see your difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your conscience, I will wait with patience my happier destiny; and I will wish to live (if I can be convinced you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a directress to the first education of my dearest baby.

'You sigh, dear Sir; repose your beloved face next to my fond heart. 'Tis all your own; and ever shall be, let it, or let it not, be worthy of the honor in your estimation.

'But yet, my dear Mr. B. if one could as easily, in the prime of sensual youth, look twenty years backward, what an empty vanity, what a mere nothing, will be all those grosser satisfactions, that now give wings of desire to our debased appetites!

'Motives of religion will have their due force upon your mind one day, I hope; as, blessed be God, they have enabled me to talk to you on such a touching point (after infinite struggles, I own,) with so much temper and resignation; and then, my dearest Mr. B. when we come to that last bed, from which the piety of our friends shall lift us, but from which we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear Sir, your Countess, and you, and *your* poor Pamela, must all come *to this*!—we shall find what it is *that* will give us true joy, and enable us to support the pangs of the dying hour. Think you, my dearest Sir,' (and I pressed my lips to his forehead, as his head was reclined on my throbbing bosom,) 'that *then*, in that important moment, what now gives us the greatest pleasure, will have any part in our consideration, but as it may give us wo or comfort in the reflection?

'But I will not, O best beloved of my soul, afflict you farther. Why should I thus sadden all your gaudy prospects? I have said enough to such a heart as yours, if Divine grace touches it. And if not, all I can say will be of no avail!—I will leave you therefore to that, and to your own reflections. And after giving you ten thousand thanks for your indulgent patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a week for Kent, with my dear Billy; that you will receive one letter at least, from me of gratitude and blessings; it shall not be of upbraidings and exclamations.

'But my child you must not deny me; for I shall haunt, like his shadow, every place wherein you shall put my Billy, if you should be so unkind to deny him to me!—And if you will permit me to have the dear Miss Goodwin with me, as you had almost led me to hope, I will read over all the books of education, and digest them, as well as I am able, in order to send you my scheme, and to shew you how fit, I hope your indulgence, at least, will make you think me, of having two such precious trusts reposed in me!"

I was silent, waiting in tears his answer. But his generous heart was touched, and seemed to labor within him for expression.

He came round to me at last, and took me in his arms: 'Exalted creature!' said he: 'noble-minded Pamela! Let no bar be put between

us henceforth! No wonder, when one looks back to your first promising dawn of excellence, that your fuller day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and I have been inconsiderately led on by blind passion for an object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my Pamela, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my power,) restore to your virtue a husband all your own.'

'O Sir, Sir, (and I should have sunk with joy, had not his kind arms supported me,) 'what have you said?—Can I be so happy as to behold you innocent as to deed! God, of his infinite goodness, continue you both so!—And, oh! that the dear lady would make me as truly love her, for the graces of her mind, as I admire her for the advantage of her person!'

'You are virtue itself, my dearest life; and from this moment I will reverence you as my tutelary angel. I shall behold you with awe, and implicitly give up myself to all your dictates: for what you say, and what you do, must be ever right. But I will not, my dearest life, too lavishly promise, lest you should think it the sudden effects of passions thus movingly touched, and which may subside again, when the soul, as you observed in your own case, sinks to its former level: but this I promise (and I hope you believe me, and will pardon the pain I have given you, which made me fear more than once, that your head was affected, so uncommon, yet so like yourself, has been the manner of your acting,) that I will break off a correspondence that has given you so much uneasiness: and my Pamela may believe, that if I can be as good as my word in this point, she will never more be in danger of any rival *whatever.*

'But say, my dear love,' added he, 'say you forgive me; and resume but your former cheerfulness, and affectionate regards to me, else I shall suspect the sincerity of your forgiveness: and you shall indeed go to Kent, but not without me, nor your boy neither: and if you insist upon it, the poor child you have wished so often and so generously to have, shall be given up absolutely to your disposal.'

Do you think, Madam, I could speak any one distinct sentence? No indeed I could not. I was just choked with my joy; I never was so before. And my eyes were in a manner fixed, as he told me afterwards; and that he was a little startled, seeing nothing but the whites; for the sight was out of its orbits, in a manner lifted up to heaven—in ecstasy for a turn so sudden, and so unexpected!

We were forced to separate soon after; for there was no bearing each other, so excessive was my joy, and his goodness. He left me, and went down to his own closet.

Judge my employment you will, I am sure, my dear lady. I had new ecstasy to be blest with, in a thankfulness so exalted, that it left me all light and pleasant, as if I had shook off body, and trod in air; so much heaviness had I lost, and so much joy had I received. From two such extremes, how was it possible I could presently hit the medium? For when I had given up my beloved husband, as lost to me, and had dreaded the consequences to his future state: to find him not only untainted as to deed, but, in all probability, mine upon better and surer terms than ever—O, Madam! must not this give a joy beyond all joy, and surpassing all expression!

About eight o'clock Mr. B. sent

me up these lines from his closet, which will explain what I meant. As to the papers I must beg your ladyship to return me.

'MY DEAR PAMELA

'I have so much real concern at the anguish I have given you, and am so much affected with the recollection of the uncommon scenes which passed between us, just now, that I write, because I know not how to look so excellent a creatuer in the face—You must therefore sup without me, and take your Mrs. Jervis to bed with you; who, I doubt not, knows all this affair; and you may tell her the happy event.

'You must not interfere with me just now, while writing upon a subject which takes up all my attention; and which requiring great delicacy, I may, possibly, be all night before I can please myself in it.

'I am determined to make good my promise to you. But if you have written to your mother, Miss Darnford, or to Lady Davers, anything of this affair, you must shew me the copies, and let me into every tittle how you came by your information. I solemnly promise you, on my honor (that has not yet been violated to you, and I hope never will,) that not a soul shall know or suffer by the communication, not even Turner; for I am confident he has had some hand in it. This request you must comply with, if you can confide in me; for I shall make some use of it (as prudent a one as I am able,) for the sake of every one concerned, in the conclusion of the correspondence between the lady and myself. Whatever you may have said in the bitterness of your heart, in the letters I require to see, or whatever any of these, to whom they are directed, shall say, on the bad prospect, shall be forgiven, and looked upon as deserved, by *your ever-obliged and faithful &c.*

I returned the following:

'DEAREST, DEAR SIR,

'I will not break in upon you, while you are so, importantly employed. Mrs. Jervis has indeed seen my concern for some time past, and has heard rumours, as I know by hints she has given me; but her prudence, and my reserves, have kept us from saying any thing to one another of it. Neither my mother nor Miss Darnford know a tittle of it from me. I have received a letter of civility from Miss, and have answered it, taking and giving thanks for the pleasure of each other's company, and best respects from her, and Lincolnshire families, to your dear self. These, my copy, and her original, you shall see when you please. But, in truth, all that has passed, is between Lady Davers and me, and I have not kept copies of mine; but I will dispatch a messenger to her ladyship for them, if you please, in the morning, before it is light, not doubting your kind promise of excusing every thing and every body.

'I beg, dear Sir, you will take care your health suffers not by your sitting up; for the nights are cold and damp.

'I will, now you have given me the liberty, let Mrs. Jervis know how happy you have made me, by dissipating my fears, and the idle rumors, and I shall call them to her, of calumniators.

'God bless you, dear Sir, for your goodness and favor to *your ever dutiful* P. B.

He was pleased to return me this:

MY DEAR LIFE,

You need not be in such haste end. If you write to Lady Da- how the matter has ended, let see the copy of it; and be very icular in *your*, or rather, *my* . It shall be a standing lesson ne for my future instruction; will be a fresh demonstration your excellence, which every r I more and more admire. I glad Lady Davers only knows matter. I think I ought to id seeing you till I can assure that every thing is accommo- d to your desire. Longman sent me some advices, which make it proper for me to meet at Bedford or Gloucester. I not go to Tunbridge, till I have your papers; and so you'll e three days to procure them. ar boy, and your penmanship, find you no disagreeable em- yment till I return. Neverthe- on second thoughts, I will do self the pleasure of breakfasting h you in the morning, to re-as- e you of my unalterable pur- e to approve myself, *my dearest , ever faithfully yours,*

Thus, I hope, is happily ended dreadful affair. My next shall the particulars of our break- conversation. But I would not this post without acquainting with this blessed turn; and to the favor of you to send me k my letters; which will lay a obligation upon, *dear Madam, r obliged sister and humble ser- t.* P. B.

LETTER LXXV.

MY DEAR LADY,

Your joyful correspondent has ained leave to get every thing dy to quit London by Friday next, when your kind brother promises to carry me down to Kent, and allows me to take my charmer with me. There's happiness for you, Madam! To see, as I hope I shall see, upon one blessed spot, a dear faithful husband, a beloved child, and a father and mother, whom I so much love and honor!

Mr. B. told me this voluntarily, this morning at breakfast; and then, in the kindest manner, took leave of me, and set out for Bedfordshire.

But I should, according to my promise, give you a few particulars of our breakfast conference.

I bid Polly withdraw, when her master came up to breakfast; and I ran to the door to meet him, and threw myself on my knees; , O forgive me, dearest, dear Sir, all my boldness of yesterday!—My heart was strangely affected—or I could not have acted as I did. But never fear, my dearest Mr. B. that my future conduct shall be different from what it used to be, or that I shall keep up to a spirit which you hardly thought had place in the heart of your Pamela, till she was thus severely tried.'

'I have weighed well your conduct, my dear life,' raising me to his bosom; 'and I find an uniformity in it, that is surprisingly just.'

He led me to the tea-table, and sat down close by me. Polly came in. 'If every thing,' said he, 'be here, that your lady wants, you may withdraw; and let Colbrand and Abraham know I shall be with them presently. Nobody shall wait upon me but you, my dear.' Polly withdrew.

'I always loved you, my dearest,' added he, 'and that with a passionate fondness, which has not, I dare say, many examples in the married life; but I *revere* you now. And so great is my reverence for your virtue, that I chose to sit up

all night, to leave you for a few days, until, by disengaging myself from all intercourses that have given you uneasiness, I can convince you, that I have rendered myself as worthy as I can be, of you upon your own terms. I will account to you for every step I shall take, and will reveal to you every step I have taken; for this I can do, because the lady's honor is untainted, and wicked rumor has treated her worse than she could deserve.'

I told him, that since he had named the lady, I would take the liberty to say, I was glad, for her own sake, to hear that. Changing the subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him pain, he told me, as above, that I might prepare on Friday for Kent; and I parted with him with greater pleasure than ever I did in my life. So necessary sometimes are afflictions, not only to teach one how to subdue one's passions, and to make us, in our happiest states, know we are still on earth, but even when they are overblown to augment and redouble our joys!

I am now giving orders for my journey, and quitting this undelightful town, as it has been, and is, to me. My next will be from Kent I hope; and I may then have an opportunity to acquaint your ladyship with the particulars, and (if God answers my prayers,) the conclusion of the affair, which has given me so much uneasiness.

Meantime, I am, with the greatest gratitude, for the kind share you have taken in my past afflictions, my good lady, *your ladyship's most obliged sister and servant,*

P. B.

LETTER LXXVI.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,

INCLOSED are all the letters you sent for. I rejoice with you upon the turn this afflicting affair has taken, through your inimitable prudence, and a courage I thought not in you. A wretch!—to give you so much discomposure!—But I will not, if he be good now, rave against him, as I was going to do. I am impatient to hear what account he gives of the matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this—I won't call her names; for she loves the wretch; and that, if he be just to you, will be her punishment.

What care ought these young widows to take of their reputation!—And how watchful ought they to be over themselves!—She was hardly out of her weeds, and yet must go to a masquerade, and tempt her fate, with all her passions about her, with an independence, and an affluence of fortune, that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

She has good qualities—is generous—noble—but has strong passions, and is thoughtless and precipitant.

My lord came home last Tuesday, with a long story of my brother and her; for I had kept the matter as secret as I could, for his sake and yours. It seems he had it from Sir John ——, uncle to the young Lord C. who is very earnest to bring on a treaty of marriage between her and his nephew, who is in love with her, and is a fine young gentleman; but has held back, on the liberties she has lately given herself with my brother.

I hope she is innocent, as to fact; but I know not what to say to it. He ought to be hanged, if he did not say she was. Yet I have great opinion of his veracity; and yet he is so bold a wretch!—And her inconsideration is so great!

But lest I should alarm your fears, I will wait till I have the ac-

count he gives you of this dark affair; till when I congratulate you upon the leave you have obtained to quit the town, and on your setting out for a place so much nearer to Tunbridge. Forgive me, Pamela; but he is an intriguing wretch, and I would not have you to be too secure, lest the disappointment should be worse for you, than what you knew before; but assure yourself, that I am in all cases and events, *your affectionate sister and admirer*,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXXVII

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,

MR. B. came back from Bedfordshire to his time. Every thing being in readiness, we set out with my baby and his nurse. Mrs. Jervis, when every thing is settled in London, by her direction, goes to Bedfordshire.

We were met by my father and mother in a chaise and pair, which your kind brother had presented to them unknown to me, that they might often take the air together, and go to church in it (which is at some distance) on Sundays. The driver is clothed in a good brown cloth suit, but no livery; for that my parents could not have borne, as Mr. B.'s goodness made him consider.

Your ladyship must needs think how we were all overjoyed at this meeting; for my own part I cannot express how much I was transported when we arrived at the farm-house, to see all I delighted in, upon one happy spot together.

Mr. B is much pleased with the alterations here; and it is a sweet, rural, and convenient place.

We were welcomed into these parts by the bells, and by the minister, and people of most note; and were at church together on Sunday.

Mr. B. is to set out on Tuesday for Tunbridge, with my papers. A happy issue attend that affair, I pray God! He has given me the following particulars of it, to the time of my trial, beginning at the masquerade.

He says, that at the masquerade, when, pleased with the fair nun's shape, air and voice, he had followed her to a corner most unobserved, she said in Italian, 'Why are my retirements invaded, audacious Spaniard?'—'Because my dear Nun, I hope you would have it so.'

'I can no otherwise,' returned she, 'strike dead thy bold presumption, than to shew thee my scorn and anger thus!'—'And she unmasking, surprised me,' said Mr. B. 'with a face as beautiful, but not so soft as my Pamela's.'—'And I,' said Mr. B. 'to shew I can defy your resentment, will shew you a countenance as intrepid as yours is lovely.' And so he drew aside his mask too.

He says, he observed his fair Nun to be followed wherever she went, by a mask habited like Testimony in Sir Courtly Nice, whose attention was fixed upon her and him; and he doubted not, that it was Mr. Turner. So he and the fair Nun took different ways, and he joined me and Miss Darnford, and found me engaged as I before related to your ladyship, and his Nun at his elbow unexpected.

That afterwards as he was engaged in French with a lady who had the dress of an Indian Princess, and the mask of an Ethiopian, his fair Nun said, in broken Spanish, 'Art thou at all complexions? By St. Ignatius, I believe thou'rt a rover!'

'I am trying,' replied he in Ital-

ian, 'whether I can meet with any lady comparable to my lovely Nun.

'And what is the result?'—'Not one; no not one.'—'I wish you could not help being in earnest,' said she; and slid from him.

He engaged her next at the side-board, drinking under her veil a glass of champaigne. 'You know Pamela, said he, 'there never was a sweeter mouth in the world than the Countess's except your own.' She drew away the glass, as if unobserved by any body, to shew me the lower part of her face.

'I cannot say, but I was struck with her charming manner, and an unreservedness of air and behavior, that I had not before seen so becoming. The place, and the freedom of conversation and deportment allowed there, gave her great advantages in my eye, although her habit required as I thought, a little more gravity and circumspection; and I could not tell how to resist a secret pride and vanity, which is but too natural to both sexes, when they are taken notice of by persons so worthy of regard.

'Naturally fond of every thing that carried the face of intrigue, I longed to know who this charming Nun was. And next time I engaged her, "My good sister," said I, "how happy should I be, if I might be admitted to a conversation with you at your grate!"

"Answer me," said she, "thou bold Spaniard," (for that was a name she seemed fond of, which gave me to imagine that boldness was a qualification she was not displeased with. 'Tis not unusual with our vain sex,' observed he, 'to construe even reproaches to our advantage,') "is the lady here whose shackles thou wearest!"—"Do I look like a man shackled, my fairest Nun?"—"No—no! not much like such an one. But I fancy thy wife is a Widow Quaker."—"Neither,' replied taking, by equivocation, her tion literally.

"And art thou not a ma wretch? Answer me quickl We are observed."—"No" s —"Swear to me, thou art no "By St. Ignatius, then;" for dear, I was no *wretch*, you k "Enough!" said she, and away; and the Fanatic would have engaged her, but she av him as industriously.

'Before I was aware, she at my elbow, and in Italian, 'That fair Quaker yonder, i wit of the assembly; her seem always directed to thy tions; and her person shews intimacies have passed with s body; Is it with thee!"— would be my glory if it was," I, "were her face answerabl her person."—"Is it not?"— long to know," replied Mr. B.- am glad thou durst not."—"I glad to hear my fair Nun say th "Dost thou," said she, "hate sh les? Or is it, that thy hour is yet come?"

"I wish," replied he, "this not the hour, the very hour!" tending (naughty gentleman What ways these men have! sigh.

She went again to the side-b and put her handkerchief upo Mr. B. followed, and observed her motions. She drank a gla lemonade, as he of Burgundy; a person in a domino, suppose be the King, passing by, took every one's attention but Mr. B who eyed her handkerchief, doubting that she laid it there purpose to forget to take it up. cordingly she left it there; slipping by him, he, unobserved he believes, put it in his poc and at the corner found the ex

a letter— To the Right Honorable the Countess Dowager of——.

That after this, the fair Nun was so shy, so reserved, and seemed so studiously to avoid him, that he had no opportunity to return her handkerchief; and the Fanatic observing how she shunned him, said, in French, 'What, Monsieur, have you done to your Nun?

'I found her to be a very coquette; and told her so; and she is offended.'

'How could you affront a lady,' replied he, 'with such a charming face?'

'But that I had reason to think,' said Mr. B. 'that he had seen her unmask; and I said, "It becomes not any character, but that you wear, to pry into the secrets of others, in order, to make ill-natured remarks, and perhaps to take ungentlemanlike advantages."

"No man should make that observation," returned he, "whose views would bear prying into."

'I was nettled,' said Mr. B. 'at this warm retort, and drew aside my mask: "Nor would any man, who wore not a mask, tell me so!"

'He took not the challenge, and slid from me, and I saw him no more that night.'

'So!' thought I, 'another instance this might have been of the glorious consequences of masquerading.' O my lady, these masquerades are abominable things!

The King, they said, met with a free speaker that night: in truth, I was not very sorry for it; for if monarchs will lay aside their sovereign distinctions, and mingle thus in masquerade with the worst as well as the highest (I cannot say best) of their subjects, let 'em take the consequence. Perhaps they might have a chance to hear more truth here than in their palaces—the only good that possibly can accrue from them—that is to say, if they made a good use of it when they heard it. For you see, my monarch, thought he told the truth, as it happened, received the hint with more resentment than thankfulness!—So, 'tis too likely did the monarch of us both.

And now, my lady, you need not doubt, that so polite a gentleman would find an opportunity to return the Nun her handkerchief!—To be sure he would: for what man of honor would rob a lady of any part of her apparel? And should he, that wanted to steal a heart content himself with a handkerchief?—No no, that was not to be expected. So, what does he do, but resolve, the very next day, after dinner, to pursue this affair: accordingly, the poor Quaker little thinking of the matter, away goes her naughty Spaniard, to find out his Nun at her gate, or in her parlour rather.

He asks for the Countess. Is admitted into the outward parlour—her woman comes down; requires his name and business. His name he mentioned not. His business was, to restore into her lady's own hands, something she had dropt the night before.—Was desired to wait.

I should have said, that he was dressed very richly—having no design at all to make conquests; no, not he!—O this wicked love of intrigue;—A kind of olive-coloured velvet, and fine brocaded waistcoat I said, when he took leave of me, 'You're a charming Mr. B.' and saluted him, more pressingly than he returned it; but little did I think, when I plaited so smooth his rich laced ruffles, and bosom, where he was going, or what he had in his plotting heart. He went in his own chariot, that he did: so that he had no design to conceal who he was—But intrigue, a new conquest, vanity, pride!—O these men!—They had need talk of ha-

dies!—But it is half our own fault, indeed it is, to encourage their vanity.

Well, Madam, he waited till his stateliness was moved to send up again, that he would wait on her ladyship some other time. So down she came, dressed most richly, jewels in her breast, and in her hair, and ears—But with a very reserved and stately air. He approached her—Methinks I see him, dear saucy gentleman. You know, Madam, what a noble manner of address he has.

He took the handkerchief from his bosom with an air; and kissing it, presented it to her, saying, 'This happy estray, thus restored, begs leave, by me, to acknowledge its lovely owner!'

'What mean you, Sir?—Who are you, Sir?—What mean you?'

'Your ladyship will excuse me: but I am incapable of meaning any thing but what is honorable.'—(*No, to be sure*)—'This, Madam, you left last night, when the domino took up every one's attention but mine, which was much better engaged; and I take the liberty to restore it to you.'

She turned to the mark; a coronet at one corner. ''Tis true, Sir, I see now it is one of mine: but such a trifle was not worthy of being brought by such a gentleman as you seem to be: nor of my trouble to receive it in person. Your servant, Sir, might have delivered the bagatelle to mine.'—'Nothing should be called so that belongs to the Countess of ——'——'She was no Countess, Sir, that dropt that handkerchief, and a gentleman would not attempt to penetrate, unbecomingly, through the disguises a lady thinks proper to assume; especially at such a place where every inquiry should begin and end.'

This, Madam, from a lady who had unmasked—because she would not be known!—Very pretty, indeed!—Oh! these slight cobweb airs of modesty! so easily seen through. Hence such advantages against us are taken by the men. She had looked out of her window, and seen no arms quartered with his own; for you know, my lady, I would never permit any to be procured for me: so, she doubted not, it seems, but he was an unmarried gentleman, as he had intimated to her the night before. He told her it was impossible, after having seen the finest lady in the world, not to wish to see her again: and that he hoped he did not, unbecomingly, break through her ladyship's reserves: nor had he made any inquiries, either on the spot, or off it; having had a much better direction by accident.

'As how, Sir?' said she, as he told me, with so bewitching an air between attentive and pleased, that, bold gentleman, forgetting all manner of distance, so early too! he clasped his arms around her waist, and saluted her, struggling with anger and indignation, he says; but I think little of that!

'Whence this insolence? How, now, Sir? Begone!' where her words, and she rung the bell: but he set his back against the door—(I never heard such boldness in my life, Madam!)—till she would forgive him. And, it is plain, she was not so angry as she pretended: for her woman coming, she was calmer;—'Nelthorpe,' said she, 'fetch my snuff box, with the lavender in it.'

Her woman went; and then she said, 'You told me, Sir, last night, of your intrepidness: I think you are the boldest man I ever met with: but, Sir, surely you ought to know, that you are not new in the Haymarket.'

I think, truly, Madam, the lady

might have saved herself that speech: for, upon my word, they neither of them wore masks—Though they ought to have put on one of blushes—I am sure I do for them, while I am writing. Her irresistible loveliness served for an excuse, that she could not disapprove from a man she disliked not: and his irresistible—may I say, assurance, Madam?—found too ready an excuse.

'Well, but, Sir,' said I, 'pray, when her ladyship was made acquainted that you were a married gentleman, how then?—Pray, did she find it out, or did you tell her?'—'Patience, my dear!'—'Well pray, Sir, go on.—What was next?'

'Why, next, I put on a more respectful and tender air: I would have taken her hand indeed, but she would not permit it; and when she saw I would not go till her lavender snuff came down (for so I told her, and her woman was not in haste,) she seated herself, and I sat by her, and began to talk about a charming lady I saw the night before, after parting with her ladyship, but not equal by any means to her: and I was confident this would engage her attention; for I never knew the lady who thought herself handsome, that was not taken by this topic. Flattery and admiration, Pamela, are the two principal engines by which our sex make their first approaches to yours; and if you listen to us, we are sure, either by the sap or the mine, to succeed, and blow you up whenever we please, if we do but take care to suit ourselves to your particular foibles; or, to carry on the metaphor, point our batteries to your weak side—for the strongest fortresses, my dear, are weaker in one place than another'—'A fine thing, Sir,' said I, 'to be so learned a gentleman!'—'I wish, however,' thought I, 'you had always come honestly by your knowledge.'

'When the lavender snuff came down, we were engaged in an agreeable disputation, which I had raised on purpose to excite her opposition, she having all the advantage in it; and in order to my giving it up, when she was intent upon it, as a mark of my consideration for her.'

'I the less wonder, Sir,' said I, 'at your boldness (pardon the word!) with such a lady, in your first vist, because of her freedoms, when masked, her unmasking, and her handkerchief, and letter cover. To be sure, the lady, when she saw, next day, such a fine gentleman and handsome equipage, had little reason, after her other freedoms, to be so very nice with you as to decline an ensnaring conversation, calculated on purpose to engage her attention, and to lengthen out your visit. But did she not ask you who you were?'

'Her servants did of mine. And her woman (for I knew all afterwards, when we were better acquainted,) whispered her lady, that I was Mr. B. of Bedfordshire; and had an immense estate, to which they were so kind as to add two or three thousand pounds a year, out of pure good will to me: I thank them.'

'But pray, dear Sir, what had you in view in all this? Did you intend to carry this matter, at first, as far as ever you could?'—'I had, at first, my dear no view, but such as pride and vanity suggested to me. I was carried away by inconsideration, and the love of intrigue, without even thinking about the consequences. The lady, I observed, had abundance of fine qualities. I thought I could converse with her, on a very agreeable foot, and her honor I knew, at any time would preserve me mine, if ever I should

find it in danger; and, in my soul, I preferred my Pamela to all the ladies on earth, and questioned not, but that, and your virtue, would be another barrier to my fidelity.

'In a word, therefore, pride, vanity, thoughtlessness, were my misguiders, as I said. The Countess's honor and character, and your virtue and merit, my dear, and my obligations to you, were my defences: but I find one should avoid the first appearances of evil. One knows not one's own strength. 'Tis presumptuous to depend upon it, where wit and beauty are in the way on one side, and youth and strong passions on the other.'

'You certainly, Sir, say right. But be pleased to tell me what her ladyship said when she knew you were married.'—'The Countess's woman was in my interest, and let me into some of her lady's secrets, having a great share in her confidence; and particularly acquainted me, how loth her lady was to believe I was married. I had paid her three visits in town, and one to her seat upon the Forest, before she heard that I was. But when she was assured of it, and directed her Nelthorpe to ask me about it, and I readily owned it, she was greatly incensed, though nothing but general civilities, and intimacies not inconsistent with honorable friendship, had passed between us. The consequence was, she forbad my ever seeing her again, and set out with her sister and the Viscount for Tunbridge, where she staid about three weeks.

'I thought I had already gone too far, and blamed myself for permitting her so long to believe me single; and here the matter had dropped, in all probability, had not a ball, given by my lord ——, to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as also the Viscountess, invited, brought us again together. The lady soon withdrew, with her sister, to another apartment; and being resolved upon personal determination (which is what a lady, who resolved to break with a favored object, should never trust herself with,) sent for me, and reproached me on my conduct, in which her sister joined.

'I owned frankly, that gaiety, rather than design, made me give cause, at the masquerade, for her ladyship to think I was not married; for that I had a wife, with a thousand excellencies, who was my pride, and my boast: that I held it very possible for a gentleman and lady to carry on an innocent and honorable friendship, in a family way; and I was sure, when she and her sister saw my spouse, they would not be displeased with her acquaintance; all that I had to reproach myself with, was, that after having, at the masquerade, given reason to think I was not married, I had been loth, officiously, to say I was, although I never intended to conceal it. In short, I acquitted myself so well with both ladies, that a family intimacy was consented to. I renewed my visits; and we accounted to one another's honor, by entering upon a kind of Platoniac system, in which sex was to have no manner of concern

'But, my dear Pamela, I must own myself extremely blameable, because I knew the world and human nature, I will say, better than the lady, who never before had been trusted into it upon her own feet: and who, notwithstanding that wit and vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herself little time for consideration. I ought, therefore, to have more carefully guarded against inconveniencies, which I knew were so likely to arise from such intimacies; and the rather, as I hinted, because the

had no apprehension at all of : so that, my dear, if I have no se from human frailty, from h, and the charms of the ob- I am entirely destitute of any.' see, Mr. B.' said I, 'there is a t deal to be said for the lady. sh I could say there was for gentleman. But such a fine had been safe, with all her nsiderati n; and so (forgive Sir,) would the gentleman, all his intriguing spirit, had t been for these vile masquer- . Never, dear Sir, think of g to another.'—'Why, my , those are at least of all to be ed at these diversions, who are desirous to go to them.—Of I am now fully convinced.'— ll. Sir, I long to hear more iculars of this story: for this rous openness, now the affair ver, cannot but be grateful to as it shows me you have no rves, and tends to convince me, the lady was less blameable I apprehended: for I love, for nonor of my sex, to find ladies rth and quality innocent, who so many opportunities of ving and practising their s, above what meaner persons have.

Well observed, my dear: this e your generous and deep way inking.'

But, dear Sir, proceed—Your nciliation is now effected: a dship quadurpartite is com- ced. And the Viscountess and e to find cement for the erect- of an edifice, that is to be devo- o Platonic love. What, may , came next? And what, did design should come of it?'

The Oxford journey, my dear, wed next, and it was my fault were not a party in it, both la- being very desirous of your pany: but it was the time you s not going abroad, after your lying-in, so I excused you to them. Yet they both longed to see you: especially as by this time, you may believe, they knew all your story: and besides, whenever you were mentioned, I did justice, as well to your mind, as to your person."

'Well, Sir, to be sure this was very kind; and little was I disposed (knowing what I did,) to pass so favourable a construction in your generosity to me.'

'My question to her ladyship at going away, Whether you were not the charmingest girl in the world, which seeing you both together, rich as she was drest, and plain as you, gave me the double pleasure (a pleasure she said afterwards I exulted in,) of deciding in your favor; my readiness to explain to you what we both said, and her not ungenerous answer, I thought entitled me to a better return than a flood of tears; which confirmed me that your past uneasiness was a jealousy I was not willing to allow in you! though I should have been more indulgent to it, had I known the grounds you thought you had for it: and for this reason I left you so abruptly as I did.'

Here, Madam, Mr. B. broke off, referring to another time the conclusion of his narrative. I will here close this letter (though possibly I may not send it till I send the conclusion of this story in my next,) with the assurance that I am *your ladyship's obliged sister and servant*, P. B

LETTER LXXVIII

MY DEAR LADY,

Now I will proceed with my former subject: and with the greater pleasure, as what follows makes still more in favour of the Countess's character, than what went be-

fore, although that set it in a better light than it had once appeared to me in. I began as follows:

'Will you be pleased, Sir, to favor me with the continuation of our last subject?'—'I will, my dear.'—'You left off, Sir, with acquitting me for breaking out into that flood of tears, which occasioned your abrupt departure. But, dear Sir, will you be pleased, to satisfy me about that affecting information, of your intention and my lady's to live at Tunbridge together?'

''Tis absolute malice and falsehood. Our intimacy had not proceeded so far; and, thoughtless as my sister's letters suppose the lady, she would have spurned at such a proposal, I dare say.'

'Well, but then, Sir, as to the expression to her uncle, that she had rather have been a certain gentleman's second wife?'

'I believe she might, in a passion, say something like it to him: he had been teazing her (from the time that I held an argument in favor of that foolish topic *polygamy*, in his company and his niece's, and in that of her sister and the Viscount,) with cautions against conversing with a man, who, having, as he was pleased to say behind my back, married beneath him, wanted to engage the affections of a lady of birth, in order to recover, by doubling that fault upon her, his lost reputation.

'She despised his insinuation enough to answer him, that she thought my arguments in behalf of *polygamy* were convincing. This set him a raving, and he threw some coarse reflections upon her, which could not be repeated, if one may guess at them, by her being unable to tell me them; and then to vex him more, and to revenge herself, she said something like what was reported: which was *handle* enough for her uncle, who took care to propagate it with an indiscretion peculiar to himself, for I heard it in three different companies, before I knew any thing of it from herself; and when I did, it was so repeated, as you, my dear, would hardly have censured her for it, the provocation considered.

'Well, but then, dear Sir, there is nothing at all amiss, at this rate, in the correspondence between my lady and you?'

'Not on her side, I dare say, if her ladyship can be excused in punctilio, and for having a greater esteem for a married man, than he can deserve, or than may be strictly defended to a person of your purity and niceness.'

'Well, Sir, this is very noble in you. I love to hear the gentlemen generous in points where the honor of our sex is concerned. But pray, Sir, what then was there on your side, in that matter, that made you give me so patient and so kind a hearing?'

'Now, my dear, you come to the point; at first it was nothing in me but vanity, pride, and love of intrigue, to try my strength, where I had met with some encouragement, as I thought, at the masquerade; where the lady went farther, too, than she would have done, had she not thought I was a single man. For, by what I have told you, Pamela, you will observe, that she tried to satisfy herself on that head, as soon as she well could. Mrs. Nelthorpe acquainted me afterwards, when better known to each other, that her lady was so partial in my favor, (who can always govern their fancies, my dear?) as to think, so early as at the masquerade, that if every thing answered appearances, and that I were a single man, she, who has a noble and independent fortune, might possibly be induced to make me happy in her choice.

'Supposing then, that I was unmarried, she left a signal for me in her handkerchief. I visited her; had the honor, after the customary mere shyness, of being well received: and continued my visits, till, perhaps, she would have been glad I had not been married, but on finding I was, she avoided me, as I once told you, till the accident I mentioned threw us again upon each other: which renewed our intimacy upon terms you would think too inconsiderable on one side, and too designing on the other.

'For myself, what can I say? only that you gave me great disgusts (without cause, as I thought,) by your unwonted reception of me, ever in tears and grief; the Countess ever cheerful and lively; and fearing that your temper was entirely changing, I believe I had no bad excuse to try to make myself easy and cheerful abroad, since my home became more irksome to me than ever I believed it could be. Then, as we naturally love those who love us, I had vanity, and some reason for my vanity (indeed all vain men believe they have,) to think the Countess had more than an indifference for me. She was so exasperated by the wrong methods taken with an independent lady of her generous spirit, to break off our acquaintance, that, in revenge, she denied me less than ever opportunities of her company. The pleasure we took in each other's conversation was reciprocal. The world's reports had united us in one common cause: and you, as I said, had made home less delightful to me than it used to be: what might not then have been apprehended from so many circumstances concurring with the lady's beauty and my frailty?

'I waited on her to Tunbridge. She took a house there. Where people's tongues will take so much liberty, without any foundation, and where the utmost circumspection is used, what will they not say, where so little of the latter is observed? No wonder, then, that terms were said to be agreed upon between us: from her uncle's story, of polygamy proposed by me, and seemingly agreed to by her, no wonder that all your Thomasine Fuller's information was surmised. Thus stood the matter, when I was determined to give your cause for uneasiness a hearing, and to take my measures according to what should result from that hearing.'

'From this account, dear Sir,' said I, 'it will not be so difficult, as I feared, to end this affair even to her ladyship's satisfaction.'—'I hope not, my dear.'—'But if, now, Sir, the Countess should still be desirous not to break with you; from so charming a lady, who knows what may happen!'

'Very true, Pamela; but to make you still easier, I will tell you that her ladyship has a first cousin married to a person going with a public character to several of the Italian courts, and, had it not been for my persuasions, she would have accepted of their earnest invitations, and passed a year or two in Italy, where she once resided for three years together, which makes her so perfect a mistress of Italian.

'Now I will let her know, additionally to what I have written to her, the uneasiness I have given you, and, so far as it is proper, what is come to your ears, and your generous account of her, and the charm of her person, of which she will not be a little proud; for she has really noble and generous sentiments, and thinks well (though her sister, in pleasantry, will have it a little enviously,) of you; and when I shall endeavor to persuade her to go, for the sake of her own

character, to a place and country est which she was always fond, I am apt to think she will come into it; for she has a greater opinion of my judgment than it deserves; and I know a young lord, who may be easily persuaded to follow her thither, and bring her back his lady, if he can obtain her consent: and what say you, Pamela, to this?'

'O, Sir! I believe I shall begin to love the lady dearly, and that is what I never thought I should. I hope this will be brought about.

'But I see, give me leave to say, Sir, how dangerously you might both have gone on, under the notion of this Platonic love, till two precious souls had been lost: and this shews one, as well in spiritualls as temporals, from what slight beginnings the greatest mischiefs sometimes spring; and how easily at first a breach may be stopped, that, when neglected, the waves of passion will widen till they bear down all before them.'

'Your observation, my dear, is just,' replied Mr. B. 'and though, I am confident the lady was more in earnest than myself in the notion of Platonic love, yet I am convinced, and always was, that Platonic love is Platonic nonsense: 'tis the fly buzzing about the blaze, till its wings are scorched; or, to speak still stronger, it is a bait of the devil to catch the unexperienced, and thoughtless; nor ought such notions to be pretended to, till the parties are five or ten years on the other side of their grand climateric: for age, old age, and nothing else, must establish the barriers to Platonic love. But this was my comparative consolation, though a very bad one, that had I swerved, I should not have given the only instance, where persons more scrupulous than I pretended to be, have begun friendships even with spiritual views, and ended them as gross-

temp

Here Mr. B. finished

tive. He is now set out for Tunbridge with all my papers. I have no doubt in his honor and kind assurances, and hope my next will be a joyful letter; and that I shall inform you in it, that the affair which went so near my heart, is absolutely concluded to my satisfaction, to Mr. B.'s and the Countess's; for if it be so to all three, my happiness I doubt not, will be founded on a permanent basis. Meantime I am, my dear good lady, *your most affectionate, and obli ed sister and servant* P. B.

LETTER LXXIX.

A new misfortune, my dear lady—But this is of God Almighty's sending; so I must bear it patiently. My dear baby is taken with the small-pox!—To how many troubles are the happiest of us subjected in this life! One need not multiply them by one's own wilful mismanagements!—I am able to mind nothing else!

I had so much joy (as I told your ladyship in the beginning of my last letter but one,) to see, on our arrival at the farm-house, my dearest Mr. B. my beloved baby, and my good parents, all upon one happy spot, that I fear I was too proud.—Yet I was truly thankful I am sure!—But I had, notwithstanding too much pride, and too much pleasure, on this happy occasion.

I said, in my last, that your dear brother set out on Tuesday morning for Tunbridge with my papers and I longed to know the result hoping that every thing would be concluded to the satisfaction of all three; 'For,' thought I, 'if this be so, my happiness must be perma

this life. I feel it by expe-
ow!—I knew it before by
but that was not so near
resting by half.
with all my pleasures and
in the midst of my dear pa-
y and congratulations on
val, and on what had passed
nly since we were last
gether, (in the birth of the
ild, and my safety, for
ey had been so apprehen-
e poor bady was taken ill.
n that very day Tuesday
n set out for Tunbridge;
knew not it would be the
x till Thursday. O Ma-
ow are all the pleasures I
med to myself sickened
on me! for my Billy is
l.
talk of a kind sort: but
ey talk at random: for they
t out at all!—I fear the
constitution is too hale and
for the dear baby!—Had
permitted—But hush, all
ning *ifs!*—except one *if;*
t is, *if* it be got happily
will be best he had it so
nd while at the breast!—
Madam, Madam! the small
ce that there was is gone
: and my child, my dear
ll die! The doctors seem
so.
wanted to send for Mr. B.
me from him!—But I for-
-For what signifies life, or
g, if I cannot see my baby,
is so dangerously ill!
ther and mother are, for
time, quite cruel to me;
ve forbid me, and I never
esirous of disobeying them
attend the darling of my
nd why?—For fear of this
!—For fear I should get
f!—But I am living very
I have taken proper pre-
by bleeding, and the like,
the distemper's fury, if I
should have it, and the rest I leave
to Providence. And if Mr. B.'s
value is confined so much to this
poor transitory sightliness, he must
not break with his Countess, I
think: and if I am ever so deform-
ed in person, my poor intellects, I
hope will not be impaired, and I
shall, if God spare my Billy, be
useful in his first education, and be
helpful to dear Miss Goodwin—or
to any babies—with all my heart—
he may make me an humble nurse
too!—How peevish, sinfully so, I
doubt, does this accident, and their
affectionate contradiction, make
one!

I have this moment received the
following from Mr. B.

'MY DEAREST LOVE,

Maidstone.

'I am greatly touched with the
dear boy's malady, of which I have
this moment heard. I desire you
instantly to come to me hither, in
the chariot with the bearer, Col-
brand. I know what your grief
must be: but as you can do to the
child no good, I beg you'll oblige
me. Every thing is in a happy
train; but I can think only of you,
and (for your sake principally, but
not a little for my own) my boy.
I will set out to meet you! for I
choose not to come myself, lest you
should try to persuade me to per-
mit your tarrying about him; and
I should be sorry to deny you any
thing. I have taken handsome
apartments for you, till the event,
which I pray God may be happy
shall better determinate me what to
do. I will be ever *your affection-
ate and faithful.*

Maidstone indeed is not so very
far off, but one may hear every day
once or twice, by a man and horse,
so I will go, to shew my obedience,
since Mr. B. is so intent upon it—

But I cannot live, if I am not permitted to come back.—Oh! let me be enabled, gracious Father! to close this letter more happily than I have begun it!

I have been so dreadfully uneasy at Maidstone, that Mr. B. has been so good as to return with me hither; and I find my baby's case not yet quite desperate.—I am easier now I see him, in presence of his beloved papa who lets me have all my way, and approves of my preparative method for myself; and he tells me that since I will have it so, he will indulge me in my attendance on the child, and endeavor to imitate my reliance on God—that is his kind expression—and leave the issue to him. And on my telling him, that I feared nothing in the distemper, but the loss of his love, he said, in presence of the doctors, and my father and mother, pressing my hands to his lips —'My dearest life, make yourself easy under this affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourself: I love you more for your mind than for your face. That and your person will be the same; and were that sweet face to be covered with seams and scars, I will value you the more for the misfortune: and glad I am, that I had your picture so well drawn in town, to satisfy those who have heard of your loveliness, what you were, and hitherto are. For myself, my admiration lies deeper;' and, drawing me to the other end of the room, whisperingly he said, 'The last uneasiness between us, I now begin to think, was necessary, because it has turned all my delight in you, more than ever, to the perfections of your mind: and so God preserves to me the life of my Pamela, I care not for my own part, what ravages the distemper makes here,' and tapped my cheek.—How generous, how noble, how comforting was this!

When I went from my apartment, to go to my child, my dear Mr. B. met me at the nursery door and led me back again. 'You must not go in again, my dearest. They have just been giving the child other things to try to drive out the malady; and some pustules seem to promise on his breast.' I made no doubt, my baby was there in extremity; and I would have given the world to have shed a few tears, but I could not.

With the most soothing goodness he led me to my desk, and withdrew to attend the dear baby himself;—to see his last gaspings, poor little lamb, I make no doubt!

In this suspense, my own strange hardness of heart would not give up one tear, for the passage from that to my eyes seemed quite choked up, which used to be so open and ready on other occasions, affecting ones too.

Two days have passed, dreadful days of suspense: and now, blessed be God! who has given me hope that our prayers are heard, the pustules come kindly out, very thick in his breast, and on his face: but of a good sort, they tell me.—They won't let me see him; indeed they won't!—What cruel kindness is this! One must believe all they tell one!

But, my dear lady, my spirits are so weak; I have such a violent headache, and have such a strange shivering disorder all running down my back, and I was so hot just now, and am so cold at this present——aguishly inclined——I don't know how! that I must leave off, the post going away, with the assurance, that I am, and will be, to the last hour of my life, *your ladyship's grateful and obliged sister and servant*

P. B.

LETTER LXXX.

From Mr. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I take very kindly your solicitude for the health of my beloved Pamela. The last line she wrote was to you; for she took to her bed the moment she laid down her pen.

I told her your kind message, and wishes for her safety, by my lord's gentleman; and she begged I would write a line to thank you in her name for your affectionate regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well: for, with her accustomed prudence, she had begun to prepare herself by a proper regimen, the moment she knew the child's illness was the small-pox.

The worst is over with the boy, which keeps up her spirits; and her mother is so excellent a nurse to both, and we are so happy likewise in the care of a skilful physician, Dr. M. (who directs and approves of every thing the good dame does,) that it is a singular providence this malady seized them here; and affords no small comfort to the dear creature herself.

When I tell you, that, to all appearance, her charming face will not receive any disfigurement by this cruel enemy to beauty, I am sure you will congratulate me upon a felicity so desirable: but were it to be otherwise, if I were capable of slighting a person, whose principal beauties are much deeper than the skin, I should deserve to be thought the most unworthy and superficial of husbands.

Whatever your notions have been, my every-ready censuring Lady Davers, of your brother, on a certain affair, I do assure you, that I never did, and never can, love any woman as I love my Pamela.

It is indeed impossible I can ever love her better than I do; and her outward beauties are from being indifferent to me; yet, if I know myself, I am sure I have justice enough to love her equally, and generosity enough to be more tender of her, were she to suffer by this distemper. But, as her humility, and her affection to me, would induce her to think herself under greater obligation to me, for such my tenderness to her, were she to lose any the least valuable of her perfections, I rejoice that she will have no reason for mortification on that score.

My respects to Lord Davers, and your noble neighbors. I am, *your affectionate brother and humble servant.*

LETTER LXXXI.

From Lady Davers, in answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I do most heartily congratulate you on the recovery of Master Billy, and the good way my sister is in. I am the more rejoiced, as her sweet face is not like to suffer by the malady; for, be the beauties of the mind what they will, those of the person are no small recommendation, with some folks, I am sure and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly possible for both conjoined to keep a roving mind constant, that one only would not be sufficient.

This news gives me more pleasure, because I am well informed, that a certain gay lady was pleased to give herself airs upon learning of my sister's illness, as, That she could not be sorry for it; for now she should look upon herself as the prettiest woman in England.—She

meant only, I suppose, as to outward prettiness, brother!

You give me the name of a ready censurer. I own, I think myself to be not a little interested in all that regards my brother, and his honor. But when some people are not readier to censure, than others to trespass, I know not whether they can with justice be styled censorious.

But however that be, the rod seems to have been held up, as a warning—and that the blow, in the irreparable deprivation, is not given, is a mercy, which I hope will be deserved; though you never can those very signal ones you receive at the Divine hands, beyond any man I know. For even (if I shall not be deemed censorious again) your very vices have been turned to your felicity, as if God would try the nobleness of the heart he has given you, by overcoming you (in answer to my sister's constant prayers, as well as mine) by mercies rather than judgments.

I might give instances of the truth of this observation, in almost all the actions and attempts of your past life; and take care (if you are displeased, I will speak it), take care, thou bold wretch, that if this method be ungratefully slighed, the uplifted arm fall not down with double weight on thy devoted head!

I must always love and honor my brother, but cannot help speaking my mind: which, after all, is the natural result of that very love and honor, and which obliges me to style myself *your truly affectionate sister,* B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXXXII.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAREST LADY,

My first letter, and my first devoirs, after those of thankfulness to that gracious God, who has so happily conducted me through two such heavy trials, as my child's and my own illness, must be directed to you, with all due acknowledgment of your generous and affectionate concern for me.

We are now preparing for our journey to Bedfordshire; and there, to my great satisfaction, I am to be favored with the care of Miss Goodwin.

After tarrying about a month there, Mr. B. will make a tour with me through several counties (taking the Hall in the way) for about a fortnight, and shew me what is remarkable, every where as we pass; for this, he thinks, will better contribute to my health, than any other method. The distemper has left upon me a kind of weariness and listlessness; and he proposes to be out with me till the Bath season begins; and by the aid of those healing and balsamic waters, he hopes, I shall be quite established. Afterwards to return to Bedfordshire for a little while; then to London; and then to Kent; and, if nothing hinders, has a great mind to carry me over to Paris.

Thus most kindly does he amuse and divert me with his agreeable proposals. But I have made one amendment to them; and that is, that I must not be denied to pay my respects to your ladyship, at your seat, and to my good Lady Countess in the same neighbourhood, and this will be far from being the least of my pleasures.

I have had congratulations without number upon my recovery, but one, among the rest, I did not expect; from the Countess Dowager, (could you think it, Madam?) who sent me by her gentleman the following letter from Tunbridge

MADAM,

'I hope, among the congratulations of your numerous admirers, on your happy recovery, my very sincere ones will not be unacceptable. I have no other motive for making you my compliments on this occasion, on so slender an acquaintance, than the pleasure it gives me, that the public, as well as your private friends, have not been deprived of a lady whose example, in every duty of life, is of so much concern to both.—May you, Madam, long rejoice in an uninterrupted state of happiness, answerable to your merits, and to your own wishes, are those of *your most obedient servant*.'

To this kind letter I return the following:

'MADAM,

'I am under the highest obligation to your generous favour, in your kind compliments of congratulation on my recovery. There is something so noble and so condescending in the honour you have done me, on so slender an acquaintance, that it bespeaks the exalted mind and character of a lady, who, in the principles of generosity, and in true nobleness of nature, has no example. May God Almighty bless you, my dear lady, with all the good you wish me, and with increase of honor and glory, both here and hereafter, prays, and will always pray, *your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant*.'

P. B.

This leads me to mention, what my illness would not permit me to do before, that Mr. B. met with such a reception and audience from the Countess, when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propose to her, and in her patient hearing of what he thought fit to read her, from your ladyship's letters and mine, that he said, 'Don't be jealous, my dear Pamela; but I must admire her as long as I live.'

He gave me the particulars, so much to her ladyship's honour that I told him, he should not only be welcome to admire her ladyship, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good friends, and with great professions of esteem for each other.'—And as Mr. B. had undertaken to inspect into some exceptionable accounts and managements of her ladyship's bailiff, one of her servants brought a letter from him on Monday last, wholly written on that subject. But she was so considerate, as to send it unsealed, in a cover directed to me. When I opened it, I was frightened to see it begin to Mr. B. and I hastened to find him—'Dear Sir—Here's some mistake—You see the direction is to Mrs. B—'Tis very plain—But, upon my word, I have not read it.'—'Don't be uneasy, my love.—I know what the subject must be; but I dare swear there is nothing, nor will there ever be, but what you or any body may see.'

He read it, and giving it to me, said, 'Answer yourself the postscript, my dear.' That was—'If, Sir, the trouble I give you, is likely to subject you or your lady to uneasiness or apprehensions, I beg you will not be concerned in it. I will then set about the matter myself; for my uncle I will not trouble; yet women enter into these particulars with as little advantage to themselves as inclination.'

I told him, I was entirely easy and unapprehensive; and, after all his goodness to me, should be so, if he saw the Countess every day. 'That's kindly said, my dear; but I will not trust myself to see her

every day, or at all, for the present. But I shall be obliged to correspond with her for a month or so, on this occasion; unless you prohibit it; and it shall be in your power to do so.'

I said with my whole heart, he might; and I should be quite easy in both their honours.

'Yet I will not,' said he, 'unless you see our letters: for I know she will always, now she has begun, send in a cover to you, what she will write to me, unsealed; and whether I am at home or abroad, I shall take it unkindly, if you do not read them.'

He went in, and wrote an answer, which he sent by the messenger; but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and seal it up with his seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think so much better of the lady than I did before; and am so well satisfied in his own honour and generous affection for me; for you saw, Madam, in what I wrote before, that he always loved me, though he was angry at times, at my change of temper, as he feared, not knowing that I was apprised of what had passed between him and the Countess.

I really am better pleased with this correspondence, than I should have been, had it not been carried on; because the servants, on both sides, will see, by my deportment on the occasion (and I will officiously, with a smiling countenance, throw myself in their observation), that it is quite innocent; and this may help to silence the mouths of those who have so freely censured their conduct.

Indeed, Madam, I think I have received no small good myself by that affair, which once lay so heavy upon me: for I don't believe *I shall* be ever jealous again; *indeed I* don't think I shall. And won't that be an ugly foib come? I see what may h in cases not favourable to o es, by the aid of proper re and that the bee is not t creature that may make h of the bitter flower as wel sweet.

My most grateful resp thanks to my good Lord to the Earl, and his e Countess; and most partic Lady Betty (with whose ki pliments your ladyship ac me), and to Mr. H. for all y ted congratulations on my r What obligations do I lie u such noble and generous we ers!—I can make no retur my prayers, that God, by h ness, will supply all my And these will always atte from, my dearest lady, y *obliged sister and humble* I

Mr. H. is just arrived. H he comes a special messe make a report how my f come off. He makes me compliments upon it. Ho your ladyship is, to enter vourably into the minute cerns, which you think m way affect my future happi your dear brother's opini want to pour out all my joy a thankfulness to God, befor and the good Countes of C— For I am a happy, yea, a creature! Mr. B.'s boy, you ship's boy, and my boy, is ingly well; quite strong, an forward, for his months; a papa is delighted wit him and more.

LETTER LXXXIII

MY DEAR MISS DARNFO

I hope you are happy an

You kindly say you can't be so, till you hear of my perfect recovery. And this, blessed be God! you have heard already from Mr. B.

As to your intimation of the fair Nun, 'tis all happily over. Blessed be God for that too! And I have a better and more endearing husband than ever. Did you think that could be?

My Billy too improves daily, and my dear parents seem to have their youth renewed like the eagle's. How many blessings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn travellers, to the northern counties, I think quite to the borders: and afterwards to the western, to Bath, Bristol, and I know not whither myself: but among the rest, to Lincolnshire, that you may be sure of. Then how happy shall I be in my dear Miss Darnford!

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. Jewkes is better or worse for the advice of the doctor, whom I ordered to attend her from Stamford, and in what frame her mind is. Do vouchsafe her a visit in my name; tell her, if she be low spirited, what God hath done for me, as to my recovery, and comfort hear all you can; and bid her spare neither expence nor attendance, nor any thing her heart can wish for; nor the company of any relations or friends she may desire to be with her.

If she be in her last stage, poor soul! how noble will it be in you to give her comfort and consolation in her dying hours! Although we can merit nothing at the hand of God, yet I have a notion, that we cannot deserve more of one another, and in some sense, for that reason, of Him, than in our charities on so trying an exigence! When the poor soul stands shivering, as it were, on the verge of death, and has nothing strong, but its fears and doubts; than a little balm poured into the wounds of the mind, a little comforting advice to rely on God's mercies, from a good person, how consolatory must it be! And how, like morning mists before the sun, must all diffidences and gloomy doubts, be chased away by it!

But, my dear, the great occasion of my writing to you just now, is, by Lady Davers's desire, on a quite different subject. She know's how we love one another. And she has sent me the following lines by her kinsman, who came to Kent, purposely to enquire how my face fared in the small-pox; and accompanied us hither, (*i. e.* to Bedfordshire,) and sets out to-morrow for Lord Daver's.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

'Jackey, will tell you the reason of his journey, my curiosity on your own account; and I send this letter by him, but he knows not the contents. My good Lord Davers wants to have his nephew married, and settled in the world: and his noble father leaves the whole matter to my lord, as to the person, settlements, &c. Now I, as well as he, think so highly of the prudence, the person, and family of your Miss Darnford, that we shall be obliged to you, to sound the young lady on this score.

'I know Mr. H. would wish for no greater happiness. But if she is engaged, or cannot love my nephew, I don't care, nor would my lord, that such a proposal should be received with undue slight. His birth, and the title and estate he is heir to, are advantages that require a lady's consideration. He has not so much wit as Miss, but enough for a lord, whose friends are borne before him, as the phrase is; is very good-humored, no fool, no sot, no

debauchee: and, let me tell you, this is not to be met with every day in a young man of quality.

'As to settlements, fortunes, &c. I fancy there would be no great difficulties. The business is, if Miss Darnford could love him well enough for a husband? That we leave you to sound the young lady; and if she thinks she can, we will directly begin a treaty with Sir Simon. I am, my dearest Pamela, *your ever affectionate sister.*

B. DAVERS.

Now, my dear friend, as my lady has so well stated the case, I beg you to enable me to return an answer. I will not say one word *pro* or *con*, till I know your mind—Only, that I think he is good humoured, and might be easily persuaded to any thing a lady should think reasonable.

I must tell you another piece of news in the matrimonial way. Mr. Williams has been here to congratulate us on our multiplied blessings; and he acquainted Mr. B. that an overture has been made him by his new patron, of a kinswoman of his lordship's, a person of virtue and merit, and a fortune of three thousand pounds, to make him amends, as the earl tells him, for quitting a better living to oblige him; and that he is in great hope of obtaining the lady's consent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. B. is much pleased with so good a prospect in Mr. William's favor, and was in the lady's company formerly at a ball, at Gloucester; he says, she is prudent and deserving; and offers to make a journey on purpose to forward it, if he can be of service to him.

I suppose you know that all is adjusted, according to the scheme I formerly acquainted you with, between Mr. Adams and that gentleman; and both are settled in their respective livings. But I ought to have told you, that Mr. Williams, upon mature deliberation, declined the stipulated eighty pounds per annum from Mr. Adams, as he thought it would have a simoniacal appearance.

But now my hand's in, let me tell you of a third matrimonial proposition, which gives me more puzzle and dislike a great deal. And that is, Mr. Adams has, with great reluctance, and after abundance of bashful apologies, asked me, if I have any objection to his making his addresses to Polly Barlow? which, however, he told me, he had not mentioned to her, nor to any body living, because he would first know whether I should take it amiss, as her service was so immediately about my person.

This unexpected motion much perplexed me. Mr. Adams is a worthy man. He has now a very good living; yet just entered upon it; and, I think, according to his accustomed prudence in other respects, had better have turned himself about first.

But that is not the point with me neither. I have a great regard to the function. I think it is as necessary, in order to preserve the respect due to the clergy, that their wives should be nearly, if not quite as unblemished, and as circumspect, as themselves; and this for the gentleman's own sake, as well as in the eye of the world: for how shall he pursue his studies with comfort to himself, if made uneasy at home! or how shall he expect his female parishoners will regard his public preaching, if he cannot have a due influence over the private conduct of his wife?

I can't say, excepting in the instance of Mr. H. but Polly is a good sort of body enough so far as I know; but that is such a b'ot in the poor girl's escutcheon a thing

ot accidental; nor surprised into, ot owing to inattention but to cool remeditation, that, I think, I could ish Mr. Adams a wife more unxceptionable.

'Tis true, Mr. Adams knows not his; but that is one of my difficulies. If I acquaint him with it, I hall hurt the poor girl irreparably, nd deprive her of a husband, to hom she may possibly make a ood wife—For she is not very leanly descended—much better han myself, as the world would ay, were a judgment to be made om my father's low estate, when I as exalted—I never, my dear, hall be ashamed of these retrosections! She is genteel, has a ery innocent look, a good face, neat in her person, and not adicted to any excess that I know of. ut still, that one premeditated ult, is so sad a one, though she ight make a good wife for any iddling man of business, yet she ants, methinks, that discretion, at purity, which I would always ave in the wife of a good clergyan.

'Then, she has not applied her oughts to that sort of economy, hich the wife of a country clergyan ought to know something of; d has such a turn to dress and pearance, that I can see, if indulsd, she would not be one that ould help to remove the scandal hich some severe remarkers are e apt to throw upon the wives of rsons, as they call them.

The maiden, I believe, likes Mr. dams not a little. She is very urteous to every body, but most him of any body, and never has issed being present at our Sunay's duties; and five or six times, rs. Jervis tells me, she has found r desirous to have Mr. Adams pound this text, and that difficul; and the good man is taken with r piety, which, and her reformation, I hope, is sincere; but she is very sly, very subtle, as I have found in several instances, as foolish as she was in the affair I hint at.

'So,' sometimes I say to myself, 'the girl may love Mr. Adams.'—'Ay,' but then I answer, 'so she did Mr. H and on his own very bad terms too.'—In short—but I won't be too censorious neither.

So I'll say no more, than that I was perplexed; and yet should be very glad to have Polly well married; for, since that time, I have always had some diffidences about her—Because, you know, Miss—her fault was so enormous, and, as I have said, so premeditated. I wanted you to advise with.—But this was the method I took.—I appointed Mr. Adams to drink a dish of tea with me. Polly attended, as usual; for I can't say I love men attendants in these womanly offices. A tea-kettle in a man's hand, that would, if there was no better employment for him, be fitter to hold a plough, or handle a flail, or a scythe, has such a look with it!—This is like my low breeding, some would say, perhaps,—but I canno call things polite, that I think unseemly; and, moreover, Lady Davers keeps me in countenance in this my notion; and who doubts her politeness?

Well, but Polly attended, as I said; and there were strange simperings, and bowing, and curt'sy, between them; the honest gentleman seeming not to know how to let his mistress wait upon him while she behaved with as much respect and officiousness, as if she could not do too much for him.

'Very well,' thought I, 'I have such an opinion of your veracity, Mr. Adams, that I dare say you have not mentioned the matter to Polly; but between her officiousness, and your mutual simperings

and complaisance, I see you have found a language between you, that is full as significant as plain English words. 'Polly,' thought I, 'sees no difficulty in this text; nor need you, Mr. Adams have much trouble to make her understand you, when you come to expound upon this subject.

I was forced, in short, to put on a statelier and more reserved appearance than usual, to make them avoid acts of complaisance for one-another, that might not be proper to be shewn before me, for one who sat as my companion, to my servant.

When she withdrew, the modest gentleman hemmed, and looked on one side, and turned to the right and left, as if his seat was uneasy to him, and, I saw, knew not how to speak; so I began in mere compassion to him, and said—'Mr. Adams, I have been thinking of what you mentioned to me, as to Polly Barlow;'

'Hem! hem!' said he; and pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped his mouth—'Very well, Madam; I hope no offence, Madam!'

'No, Sir, none at all. But I am at a loss how to distinguish in this case; whether it may not be from a motive of too humble gratitude, that you don't think yourself above matching with Polly, as you may suppose her a favorite of mine; or whether it be your value for her person and qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your eyes, than any other person would be.'

'Madam—Madam,' said the bashful gentleman, hesitatingly—'I do—I must needs say—I can't but own—that—Mrs. Mary—is a person—whom I think very agreeable; and no less modest and virtuous.'

'You knew, Sir, your own circumstances. To be sure you have a very pretty house, and a good living, to carry a wife to. And a gentleman of your prudence and discretion wants not any advice, but you have reaped no benefit by your living. It has been an expence to you rather, which you will not presently get up; do you propose an early marriage, Sir? Or were it not better to suspend your intentions of that sort for a year or two more?—'Madam, if your ladyship choose not to part with—'—'Nay, Mr. Adams,' interrupted I, 'I say not any thing for my own sake in this point; that is not of the question with me. I can very willingly part with Polly, were it to-morrow, for her good and your's.'—'Madam, I humbly beg pardon—but—but—delays may breed dangers.'—'Oh! very well,' thought I; 'if the artful girl has not let him know, by some means or other, that she has another humble servant.'

And so, Miss, it has proved—For, dismissing my gentleman, with assuring him, that I had no objection at all to the matter, or to parting with Polly, as soon as it suited with their conveniency—I sounded her, and asked, if she thought Mr. Adams had any affection for her?'—She said he was a very good gentleman.

'I know it, Polly; and are you not of opinion he loves you a little?'—'Dear Ma'am—love me—I don't know what such a gentleman as Mr. Adams should see in me, to love me!'—'Oh!' thought I, 'does the doubt lie on that side then?—I see 't is not of thine.'

'Well, but, Polly, if you have another sweetheart, you should do the fair thing; it would be wrong, if you encourage any body else, if you thought of Mr. Adams.'—'Indeed, Ma'am, I had a letter sent me—a letter that I received—from—from a young man in Bedford; but I never answered it.'

'Oh!' thought I, 'then thou

wouldst not encourage two at once;' and this was as plain a declaration as I wanted, that she had thoughts of Mr. Adams.

'But how came Mr. Adams, Polly, to know of this letter?'—'How came he to know of it, Ma'am!'—repeated she—half surprised—'Why, I don't know, I can't tell how it was—but I dropped it near his desk—pulling out my handkerchief, I believe, Ma'am, and he brought it, and gave it me again.'—'Well, thought I, 'thou'rt an intriguing slut, I doubt, Polly.'—"Delays may breed dangers," quoth the poor gentleman!—'Ah! girl, girl!' thought I, but did not say so, 'thou deservest to have thy plot spoiled, that thou dost—But if thy forwardness should expose thee afterwards to evils which thou mayest avoid if thy schemes take place, I should very much blame myself. And I see he loves thee—So let the matter take its course; I will trouble myself no more about it. I only wish, that thou wilt make Mr. Adams as good a wife as he deserves.'

And so I dismissed her, telling her, that whoever thought of being a clergyman's wife, should resolve to be as good as himself; to set an example to all her sex in the parish, and shew how much his doctrines had weight with her; should be humble, circumspect, gentle in her temper and manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in dress with the ladies of the laity; should resolve to sweeten his labor, and to be obliging in her deportment to poor as well as rich, that her husband get no discredit through her means, which would weaken his influence upon his auditors: and that she must be most of all obliging to him, and study his temper, that his mind might be more disengaged, in order to pursue his studies with the better effect.

And so much for your humble servant; and for Mr. Williams's and Mr. Adams's matrimonial prospect;—and don't think me so disrespectful, that I have mentioned my Polly's affair in the same letter with your's. For in high and low (I forget the Latin phrase—I have not had a lesson a long, long while, from my dear tutor) love is in all the same!—But whether you'll like Mr. H. as well as Polly does Mr Adams, that's the question. But, leaving that to your own decision, I conclude with one observation; that although I thought our's was a house of as little intriguing as any body's, since the dear master of it has left off that practice, yet I cannot see, that any family can be clear of some of it long together, where there are men and women worth plotting for, as husbands and wives.

My best wishes and respects attend all your worthy neighbors. I hope ere long, to assure them, severally, (to wit, Sir Simon, my lady, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Peters, and his lady and niece, whose kind congratulations make me very proud, and very thankful) how much I am obliged to them; and particularly, my dear, how much I am *your ever affectionate and faithful friend and servant.* P. B.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Miss Darnford in answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR MRS. B.

I have been several times (in company with Mr. Peters) to see Mrs. Jewkes. The poor woman is very bad, and cannot live many days. We comfort her all we can; but she often accuses herself of her past behavior to so excellent a lady; and with blessings upon blessings

heaped upon you, and her master, and your charming little boy, is continually declaring how much your goodness to her aggravates her former faults to her own conscience.

She has a sister-in-law and her niece with her, and has settled all her affairs, and thinks she is not long for this world.—Her distemper is an inward decay, all at once as it were, from a constitution that seemed like one of iron; and she is a mere skeleton: you would not know her, I dare say.

I will see her every day; and she has given me up all her keys, and accounts, to give to Mr. Longman, who is daily expected, and I hope will be here soon; for her sister-in-law, she says herself, is a woman of this world, as she has been.

Mr. Peters calling upon me to go with me to visit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. Jewkes is much as she was; but your faithful steward is come. I am glad of it—and so is she—Nevertheless I will go every day, and do all the good I can for the poor woman, according to your charitable desires.

I thank you for your communication of Lady Daver's letter. I am much obliged to my lord, and her ladyship; and should have been proud of an alliance with that noble family; but with all Mr. H.'s good qualities, as my lady paints them out, and his other advantages, I could not, for the world, make him my husband. I'll tell you one of my objections, in confidence, however, (for you are only to sound me, you know:) and I would not have it mentioned that I have taken any thought about the matter, because a stronger reason may be given, such a one as my lord and lady will both allow; which I *will* communicate to you by and bye.—My objection arises even from what you intimate, of Mr. H.'s good humor, and his persuadableness, if I may so call it. Now, were I of a boisterous temper, and high spirit, such an one as required great patience in a husband to bear with me, then Mr. H.'s good humor might have been a consideration with me. But when I have (I pride myself in the thought) a temper not wholly unlike your own, and such an one as would not want to contend for superiority with a husband, it is no recommendation to me, that Mr. H. is a good-humored gentleman, and will bear with faults I design not to be guilty of.

But, my dear Mrs. B. my husband must be a man of sense, and give me reason to think he has a superior judgment to my own, or I shall be unhappy. He will otherwise do wrong headed things: I shall be forced to oppose him in them: he will be tenacious and obstinate, be taught to talk of prerogative, and to call himself a man, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to despise him of course; so be deemed a bad wife, when, I hope, I have qualities that would make me a tolerable good one, with a man of sense for my husband.

Now you must not think I would dispense with real good-humor in a man. No, I make it one of my indispensables in a husband. A good-natured man will put the best constructions on what happens; but he must have sense to distinguish the best. He will be kind to little, unwilful, undesigned failings: but he must have judgment to distinguish what are or are not so. But Mr. H.'s good-humor is sullness, as I may call it; and my husband must be such an one, in short, as I need not be ashamed to be seen with in company; one who, being my head, must not be beneath all the

gentlemen, he may happen to fall in with, and who, every time he is adjusting his mouth for speech, will give me pain at my heart, and blushes in my face, even before he speaks,

I could not bear, therefore, that every one we encountered should be prepared, whenever he offered to open his lips, by their contemptuous smiles, to expect some weak and silly things from him; and when he had spoken, that he should, with a booby grin, seem pleased that he had not disappointed them.

The only recommendatory point in Mr. H. is, that he dresses exceedingly smart, and is no contemptible figure of a man. But, dear Madam, you know, that's so much the worse, when the man's talent is not taciturnity, except before his aunt, or before Mr. B. or you; when he is not conscious of external defect, and values himself upon outward appearance.

As to his attempts upon your Polly, though I don't like him the better for it, yet it is a fault so wickedly common among men, that when a woman resolves never to marry, till a quite virtuous man address her, it is, in other words, resolving to die single: so that I make not this the chief objection; and yet, I would abate in my expectations of half a dozen other good qualities, rather than that one of virtue in a husband—But when I reflected upon the figure of Mr. H. made in that affair. I cannot bear him: and if I may judge of other coxcombs by him, what wretches are these smart, well-dressing querpo fellows, many of whom you and I have seen admiring themselves at the plays and operas!

This is one of my infallible rules, and I know it is your's too; that he who is taken up with the admiration of his own person, will never admire a wife's. His delights are centred in himself, and he will not wish to get out of that exceeding narrow circle; and, in my opinion, should keep no company but that of tailors, wig-puffers, and milliners.

But I will run on no further upon this subject; but will tell you a reason, which you may give to Lady Davers, why her kind intentions to me cannot be answered; and which she'll take better than what I have said, were she to know it, as I hope you won't let her: and this is, my papa has had a proposal made to him from a gentleman you have seen, and have thought polite. It is from Sir W. G. of this county, who is one of your great admirers, and Mr. B.'s too; and that, you must suppose, makes me have never the worse opinion of him, or of his understanding: although it requires no great sagacity or penetration to see how much you adorn our sex, and human nature too.

Every thing was adjusted between my papa and mamma, and Sir William on condition we approve of each other, before I came down; which I knew not, till I had seen him here four times; and then my papa surprised me into half an approbation of him: and this, it seems, was one of the reasons why I was so hurried down from you. I can't say, but I like the man as well as most I have seen; he is a man of sense and sobriety, to give him his due, in very easy circumstances, and much respected by all who know him; which is no bad earnest in a marriage prospect. But, hitherto, he seems to like me better than I do him. I don't know how it is; but I often observe, that when any thing is in our power, we are not half so much taken with it, as we should be, perhaps, if we were kept in suspense! Why should this be?—But this I am convinced of, there is no comparison

between Sir William and Mr. Murray.

Now I have named this brother-in-law of mine; what do you think? —Why, that good couple have had their house on fire three times already. Once it was put out by Mr. Murray's mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir Simon has been forced to carry water to extinguish it; for, truly, Mrs. Murray would go home again to her papa; she would not live with such a surly wretch: and it was with all his heart; a fair riddance! for there was no bearing the house with such an ill-natured wife:—her sister Polly was worth a thousand of her!—I am heartily sorry for their unhappiness. But could she think every body must bear with her, and her fretful ways?—They'll jangle on, I reckon, till they are better used to one another; and when he sees she can't help it, why he'll bear with her, as husbands generally do with illtempered wives; he'll try to make himself happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her maids, instead of him; for she must have somebody to vent her spleen upon—poor Nancy!—I am glad to hear of Mr. Williams's good fortune.

As Mr. Adams knows not Polly's fault, and it was prevented in time, they may be happy enough. She is a sly girl. I always thought her so: something so innocent, and yet so artful in her very looks: she is an odd compound. But these worthy and pinously turned young gentlemen, who have but just quitted the college, are mere novices, as to the world: indeed they are above it, while in it; they therefore give themselves little trouble to study it, and so, depending on the goodness of their own hearts, are more liable to be imposed upon than people of half their understanding.

I think, since he seems her, you do right not to hi girl's fortune. But I w may take your advice, in havior to him, at least; her carriage to her neig doubt she'll be one of the the parish, presently, in h estimation.

'Tis pity, methinks, any man of the cloth should wife, who, by her example, pull down, as fast as he, by one, can build up. This is case of Mrs. Peters, ho whose example I wish wa generally followed by ge men, who are made so by ing good clergymen, if the not so before.

Don't be surprised, if you hear that poor Jewkes is over!—She made a very exe —Full of blessings—And easy and resigned, than I bended she would be. I you'll shed a tear for the po man:—I can't help it myse you will be pleased that she much time given her, and m good use of it.

Mr. Peters has been every that one would wish one of hi tion to be, in his attendance a vice to the poor woman. Mr. man will take proper care o thing. So, I will only add, am, with the sincerest resp hopes to see you soon (for I multitude of things to talk about), dear Mrs. B. *your faithful and affectionate.*

POLLY DARNF

LETTER LXXXV.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Da

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS

I understand from Miss ford, that before she went

from us, her papa had encouraged a proposal made by Sir, W. G. whom you saw, when your ladyship was a kind visitor in Bedfordshire. We all agreed, if you remember, that he was a polite and sensible gentleman, and I find it is countenanced on all hands. Poor Mrs. Jewkes, Madam, as Miss informs me, has paid her last debt, I hope, through mercy, she is happy! —Poor, poor woman! But why say I so!—Since, in that case, she will be richer than an earthly monarch!

Your ladyship was once mentioning a sister of Mrs. Worden's whom you wished to recommend to some worthy family. Shall I beg of you, Madam, to oblige Mr. B's in this particular? I am sure she must have merit if your ladyship thinks well of her; and your commands in this, as well as in every other particular in my power, shall have their due weight with *your ladyship's obliged sister and humble servant.*

P. B.

Just now, dear Madam, Mr. B. tells me I shall have Miss Goodwin brought me hither to morrow.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Lady Davers to Mrs. B. in answer to the preceding.

MY DEAR PAMELA,

I am glad Miss Darnford is likely to be so happy in a husband, as Sir W. G. will certainly make her. I was afraid that my proposal would not do with her, had she not had so good a tender. I want too, to have the foolish fellow married —for several reasons; one of which is, he is continually teasing us to permit him to go up to town, and reside there for some months, in order that he may see the world, as he calls it. But we are convinced he would feel it, as well as see it, if we give way to his request: for in understanding, dress, and inconsiderate vanity, he is so exactly cut out and sized for a town fop, coxcomb, or pretty fellow, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the vices of those people; and, perhaps, having such expectations as he has, will be made the property of rakes and sharpers. He complains that we use him like a child in a go-cart, or a baby with leading-strings, and that he must not be trusted out of our sight. 'Tis a sad thing, that these bodies will grow up to the stature of men, when the minds improve not at all with them, but are still those of boys and children. Yet he would certainly make a fond husband for he has no very bad qualities But is such a Narcissus!—But this between ourselves, for his uncle is wrapt up in the fellow—And why? Because he is good-humoured, that's all. He has vexed me lately, which makes me write so angrily about him—But 'tis not worth troubling you with the particulars. I hope Mrs. Jewkes is happy, as you say!—Poor woman! she seemed to promise for a longer life? But what shall we say?

Your compliment to me, about my Beck's sister, is a very kind one. Mrs. Oldham is a sober, grave widow, a little aforehand in the world, but not much; has lived well; understands household management thoroughly; is diligent; and has a turn to serious things, which will make you like her the better. I'll order Beck and her to wait on you, and she will satisfy you in every thing as to what you may, or may not expect of her.

You can't think how kindly I take this motion from you. You

forget nothing that can oblige your friends. Little did I think you would remember me of (what I had forgotten in a manner) my favorable opinion and wishes for her expressed so long ago.—But you are what you are—a dear obliging creature.

Beck is all joy and gratitude upon it, and her sister had rather serve you than the princess. You need be under no difficulties about terms: she would serve you for nothing, if you would accept of her service.

I am glad, because it pleases you so much, that Miss Goodwin will be soon put into your care. It will be happy for the child, and I hope she will be so dutiful as to give you no pain for your generous goodness to her. Her mamma has sent me a present of some choice products of that climate, with acknowledgements of my kindness to Miss. I will send part of it to you by your new servant; for so I presume to call her already.

What a naughty sister are you, however, to be so far advanced again as to be obliged to shorten your intended excursions, and yet not to send me word of it yourself? Don't you know how much I ininterest myself in every thing that makes for my brother's happiness and your's? more especially in so material a point as is the increase of a family that it is my boast to be sprung from. Yet I must find this out by accident, and by other hands! —Is not this very slighting!—But never do so again, and I'll forgive you now because of the joy it gives me; who am *your truly affectionate and abliged sister.*

B. DAVERS.

I thank you for your book upon the plays you saw. Inclosed is a list of some others, which I desire you to read, and to oblige me with your remarks upon them at your leisure; though you may not, perhaps, have seen them by the time you will favor me with your observations.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Mrs. B. to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,

I have a valuable present made me by the same lady; and therefore hope you will not take it amiss, that, with abundance of thanks, I return your's by Mrs. Worden, whose sister I much approve of, and thank your ladyship for your kind recommendation of so worthy a person. We begin with so much good liking to one another, that I doubt not we shall be very happy together.

A moving letter, much more valuable to me than the handsome present, was put into my hands, at the same time with that; of which the following is a copy:

From Mrs. Wrightson (formerly Miss Sally Godfrey) to Mrs. B.

'HAPPY, DESERVEDLY HAPPY, DEAR LADY,

'Permit these lines to kiss your hands from one, who, though she is a stranger to your person, is not so to your character: that has reached us here, in this remote part of the world, where you have as many admirers as have heard of you. But I more particularly am bound to be so, by an obligation which I can never discharge, but by my daily prayers for you, and the blessings I continually implore upon you and yours.

'I can write my whole mind to you though I cannot, from the most deplorable infelicity, receive from you the wished-for favor of a few lines in return, written with the same unreservedness: so unhappy am I, from the effects of an inconsideration and weakness on one hand, and temptation on the other, which you at a tender age, most nobly, for your own honor, and that of your sex, have escaped: whilst I—but let my tears in these blots speak the rest—as my heart bleeds, and has constantly bled ever since, at the grievous remembrance—but believe, however, dear Madam that tis shame and sorrow, and not pride and impenitence, that make me loth to speak out, to so much purity of life and manner, my own odious weakness.

'Nevertheless, I ought, and I will accuse myself by name. Imagine then, illustrious lady, truly illustrious for virtues, infinitely superior to all the advantages of birth and fortune!—Imagine, I say, that in this letter, you see before you the once guilty, and therefore, I doubt, always guilty, but ever penitent, Sarah Godfrey; the unhappy, though fond and tender mother of the poor infant, to whom your generous goodness has, I hear, extended itself, so as to make you desirous of taking her under your worthy protection: God for ever bless you for it! prays an indulgent mother, who admires at an awful distance, that virtue in you, which she could not practise herself.

'And will you, dearest lady, take under your own immediate protection, the poor unguilty infant? will you love her, for the sake of her suffering mamma, whom you know not; for the sake of the gentleman, now so dear to you, and so worthy of you, as I hear, with pleasure, he is? And will you, by the best example in the world, give me a moral assurance, that she will never sink into the fault, the weakness, the crime (I ought not to scruple to call it so) of her poor inconsiderate—But you are her mamma now: I will not think of a guilty one therefore. What a joy is it to me, in the midst of my heavy reflections on my past misconduct, that my beloved Sally can boast a virtuous and innocent mamma, who has withstood the snares and temptations, that have been so fatal—elsewhere!—and whose example, and instructions, next to God's grace, will be the strongest fences to her honor!—Once more I say, and on my knees I write it God for ever bless you here, and augment your joys hereafter, for your generous goodness to my poor, and, till now, motherless infant.

'I hope she, by her duty and obligingness, will do all in her little power to make you amends, and never to give you cause to repent of this your unexpected kindness to her and to me. She cannot, I hope (except her mother's crime has had an influence upon her, too much like that of an original stain,) be of a sordid, or an ungrateful nature. And, O my poor Sally! if you are, and if ever you fail in your duty to your new mamma, to whose care and authority I transfer my whole right in you, remember that you have no more a mamma in me, nor can you be entitled to my blessing, or my prayers, which I make now, on that only condition, your implicit obedience to all your new mamma's commands and directions.

'You may have the curiosity, Madam, to wish to know how I live; for no doubt you have heard all my sad, sad story!—Know, then, that I am as happy, as a poor creature can be, who has once so deplorable, so inexcusably fallen. I have a worthy gentleman for my husband, who married me as a wid-

ow, whose only child by my former was the care of her papa's friends, particularly of good Lady Davers and her brother. Poor unhappy I! to be under such a sad necessity to disguise the truth!—Mr. Wrightson (whose name I am unworthily honored by) has often entreated me to send for the poor child, and to let her be joined as his —killing thought, that it cannot be! —with two children I have by him! —Judge, my good lady, how that very generosity, which, had I been guiltless, would have added to my joys, must wound me deeper than even ungenerous or unkind usage from him could do! and how heavy that crime must lie upon me, which turns my very pleasures to misery, and fixes all the joy I can know, in repentance for my past misdeeds!—How happy are you, Madam, on the contrary; you, who have nothing of this sort to to pall, nothing to mingle with your felicities! who, blessed in an honour untainted, and a conscience that cannot reproach you, are enabled to enjoy every well deserved comfort, as it offers itself; and can improve it too, by reflection on your past conduct! While mine, alas! like a winter frost, nips in the bud every rising satisfaction.'

'My husband is rich as well as generous, and very tender of me—Happy, if I could think myself as deserving as he thinks me!—My principal comfort, as I hinted, is in my penitence for my past faults, and that I have a merciful God for my judge, who knows that penitence to be sincere!

'You may guess, Madam, from what I have said, in what light I must appear here; and if you would favor me with a line or two, in answer to the letter you have now in your hand, it will be one of the greatest pleasures I can receive: a pleasure next to that which I have received in kn that the gentleman you lov has had the grace to repent his evils; has early seen rors; and has thereby, I freed two persons from bein day, mutual accusers of each for now I please myself to that the crimes of both m washed away in the blood Savior God, whom both ha grievously offended!

'May that God, who has n fered me to be abandoned e to my own shame, as I des continue to shower down upo those blessings, which a virtu yours may expect from his m May you long be happy in th session of all you wish! an very late (for the good of sands, I wish this!) may y ceive the reward of your your generosity, and your your social, and conjugal vir are the prayers of *your mos worthy admirer, and obliged h servant,*

SARAH WRIGHTS

'Mr. Wrightson begs yo ceptance of a small present, p which can have no value, but its excelling qualities, for wha will give it at so great a distan that dear England, which I left with so much shame an gret; but with a laudable pu however, because I would n cur still greater shame, and o sequence give cause for still ter regret!'

To this letter, my dear Lad vers, I have written the follo answer, which Mr. B. will care to have conveyed to her

'DEAREST MADAM,

'I embrace with great ple the opportunity you have so k given me, of writing to a

whose person though I have not the honor to know, yet whose character, and noble qualities, I truly revere.

'I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam, for the precious trust you have reposed in me, and the right you make over to me, of your maternal interest in a child, on whom I set my heart, the moment I saw her.

'Lady Divers whose love and tenderness for Miss, as well for her mamma's sake, as your late worthy spouses's, had, from her kind opinion of me, consented to grant me this favor. and I was, by Mr. B.'s leave, in actual possession of my pretty ward about a week before your kind letter came to my hands.

'As I had been long very solicitous for this favour, judge how welcome your kind occurrence was: and the rather, as, had I known, that a letter from you was on the way to me, I should have feared you would insist upon depriving the friends of her dear papa, of the pleasure they take in the dear child. Indeed, Madam, I believe we should one and all have joined to disobey you, had that been the case; and it is a great satisfaction to us, that we are not under so hard a necessity, as to dispute with a tender mamma the possession of her own child.

'Assure yourself, worthiest Madam, of a care and tenderness in me to the dear child truly maternal, and answerable, as much as in my power, to the trust you repose in me. The little boy, that God has given me, shall not be more dear to me than my sweet Miss Goodwin shall be; and my care, by God's grace, shall extend to her future as well as to her present prospects, that she may be worthy of that piety, and truly religious excellence which I admire in your character.

'We all rejoice, dear Madam, in the account you give of your present happiness. It was impossible that God Almighty should desert a lady so exemplarily deserving; and He certainly conducted you in your resolutions to abandon every thing that you loved in England, after the loss of your dear spouse, because it seems to have been his intention that you should reward the merit of Mr. Wrightson, and meet with your own reward in so doing.

'Miss is very fond of my little Billy: she is a charming child, is easy and genteel in her shape, and very pretty; she dances finely, has a sweet air, and is improving every day in music; works with her needle, and reads admirably for her years; and takes a delight in both, which gives me no small pleasure. But she is not very forward in her penmanship, as you will see by what follows: the inditing too is her own; but in that, and the writing, she took a good deal of time, on a seperate paper.

"DEAREST DEAR MAMMA,

"Your Sally is full of joy, to have any commands from her honoured mamma. I promise to follow all your directions. Indeed, and upon my word, I will. You please me mightily in giving me so dear a new mamma here. Now I know indeed I have a mamma, and I will love and obey her, as if she was you your own self. Indeed I will. You must always bless me, because I will be always good. I hope you will believe me, because I am above telling fibs. I am, my honoured mamma on the other side of the water, and ever will be, as if you was here, your dutiful daughter, "SALLY GOODWIN."

'Miss (permit me, dear Madam, to subjoin) is a very good tempered child, easy to be persuaded, and I hope loves me dearly; and I will

endeavour to make her love me better and better; for on that love will depend the regard which, I hope, she will pay to all I shall say and do for her good.

'Repeating my acknowledgements for the kind trust you repose in me, and with thanks for the valuable present you have sent me, we all here join in respects to the worthy Mr. Wrightson, and in wishing you, Madam, a continuance and increase of worldly felicity; and I particularly beg leave to assure you, that I am, and ever will be, with the highest respect and gratitude, though personally unknown, dearest Madam, the affectionate admirer of your piety, and your obliged humble servant, P. B.'

Your ladyship will see how I was circumscribed and limited; otherwise I would have said (what I have mentioned more than once,) how I admire and honour her for her penitence, and for that noble resolution, which enabled her to do what thousands could not have had the heart to do, abandon her country, her relations, friends, baby, and all that was dear to her, as well as the seducer, whom she too well loved, and hazard the sea, the dangers of pirates, and possibly of other wicked attempters of the mischievous sex, in a world she knew nothing of, among strangers; and all to avoid repeating a sin she had been unhappily drawn into; and for which she still abhors herself.

Must not such a lady as this, dear Madam, have as much merit as many even of those, who, having not had her temptations, have not fallen? This, at least, one may aver, that next to not committing an error, is the resolution to retrieve it all that one may, to repent of it, and studiously to avoid the repetition. But who, besides this excellent Mrs. Wrightson, having so *fallen*, and being still so ardently *solicited* and pursued, (and flattered, perhaps, by fond hopes, that her spoiler would one day do her all the justice he could—for who can do complete justice to a woman he has robbed of her honor?)—could resolve as she resolved, and act as she acted? Miss Goodwin is a sweet child; but, permit me to say, has a little of her papa's spirit; hasty, yet generous and acknowledging when she is convinced of her fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wish her to be; but in every thing else deserves the character I give of her to her mamma.

She is very fond of fine clothes, is a little too lively to the servants. —Told me once, when I took notice that softness and mildness of speech became a young lady, that they were but servants! and she could say no more than, 'Pray,' and 'I desire,' and 'I wish you'd be so kind,' to her uncle or to me.

I told her, that good servants deserved any civil distinctions; and that so long as they were ready to oblige in every thing, by a kind word, it would be very wrong to give them imperative ones, which could serve for no other end but to convince observers of the haughtiness of one's own temper; and looked, as if one would question their compliance with our wills, unless we would exact it with an high hand; which might cast a slur upon the command we gave, as if we thought it was hardly so reasonable as otherwise to obtain their observation of it.

'Besides, my dear,' said I, 'you don't consider, that if you speak as haughtily and commandingly to them on common, as on extraordinary occasions, you weaken your own authority, if even you should be permitted to have any, and they'll regard you no more in the one case than in the other.'

She takes great notice of what I say, and when her little proud heart is subdued by reasonings she can-

not answer, she will sit as if she were studying what to say, to come off as flying as she can, and as the case requires, I let her go off easily, or push the little dear to her last refuge, and make her quit her post, and yield up her spirit a captive to reason and discretion: two excellent commanders, with whom, I tell her, I must bring her to be intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be sure that I can inspire her with the love of virtue, for its own sake, I will rather try to conduct her spirit to proper ends, than endeavour totally to subdue it; being sensible that our passions are given us for excellent ends, and that they may, by a proper direction, be made subservient to the noblest purposes.

I tell her sometimes, there may be a decent pride in humility, and that it is very possible for a young lady to behave with so much true dignity, as shall command respect by the turn of her eye, sooner than by asperity of speech; that she may depend upon it, the person who is always finding faults, frequently causes them; and that it is no glory to be better born than servants, if she is not better behaved too.

Besides, I tell her humility is a grace that shines in a high condition, but cannot equally in a low one; because that is already too much humbled, perhaps: and that, though there is a censure lies against being poor and proud, yet I would rather forgive pride in a poor body, than in a rich: for in the rich it is insult and arrogance, proceeding from their high condition; but in the poor it may be a defensative against dishonesty, and may shew a natural bravery of mind, perhaps, if properly directed, and manifested on right occasions, that the frowns of fortune cannot depress.

She says she bears every day things from me, which her governess never taught her.

That may very well be, I tell her, because her governess has many young ladies to take care of: I but one; and that I want to make her wise and prudent betimes, that she may be an example to other Misses; and that governesses and mammas shall say to their Misses, 'when will you be like Miss Goodwin? Do you ever hear Miss Goodwin say a naughty word? Would Miss Goodwin, think you, have done so or so?'

She threw her arms about my neck, on one such occasion as this: 'Oh, said she, 'what a charming mamma have I got! I will be in every thing as like you, as ever I can!—And then you will love me, and so will my uncle, and so will every body else.'

Mr. B. whom now and then, she says, she loves as well as if he was her own papa, sees with pleasure how we go on. But she tells me, I must not have any daughter but her, and is very jealous on the occasion about which your ladyship so kindly reproaches me.

There is a pride, you know, Madam, in some of our sex, that serves to useful purposes, is a good defence against improper matches and mean actions; and is not wholly to be subdued, for that reason: for though it is not virtue, yet, if it can be virtue's substitute, in high, rash, and inconsiderate minds, it may turn to good account. So I will not quite discourage my dear pupil neither, till I see what discretion, and riper years, may add to her distinguished faculty. For, as some have no notion of pride, separate from imperiousness and arrogance, so others know no difference between humility and meanness.

There is a golden mean in every thing; and if it please God to spare us both, I will endeavour to point her passions, and such even of those

foibles, which seem too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, to useful purposes; choosing to imitate physicians, who, in certain chronical illnessess, as I have read in Lord Bacon, rather proceed by palliatives, than by harsh extirpatives, which, through the resistance given to them by the constitution, may create such ferments in it, as may destroy that health it was their intention to establish.

But whither am I running?—Your ladyship, I hope, will excuse this parading freedom of my pen; for though these notions are well enough with regard to Miss Goodwin, they must be very impertinent to a lady, who can so much better instruct Miss's tutoress than that vain tutoress can her pupil. And, therefore, with my humblest respects to my good Lord Davers, and your noble neighbors, and to Mr. H. I hasten to conclude myself your ladyship's obliged sister, and obedient servant, P. B.

Your Billy, Madam, is a charming dear!—I long to have you see him. He sends you a kiss upon this paper. You'll see it stained, just here. The charmer has cut two teeth, and is about more: so you'll excuse the dear, pretty, slabbering boy. Miss Goodwin is ready to eat him with love: and Mr. B. is fonder and fonder of us all: and then your ladyship, and my good Lord Davers love us too. O, Madam, what a blessed creature am I?

Miss Goodwin begs I'll send her duty to her noble uncle and aunt; that's her just distinction always, when she speaks of you both. She asked me, pretty dear, just now, if I think there is such a happy girl in the world as she is? I tell her, God always blesses good Misses, and makes them happier and happier.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,

I have three marriages to acquaint you with, in one letter. In the first place, Sir W. G. has sent, by the particular desire of my dear friend, that he was made one of the happiest men in England, on the 18th past; and so I have no longer my Miss Darnford to boast of. I have a very good opinion of the gentleman; but if he be but half so good a husband as she will make a wife, they will be exceedingly happy in one another.

Mr. William's marriage to a kinswoman of his noble patron (as you have heard was in treaty) is the next; and there is great reason to believe from the character of both, that they will likewise do credit to the state.

The third is Mr. Adams and Polly Barlow; and I wish them, for both their sakes, as happy as either of the former. They are set out to his living highly pleased with one another; and I hope will have reason to continue so to be.

As to the first, I did not indeed think the affair would have been so soon concluded; and Miss kept it off so long, as I understood, that her papa was angry with her: and, indeed, as the gentleman's family, circumstances, and character, were such, that there could lie no objection against him, I think it would have been wrong to have delayed it.

I should have written to your ladyship before; but have been favoured with Mr. B's company into Kent, on a visit to my good mother, who was indisposed. We tarried there a week, and left both my dear parents, to my thankful satisfaction, in as good health as ever they were in their lives.

Mrs Judy Swynford, or Miss Swynford, (as she refuses not being called, now and then), has been with us for this week past; and she

expects her brother, Sir Jacob, to fetch her away in about a week hence.

It does not become me to write the least word that may appear disrespectful of any person related to your ladyship and Mr. B. Otherwise I should say, that the B—s and the S—s are directly the opposites of one another. But yet, as she never saw your ladyship but once, you will forgive me to mention a word or two about her, because she is character that is in a manner new to me.

She is a maiden lady, as you know, and though she will not part with the green leaf from her hand, one sees by the grey-goose down on her brows and her head, that she cannot be less than fifty-five. But so much pains does she take, by powder, to have never a dark hair in her head, because she has one half of them white, that I am sorry to see, what is a subject for reverence, should be deemed, by the good lady, matter of concealment.

She is often seemingly reproaching herself, that she is an old maid, and an old woman; but it is very discernable, that she expects a compliment, that she is not so, every time she is so free with herself: and if nobody makes her one, she will say something of that sort in her own behalf.

She takes particular care, that of all the public transactions which happen to be talked of, her memory will never carry her back above thirty years? and then it is—'About thirty years ago: when I was a girl,' or 'when I was in hanging sleeves;' and she makes herself, for twenty years of her life, a very useless and insignificant person.

If her teeth, which, for her age, are very good, though not over white (and which, by her care of them, she seems to look upon as the last remains of her better days) would but fail, it might help her to a conviction, that would set her ten years forwarder at least. But, poor lady, she is so young, in spite of her wrinkles, that I am really concerned for her affectation; because it exposes her to the remarks and ridicule of the gentlemen, and gives one pain for her.

Surely, these ladies don't act prudently at all; since, for every year Mrs. Judy would take from her age, her censurers add two to it; and, behind her back, make her going on towards seventy; whereas, if she would lay claim to her *reverentials*, as I may say, and not try to conceal her age, she would have many compliments for looking so well at her years.—And many a young body would hope to be the better for her advice and experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they suppose she has lived much longer in the world than themselves.

Then she looks back to the years she owns, when more flippant ladies at the laughing time of life, delight to frolic: she tries to sing too, although, if ever she had a voice, she has outlived it; and her songs are of so antique a date, that they would betray her; only, as she says, they were learnt her by her grandmother, who was a fine lady at the Restoration. She will join in a dance; and though her limbs move not so pleasantly as might be expected of a lady no older than she would be thought, and whose dancing days are not entirely over, yet that was owing to a fall from her horse some years ago, which, she doubts, she shall never recover, though she finds she grows better and better, every year.

Thus she loses the respect, the reverence, she might receive, were it not for this miserable affectation; takes pains, by aping youth, to make herself unworthy of her years, and is content to be thought less dis-

creet than she might otherwise be deemed, for fear she should be imagined older if she appeared wiser.

What a sad thing is this, Madam!—What a mistaken conduct! We pray to live to old age; and it is promised as a blessing, and as a reward for the performance of certain duties; and yet, when we come to it, we had rather be thought as foolish as youth, than to be deemed wise, and in possession of it. And so we shew how little we deserve what we have been so long coveting; and yet covet on; for what? Why, to be more and more ashamed, and more and more unworthy of that we covet!

How fantastic a character is this! —Well may irreverent, unthinking youth despise, instead of revere, the hoary head which the wearer is so much ashamed of. The lady boasts a relationship to you, and Mr. B. and, I think, I am very bold. But my reverance for years, and the disgust I have to see any body behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater liberty: which, however, I shall wish I had not taken, if it meets not with that allowance, which I have always had from your ladyship in what I write.

God knows whether ever I may enjoy the blessing I so much revere in others. For now my heavy time approaches. But I was so apprehensive before, and so troublesome to my best friends, with my vaporish fears, that now (with a perfect resignation to the Divine Will) I will only add, that I am *your ladyship's most obliged sister and servant*, P. B.

My dear Billy and Miss Goodwin, improve every day, and are all I can desire or expect them to be. Could Miss's poor mamma be here with a wish, and back again, how much would she be delighted with one of our afternoon conferences; our Sunday employm especially!—And let me add, I I am very happy in another you gentleman of the dean's rec mending, instead of Mr. Adam

LETTER LXXXIX.

MY DEAREST LADY,

I am once more, blessed be G for all his mercies to me! enabl on my upsitting, to thank you, a my noble lord, for all your k solicitudes for my welfare. Bi every day improves. Miss is I wish her to be, and my seco dear boy continues to be, as lov and as fine a baby as your la ship was pleased to think hi and their papa, the best of h bands!

I am glad to hear that Lady B ty is likely to be so happy. M B. says, her noble admirer is worthy a gentleman as any in t peerage; and I beg of you to co gratulate the dear lady, and h noble parents, in my name, if should be at a distance, when t nuptials are celebrated.

I have had the honor of a vi from my lady, the Countess Do ager, on occasion of her leavi the kingdom for a year or two, which space she designs to resi in Italy, principally at Naples Florence; a design she took some time ago, but which it seem she could not conveniently put in execution till now.

Mr. B. was abroad when h ladyship came, and I expected hi not till the next day. She se her gentleman, the preceding eve ing, to let me know that busine had brought her as far as Wo burn; and if it would not be una ceptable, she would pay her r spects to me at breakfast, the ne morning, being speedily to lea England. I returned, that I shou be very proud of that honor. A about tea her ladyship came.

She was exceedingly fond of my two boys, the little man, and the pretty baby, as she called them; and I had very different emotions from the expression of her love to Billy, and her visit to me, from what I had once before. She was sorry, she said, Mr. B. was abroad; though her business was principally with me. 'For Mrs. B.' said she, 'I come to tell you all that passed between Mr. B. and myself, that you may not think worse of either of us, than we deserve; and I could not leave England till I had waited upon you for this purpose; and yet, perhaps, from the distance of time, you'll think it needless now. And, indeed, I should have waited on you before, to have cleared up my character with you, had I thought I should have been so long kept on this side of the water.'—I said, I was very sorry I had ever been uneasy, when I had two persons of so much honor—'Nay,' said she, interrupting me, 'you have no need to apologize; things looked bad enough, as they were presented to you, to justify greater uneasiness than you expressed.'

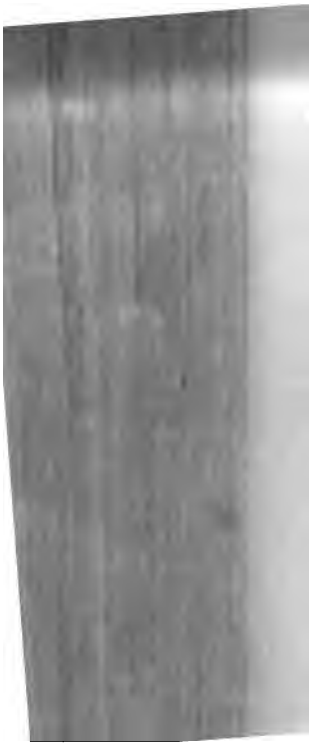
She asked me, who that pretty genteel Miss was?—I said, a relation of Lord Davers, who was intrusted lately to my care. 'Then, Miss,' said her ladyship, and kissed her, 'you are very happy.'

Believing the Countess was desirous of being alone with me, I said, 'My dear Miss Goodwin, won't you go to your little nursery, my love?' for so she calls my last blessing—'You'd be sorry the baby should cry for you.' For she was so taken with the charming lady, that she was loth to leave us—But, on my saying this, withdrew.

When we were alone, the Countess began her story, with a sweet confusion, which added to her loveliness. She said she would be brief, because she should exact all my attention, and not suffer me to interrupt her till she had done. She began with acknowledging, that she thought, when she first saw Mr. B. at the masquerade, that he was the finest gentleman she had ever seen; that the allowed freedoms of the place had made her take liberties in following him, and engaging him wherever he went. She blamed him very freely for passing for a single man; for that, she said, since she had so splendid a fortune of her own, was all she was solicitous about; having never, as she confessed, seen a man she could like so well; her former marriage having been in some sort forced upon her, at an age when she knew not how to distinguish; and that she was very loth to believe him married, even when she had no reason to doubt it. 'Yet this I must say,' said she, 'I never heard a man, when he owned he was married, express himself with more affectionate regard and kindness than he did of you; which made me long to see you, for I had a great opinion of those personal advantages which every one flattered me with; and was very unwilling to yield the palm of beauty to you.

'I believe you will censure me, Mrs. B. for permitting his visits after I knew he was married. To be sure, that was a thoughtless, and a faulty part of my conduct. But the world's saucy censures, and my friends' indiscreet interposals, incensed me; and, knowing the uprightness of my own heart, I was resolved to disgrace both, when I found they could not think worse of me than they did.

'I am naturally of a high spirit, impatient of contradiction, always gave myself freedoms, for which, satisfied with my own innocence, I thought myself above being accountable to any body—And then



pardon me, Mrs. B. I began
afraid that my reputation t
suffer in the world's opinon fo
indulgence.

'Then, when I had resolve
I did several times, to see hi
more, some unforseen acci
threw him in my way again, at
entertainment or other; for I
balls and concerts, and public di
sions, perhaps, better than I ou
and then I had all my resolve
begin again. Yet this I can tr
say, whatever his views were
never heard from him the least
decent expression, nor saw in l
behavior to me much to appr
hend; saving, I began to fear, th
by his insinuating address, and n
ble manner, I should be too mu
in his power, and too little in m
own, if I went on so little doubtin
and so litle alarmed, if ever l
should avow dishonorable design

'I had often lamented that o
sex were prohibited, by the desig
of the other upon their honor, an
by the world's censures, from co
versing with the same

on your account, and he sent you a letter to excuse himself for not waiting on you on Saturday, and to say, he would dine with you on Monday. And I remember when I said, "Mr. B. you seem to be chagrined at something; you are more thoughtful than usual," his answer was, Madam, you are right, Mrs. B. and I have had a little misunderstanding. She is so solemn, and so melancholy of late, I fear it will be no difficult matter to put her out of her right mind: and I love her so well, that then I should hardly keep my own."

"Is there no reason, think you," said I, "to imagine that your acquaintance with me gives her uneasiness? You know, Mr. B how that villain T.' (a man,' said she, 'whose insolent address I rejected with the contempt it deserved)" has slandered us. How know you, but he has found a way to your wife's ear, as he has done to my uncle's, and to all my friends? And if so, it is best for us both to discontinue a friendship, that may be attended with disagreeable consequences"

'He said, he should find it out on his return. "And will you," said I, "ingenuously acquaint me with the issue of your inquiries? for," added I, "I never beheld a countenance, in so young a lady, that seemed to mean more than Mrs. B's. when I saw her in town; and notwithstanding her prudence I could see a reserve and thoughtfulness in it, that, if it was not natural to it, must indicate too much"

'He wrote to me, in a very moving letter, the issue of your conference, and referred to some papers of your's, that he would shew me, as soon as he could procure them, they being out of your hands; and let me know that T was the accuser, as I had suspected.

'In brief, Madam, when you were down into Kent, he read to me some part of your account to Lady Davers, of your informant and information; your apprehensions; your prudence; your affection for him; the reason of your melancholy; and, to all appearance, reason enough you had, especially from the letter of Thomasine Fuller, which was one of T.'s vile forgeries: for though we had often, for argument's sake, talked of polygamy (he arguing for it, I against it,) yet had not Mr. B. dared, nor was he inclined, I verily believe, to propose any such thing to me: no, Madam, I was not so much abandoned to a sense of honor, as to give reason for any one, but my impertinent and foolish uncle, to impute such a folly to me; and he had so behaved to me, that I cared not what he thought.

'Then, what he read to me, here and there, as he pleased, gave me reason to admire you for your generous opinion of one you had so much seeming cause to be afraid of: he told me his apprehensions, from your uncommon manner, that your mind was in some degree affected, and your strange proposal of parting with a husband every one knows you so dearly love: and we agreed to forbear seeing each other, and all manner of correspondence, except by letter, for one month, till some of my affairs were settled, which had been in great disorder, and were in his kind management then; and I had not one relation, whom I cared to trouble with them, because of their treatment of me on Mr. B.'s account And this, I told him, should not be neither, but through your hands, and with your consent.

'And thus, Madam, said her ladyship, 'have I told you the naked truth of the whole affair I have seen Mr. B very seldom since: and when I have, it has been either at a horse-race, in the open field, or at some public diversion, by accident, where only distant civilities have passed between us.

'I respect him greatly; you may

allow me to say that. Except in the article of permitting me to believe for some time, that he was a single gentleman, a fault he cannot be excused for, and which made me heartily quarrel with him, when I first knew it, he has behaved to me with so much generosity and honor, that I could have wished I had been of his sex, since he had a lady so much more deserving than myself; and then, had he had the same esteem for me, there never would have been a more perfect friendship. I am now going,' continued she, 'to embark for France, and shall pass a year or two in Italy; and then I shall, I hope, return as solid, as grave, as circumspect, though not so wise, as Mrs. B.'

Thus the Countess concluded her narrative. I said, I was greatly obliged to her for the honor of this visit, and the kind and considerate occasion of it: but that Mr. B. had made me entirely happy in every particular, and had done her ladyship the justice she so well deserved, having taken upon himself the blame of passing as a single man at his first acquaintance with her.

I added, that I could hope her ladyship might be prevented, by some happy man, from leaving a kingdom, to which she was so great an ornament, as well by her birth, her quality and fortune, as by her perfections of person and mind.

She said, she had not been the happiest of her sex in her former marriage: although nobody, her youth considered, thought her a bad wife; and her lord's goodness to her, at his death, had demonstrated his own favorable opinion of her by deeds, as he had done by words upon all occasions: but that she was yet young; a little too gay and unsettled: and had her head turned towards France and Italy, having passed some time in those countries, which she thought of with pleasure, though then only twelve or thirteen: that for this reason, and having been on a late occasion still more unsettled (looking down with blushes which often overspread her face, as she talked), she had refused some offers, not despicable: that indeed Lord C. threatened to follow her to Italy, in hopes of meeting better success there, than he had met with here: but if he did, though she would make no resolutions, she might be too much offended with him, to give him reason to leave off his journey; and this the rather, as she believed he had once entertained no very honorable notions of her friendship for Mr. B.

She wished to see Mr. B. and to take leave of him, but not out of my company, she was pleased to say.—'Your ladyship's consideration for me,' replied I, 'lays me under high obligation; but indeed, Madam, there is no occasion for it, from any diffidences I have in your's or Mr. B.'s honor. And if you will give me the pleasure of knowing when it will be most acceptable, I will beg of Mr. B. to oblige me with his company to return this favor, the first visit I make abroad.'

'You are very kind, Mrs. B.' said she: 'but I think to go to Tunbridge for a fortnight, when I have disposed of every thing for my embarkation, and so set out from thence. And if you should then be lately in Kent, I should be glad to take you at your word.'

To be sure, I said, Mr. B. at least would attend her ladyship there, if any thing should happen to deprive me of that honor.

'You are very obliging, said she. 'I take great concern to myself for having caused you a moment's uneasiness formerly: but I must now try to be circumspect, in order to retrieve my character, which has been so basely traduced by that resentful fellow Turner, who hoped, I suppose, by that means, to bring me down to his level.

Her ladyship would not be prevailed upon to stay to dinner; and, saying she would be at Woodburn all the next day, took a very tender leave of me, wishing me all manner of happiness, as I did her.

Mr. B. came home in the evening, and next morning rode to Woodburn, to pay his respects to the Countess, and came back in the evening.

Thus happily, and to the satisfaction of all three, as I hope, ended this perplexing affair. P. B

LETTER XC.

From Mrs. B. to her Father and Mother.

EVER DEAR, AND EVER HONOURED.

I must write this one letter, although I have had the happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. B. is now about to honour me with the tour he so kindly promised; and it may therefore be several months, perhaps, before I have again the pleasure of paying you the like dutiful respects.

You know his kind promise, that he would for every dear baby I present him with, take an excursion with me afterwards, in order to establish and confirm my health.

The task I have undertaken of dedicating all my writing amusements to the dearest of men; the full employment I have, when at home; the frequent rambles he has so often indulged me in, with my dear Miss Goodwin, to Kent, London, Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, and to my lady Davers, take from me the necessity of writing to you, to my Miss Darnford that was, and to Lady Davers, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, with little variation occurring this year, as to our conversations, visits, friends, employments, and amusements, that fell out the last, as must be the case in a family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have for these reasons, more leisure to pursue my domestic duties, which are increased upon me; and when I have said, that I am every day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. B. in Miss Goodwin, my Billy, my Davers, and now, newly, in my sweet little Pamela, (for so, you know, Lady Davers would have her called, rather than by her own name,) what can I say more?

As to the tour I spoke of, you know, the first part of Mr. B's. obliging scheme is to carry me to France; for he has already travelled with me over the greatest part of England; and I am sure, by my passage last year, to the Isle of Wight, I shall not be afraid of crossing the water from Dover thither; and he will, when we are at Paris, he says, take my farther directions (that was his kind expression) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady Davers are so good as to promise to accompany us to Paris, provided Mr. B. will give them our company to Aix-la-Chapelle, for a month or six weeks, whither my lord is advised to go. And Mr. H. if he can get over his fear of crossing the salt water, is to be of the party.

Lady G. Miss Darnford that was (who like wise has lately lain-in of a fine daughter,) and I, are to correspond, as opportunity offers; and she promises to send you what I write, as formerly; but I have refused to say one word in my letters of the manners, customs, curiosities, &c. of the places we see; because, first, I shall not have leisure; and, next, those things are so much better described in books written by persons who made stricter and better observations than I can pretend to make: so that what I shall write will relate only to our private selves, and be as brief as possible.

If we are to do as Mr. B. has it in his thoughts, he intends to be out of England two years:—but how can I bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dear babies!—But this must be my time, my only time, Mr. B. says, to ramble and see distant places and countries; for as soon as his little ones are capable of my instructions, and begin to understand my looks and signs, he will not spare me from them a week together? and he is so kind as to propose, that my dear bold boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his papa in his dear forward spirit) shall go with us; and this pleases Miss Goowin highly, who is very fond of him, and my little Davers; but vows she will never love so well my pretty black-eyed Pamela.

You see what a sweet girl Miss is, and you admired her much: did I tell you, what she said to me, when first she saw you both, with your silver hairs, and reverend countenances?—'Madam, I dare say, your papa and mamma honored their father and mother?'—'They did, my dear; but what is your reason for saying so?'—'Because they have lived so long in the land which the LORD their GOD has given them.' I took the charmer in my arms, and kissed her three or four times, as she deserved; for was not this very pretty in the child?

I must, with inexpressible pleasure, write you word how happily God's providence has now, at last, turned that affair, which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the fine Countess (who has been some time abroad) of whom you had heard, as you told me, some reports, which, had you known at the time, would have made you very apprehensive for Mr. B.'s morals, as well as for my repose.

I will now (because I can do it with the highest pleasure, by reason of the event it has produced,) explain that dark affair, so far as shall make you judge of my present joy: although I had hitherto avoided entering into that subject to you. For now I think myself, by God's grace, secure to the affection and fidelity of the best of husbands, and that by the worthiest motives; as you shall hear.

There was but one thing wanting to complete all the happiness I wished for in this life; which was, the remote hope I had entertained, that one day, my dear Mr. B. who from a licentious gentleman became a moralist, would be so touched by the divine grace, as to become, in time, more than moral, a religious man, and, at last, join in the duties which he had the goodness to countenance.

For this reason I began with most *indispensables*. I crowded not his gates with objects of charity: I visited them at their homes, and relieved them; distinguishing the worthy indigent (made so by unavoidable accidents and casualties) from the wilfully, or perversely, or sottishly such, by greater marks of my favour.

I confined my morning and evening devotions to my own private closet, lest I should give offence and discouragement to so gay a temper, so unaccustomed (poor gentleman!) to acts of devotion and piety; while I met his household together, only on mornings and evenings of the Sabbath-day, to prepare them for public duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at church in the other; leaving them to their own reflections for the rest of the week; after I had suggested a method I wished them to follow, and in which they constantly obliged me.

This good order had its desired effect, and our Sabbath-day assemblies were held with so little parade, that we were hardly any of us missed. All, in short, was done with cheerful ease and composure: and every one of us was better disposed to our domestic duties: I, to attend the good pleasure of my best friend; and they, that of us both.

Thus we went on very happily, my neighbourly visits of charity, taking up no more time than common airings, and passing many of them for such: my private duties being only between my first, my heavenly Benefactor, and myself, and my family ones (personally confined to the day separated for these best of services, and Mr. B. pleased with my manner, beheld the good effects, and countenanced me by his praises and his endearments, as acting discreetly, as not falling into enthusiasm, and (as he used to say) as not aiming at being righteous over much.

But still I wanted, and waited for, with humble patience, and made it part of my constant prayers, that the divine Grace would at last touch his heart, and make him more than a countenancer, more than an applauder of my duties; that he might for his own dear sake, become a partaker in them. 'And then,' thought I, 'when we can, hand in hand, heart in heart, one spirit as well as one flesh, join in the same closet, in the same prayers and thanksgiving, what a happy creature shall I be.'

I say, closet: for I durst not aspire so high, as to hope the favour of his company among his servants, in our Sunday devotions.—I knew it would be going too far, in his opinion, to expect it from him. In me their mistress, had I been ever so high born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, every one of us, were his; I in one degree, Mr. Longman in another, Mrs. Jervis in another.—But from a man of his high temper and manner of education, I knew I could never hope for it, so would not lose every thing, by grasping at too much.

But in the midst of all these comfortable proceedings, and my further charming hopes, a nasty masquerade threw into his way a temptation, which for a time blasted all my prospects, and indeed made me doubt my own head almost. For, judge my disappointment, when I found all my wishes frustrated, all my prayers rendered ineffectual; his very morality, which I had flattered myself, in time, I should be an humble instrument to exalt into religion, shocked, and in danger; and all the work to begin over again, if offended Grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful trespasser!

But who should pretend to scrutinize the councils of the Almighty?—For out of all this evil appearance was to proceed the real good, I had been so long, and so often, supplicating for!

The dear man was to be on the brink of relapsing: it was proper, that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a conduct not natural to my temper, and to raise his generous concern for me: and, in the very crisis, divine Grace interposed, made him sensible of his danger, made him resolve against his error, before it was yet too late: and his sliding feet, quitting the slippery path he was in, collected new strength, and he stood the firmer and more secure for his peril.

For having happily put a stop to that affair, and by his uniform conduct, for a considerable time, shewed me that I had nothing to apprehend from it, he was pleased, when we were last at Tunbridge, and in very serious discourse upon divine subjects, to say to this effect: 'Is there not, my Pamela, a text, That the unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife, whilst he beholds her chaste conversation coupled with fear?'

'I need not tell you, my dear Mr. B. that there is, nor where it is'

'Then, my dear, I begin to hope, that will be my case: for, from a former affair, of which this spot of ground puts me more in mind, I see so much reason to doubt my own strength, which I had built, and, as I thought securely, on moral foundations, that I must look out for a

better guide to conduct me, than the proud word honor can be, in the general acceptation of it among us lively young gentlemen.

'How often have I promised (and I never promised but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often declared, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my Pamela, till I could shew her, in my own mind, a purity as nearly equal to hers, as my past conduct would admit of!

'But I depended too much upon my own strength: and I am now convinced, that nothing but *religious considerations*, and a resolution to watch over the very first appearances of evil, and to check them as they arise, can be of sufficient weight to keep steady to his good purpose, a vain young man, too little accustomed to restraint, and too much used to play upon the brink of dangers, from a temerity, and love of intrigue, natural to enterprising minds.

'I would not make this declaration of my convictions to you, till I had thoroughly examined myself, and had reason to hope, that I should be enabled to make it good. And now, my Pamela, from this instant you shall be my guide; and, only taking care, that you do not, all at once, by injunctions too rigorous, damp and discourage the rising flame I will leave it to you to direct as you please, till, by degrees, it may be deemed worthy to mingle with your own.'

Judge how rapturous my joy was upon this occasion, and how ready I was to bless God for a danger (so narrowly escaped) which was attended with the very consequences that I had so long prayed for; and which I little thought the divine providence was bringing about by the very means, that, I apprehended, would put an end to all my pleasing hopes and prospects of that nature.

It is in vain for me to seek words to express what I felt, and how I acted, on this occasion. I hurried him out with twenty different and impatient motions; and then threw myself at his feet, embracing his knees, with arms the most ardently clasped! My face lifted up to Heaven, and to him, by turns; my eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which half choked up the passage of my words.—At last, his kind arms clasping my neck, and kissing my tearful cheek, I could only say—'My ardent prayers, are at last—heard—May God Almighty confirm your pious purposes! And, Oh! what a happy Pamela have you at your feet!'

I wept for joy till I sobbed again—and he raising me to his kind arms, I said—'To have this heavenly prospect, O best beloved of my heart! added to all my earthly blessings!—How shall I contain my joy!—For, oh! to think that he is and will be, mine, and I his, through the mercies of God, when this transitory life is past and gone, to all eternity; what a rich thought is this!—Methinks I am already, dear Sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the perfections of those joys which this thrice welcome declaration gives me hope of hereafter! But what shall I say, obliged as I was beyond expression before, and now doubly obliged in the rapturous view you have opened to me, into a happy futurity!'

He said, he was delighted with me beyond expression; that I was his ecstatic charmer!—That the love I shewed for his future good was the moving proof of the purity of my heart, and my affection for him. And that very evening he joined with me in my retired duties: and, at all proper opportunities, favors me with his company in the same manner; listening attentively to all my lessons, as he calls my cheerful discourses on serious subjects.

And now, my dear parents, do you not rejoice with me in this charming charming appearance? For, before I had the most generous, the most beneficent, the most noble, the most affectionate, but now I am likely to have the most pious, of husbands! What a happy wife, what a happy daughter, is his and your Pamela! God of his infinite mercy, continue and improve the ravishing prospect!

I was forced to leave off here, to enjoy the charming reflections, which this lovely subject, and my blessed prospects, filled me with; and now proceed to write a few lines more.

I am under some concern on account of our going to travel into some Roman Catholic countries, for fear we should want the public opportunities of divine service; for I presume, the ambassador's chapel will be the only Protestant place of worship allowed of, and Paris, the only city in France where there is one. But we must endeavor to make it up in our private and domestic duties: for, as the phrase is —'When we are at Rome, we must do as they do at Rome;' that is to say, so far as not to give offence, on the one hand, to the people we are among; nor scandal, on the other, by compliances hurtful to one's conscience. But my protector knows all these things so well (no place in what is called the grand tour, being new to him), that I have no reason to be very uneasy.

And now let me, by letter, as I did on my knees at parting, beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings, and that God will preserve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy friends, a happy meeting.

Kent, you may be sure, will be our first visit, on our return, for your sakes, for my dear Daver's, *and my little Pamela's sake, who will be both put into your protection;* while my Billy, and Miss Goodwin (for, since I began this letter, it is so determined), are to be my delightful companions; for Mr. B. declared, his temper wants looking after, and his notices of every thing are strong and significant.

Poor little dear! he has indeed a little sort of perverseness & headstrongness, as one may say, in his will: yet he is but a baby, and I hope to manage him pretty well; for he notices all I say, and every look of mine already.—He is, besides, very good humored, and willing to part with any thing for a kind word: and this gives me hopes of a docile and benevolent disposition, as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the last paragraph but one, that I was within a line of concluding; but it is to you, and of my babies, I am writing; so shall go on to the bottom of this new sheet, If I do not directly finish: which I do, with assuring you both, that wherever I am, I shall always be thoughtful of you, and remember you in my prayers, as becomes your ever dutiful daughter, P. B.

My respects to all your good neighbours in general. Mr. Longman will visit you now and then. Mrs. Jervis will take one journey into Kent, she says, and it shall be to accompany my babies, when carried down to you. Poor Jonathan, and she, good folks! seem declining in their health, which grieves me.—Once more, God send us all a happy meeting, if it be his blessed will! Adieu, adieu, my dear parents! your ever dutiful daughter, &c.

LETTER XCI.

MY DEAR LADY G.

I received your last letter at Paris, as we were disposing every thing for our return to England, after an absence of near two years; in which, as I have been informed you, from time to time, I have been a [illegible]

traveller, into Holland, the Netherlands, through the most considerable provinces of France, into Italy; and, in our return to Paris again (the principal place of our residence,) through several parts of Germany.

I told you of the favours and civilities we received at Florence, from the then Countess Dowager of ——, who, with her humble servant Lord C ——, (that had so assiduously attended her for so many months in Italy,) accompanied us from Florence to Inspruck.

Her ladyship made that worthy lord happy in about a month after she parted from us, and the noble pair gave us an opportunity at Paris, in their way to England, to return some of the civilities which we received from them in Italy; and they are now arrived at her ladyship's seat on the Forest.

Her lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; for she is one of the most charming ladies in England; and behaves to him with so much prudence and respect, that they are as happy in each other as can be wished. And let me just add, that both in Italy and at Paris, Mr. B.'s demeanor and her ladyship's to one another, was so nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly discreet, that neither Lord C. who had once been jealous of Mr. B. nor the other party, who had had a tincture of the same yellow evil as you know, because of the Countess, had so much as a shadow of uneasiness remaining on the occasion.

Lord Davers has had his health (which had begun to decline in England) so well, that there was no persuading Lady Davers to return before now, although I begged and prayed I might not have another little Frenchman, for fear they should, as they grew up, forget, as I pleasantly used to say, the obligations which their parentage lays them under to dearer England.

And now, my dearest friend, I have shut up my rambles for my whole life; for three little English folks, and one little Frenchman (but a charming baby as well as the rest, Charley by name,) and a near prospect of a further increase, you will say, are family enough to employ all my cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, although I could not write to you as often as I would, because of our being constantly in motion, what was most worthy of your knowledge relating to every particular, and how happy we all have been in one another. And I have the pleasure to confirm to you what I have often written, that Mr. B. and my Lord and Lady Davers are all that I could wish and hope for, with regard to their first duties. We are indeed a happy family, united by the best and most solid ties!

Miss Goodwin is a charming young lady!—I cannot express how much I love her. She is a perfect mistress of the French language, and speaks Italian very prettily! And, as to myself, I have improved so well under my dear tutors's lessons, together with the opportunity of conversing with the politest and most learned gentry of different nations, that I will discourse with you in two or three languages, if you please, when I have the happiness to see you. There's a learned boaster for you, my dear friend! (if the knowledge of different languages makes one learned.)—But I shall bring you an heart as entirely English as ever, for all that!

I have as great credit as pleasure from my little family. All our neighbours here admire us more and more. You'll excuse my seeming (for it is but seeming) vanity: I hope I know better than to have it real—'Never,' says Mrs. Towers, who is still a single lady, 'did I see, before, a lady so much advantaged by her residence in that fantastic nation,' (for she loves not the French,) 'who brought home with her nothing of their affectations

—She says, that the French politeness, and the English frankness and plainness of heart, appear happily blended in all we say and do. And she makes me a thousand compliments upon Lord and Lady Davers's account, who, she would fain persuade me, owe a great deal of improvement (my lord in his conversation, and my lady in her temper) to living in the same house with us.

My Lady Davers is exceeding kind and good to me, is always magnifying me to every body, and says she knows not how to live from me; and that I have been a means of saving half a hundred souls, as well as her dear brother's. On an indisposition of my Lord's at Montpellier, which made her very apprehensive, she declared, that were she to be deprived of his lordship, she would not let us rest till we had consented to her living with us; saying, that we had room enough in Lincolnshire, and she would enlarge the Bedfordshire seat at her own expense.

Mr. H. is Mr. H. still; and that's the best I can say of him; for I verily think, he is more of an ape than ever. His whole head is now French. 'Twas half so before. We had great difficulties with him abroad: his aunt and I endeavouring to give him a serious and religious turn, we had like to have turned him into a Roman Catholic. For he was much pleased with the shewy part of that religion, and the fine pictures, and decorations in the churches of Italy; and having got into company with a Dominican at Padua, a Franciscan at Milan, and a Jesuit at Paris, they lay so hard at him, in their turns, that we had like to have lost him to each assailant: so were forced to let him take his own course; for, his aunt would have it, that he had no other defence from the attacks of persons to make him embrace a faulty religion, *than to permit him to continue as he was*; that is to say, to *have none at all.* So she suspended attempting to proselyte the thoughtless creature, till he came to England. I wish her success here: but I doubt, he will not be a credit to any religion, for a great while. And as he is very desirous to go to London, it will be found, when there, that any fluttering coxcomb will do more to make him one of that class, in an hour, than his aunt's lessons, to make him a good man, in a twelvemonth. '*Where much is given, much is required.*' The contrary of this, I doubt, is all poor Mr. H. has to trust to.

We have just now heard that his father, who has been long ill, is dead. So now, he is a lord indeed! He flutters and starts about most strangely, I warrant, and is wholly employed in giving directions as to his mourning equipage.—And now there will be no holding him in, I doubt; except his new title has so much virtue in it, as to make him a wiser and a better man.

He will now have a seat in the House of Peers of Great Britain; but I hope, for the nation's sake, he will not find many more like himself there!—For, to me, that is one of the most venerable assemblies in the world; and it appears the more so, since I have been abroad; for an English gentleman is respected, if he be any thing of a man, above a foreign nobleman; and an English nobleman above some petty sovereigns.

If our travelling gentry duly considered this distinction in their favor, they would, for the honor of their country, as well as for their own credit, behave in a better manner, in their foreign tours, than, I am sorry to say some of them do. But what can one expect from the unlicked cubs (pardon the term) sent abroad with only stature, to make them look like men, and equipage to attract respect, without one other qualification to enforce it?

Here let me close this, with a f

tears, to the memory of my dear Mrs. Jervis, my other mother, my friend, my adviser, my protectress, in my single state; and my faithful second and partaker in the comforts of my higher life, and better fortunes!

What would I have given to have been present, as it seems, she so earnestly wished, to close her dying eyes! I should have done it with the piety and the concern of a truly affectionate daughter. But that melancholy happiness was denied to us both; for, as I told you in the letter on the occasion, the dear good woman (who is now in the possession of her blessed reward, and rejoicing in God's mercies) was no more, when the news reached me, so far off as Heidelburgh, of her last illness and wishes.

I cannot forbear, every time I enter her parlour (where I used to see, with so much delight, the good woman sitting, always employed in some useful or pious work), shedding a tear to her memory; and in my Sabbath duties, missing her, I miss half a dozen friends, methinks; and I sigh in remembrance of her; and can only recover that cheerful frame, which the performance of those duties always gave me, by reflecting, that she is now reaping the reward of that sincere piety, which used to edify and encourage us all.

The servants we brought home, and those we left behind, melt in tears at the name of Mrs. Jervis. Mr. Longman, too, lamented the loss of her, in the most moving strain. And all I can do now, in honor of her memory and her merit, is to be a friend to those she loved most, as I have already begun to be, and none of them shall suffer in those concerns that can be answered, now she is gone. For the loss of so excellent a friend and relation, is loss enough to all who knew her, and claimed kindred with her.

Poor worthy Jonathan, too, ('tis almost a misery to have so soft, a susceptible an heart as I have, or to have such good servants and friends as one cannot lose without such emotions as I feel for the loss of them!) his silver hairs, which I have beheld with so much delight, and thought I had a father in presence, when I saw them adorning so honest and comely a face, are now laid low!—Forgive me, he was not a common servant; neither are any of ours so: but Jonathan excelled all that excelled in his class!—I am told, that these two worthy folks died within two days of one another on which occasion I could not help saying to myself, in the words of David over Saul and his son Jonathan, the name-sake of our worthy butler—'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.'

I might have continued on in the words of the royal lamenter; for surely, never did one fellow-servant love another in my maiden state, nor servant love a mistress in my exalted condition, better than Jonathan loved me! I could see in his eyes a glistening pleasure, whenever I passed by him: if at such times I spoke to him, as I seldom failed to do, with a—'God bless you too!' in answer to his repeated blessings, he had a kind of rejuvenescence (may I say?) visibly running through his whole frame: and, now and then, if I laid my hands upon his folded ones, as I passed him on a Sunday morning or evening, praying for me, with a—'How do you, my worthy old acquaintance?' his heart would spring to his lips in a kind of rapture, and his eyes would run over.

O my beloved friend! how the loss of these two worthies of my family oppresses me at times!

Mr. B. likewise shewed a generous concern on the occasion, and when all the servants welcomed us in a body, on our return—'Methinks my dear,' said he, 'I am

your Mrs. Jervis, and honest Jonathan! A starting tear, and—'They are happy, dear honest souls!' and a sigh, were the tribute I paid to their memories, on their beloved master's so kindly repeating their names.

Who knows, had I been here—But away, too painful reflections—They lived to a good old age, and fell like fruit fully ripe: they died the death of the righteous; I must follow them in time, God knows how soon: and, Oh! that my latter end may be like theirs!

Once more, forgive me, my dear friend, this small tribute to their memories: and believe, that I am not so ungrateful For God's mercies, as to let the loss of these dear good folks lessen with me the joy and delight I have still left me, in the health and the love of the best of husbands, and good men; in the children, charming as ever a mother could boast of—charming I mean, principally, in the dawning beauties of their minds, and in the pleasure their towardliness of nature gives me: including, as I always do, my dear Miss Goodwin, and have reason to do, from her dutiful love for me, and observation of all I say to her: in the preservation to me of the best and worthiest of parents, hearty, though aged as they are: in the love and friendship of good Lord and Lady Davers, and my excellent friend Lady G.; not forgetting even worthy Mr. Longman. Give preserve all these to me, as I am truly thankful for his mercies! And then, notwithstanding my affecting losses, as above, who will be so happy as I? That you, my dear Lady G. may long continue so, likewise in the love of a worthy husband, and the delights of an increasing hopeful family, which will make you some amends for the heavy losses you also have sustained, in *the two last years*, of an affectionate *father, and a most* worthy mother, and, in Mrs. Jones, of a good neighbor, prays *your ever affectionate friend and servant*, P. B.

LETTLR XCII

MY BELOVED LADY G.

You will excuse my long silence, when I shall tell you the occasions of it. In the first place, I was obliged to pay a dutiful visit to Kent, where my good father was taken ill of a fever, and my mother of an ague; and think, Madam, how this must affect me, at their time of life?

Mr. B. kindly accompanied me, apprehending that his presence would be necessary, if the recovery of them both, in which I thankfully rejoice, had not happened; especially as a circumstance I am, I think, always in, added more weight to his apprehensions.

I had hardly returned from Kent to Bedfordshire, and looked around, when I was obliged to set out to attend Lady Davers, who said she should die, if she saw me not, to comfort and recover, by my counsel and presence (so she was pleased to express herself) her sick lord, who had just got out of an intermitting fever, which left him without any spirit, and was occasioned by fretting at the conduct of her stupid nephew (those also were her words.)

For you must have heard, (everybody hears when a man of quality does a foolish thing! and it has been in all the newspapers, that, 'On Wednesday last the Right Honorable John,' (Jackey they should have said) 'Lord H——, nephew to the Right Honorable William Lord Davers, was married to the Honorable Mrs. P. relict of J. P. of Twickenham, Esq. a lady of celebrated beauty and ample fortune.'

Now, you must know, that this celebrated lady is, 'tis true, of the ——family, whence her title

the poor wretch is a father
for he has already had a
three years old (her hus
[illegible] secret) [illegible]
[illegible] which he knew to
[illegible] never happened, whether
ow had a child!—And he
paying the mother's [illegible]
trying to make the best of
gain.

This is the fruit of a
journey, so long desired by h
his fluttering about there w
new title.

He was drawn in by a bro
his lady, and a friend of that
er's, two town sharpers, game
and bullies. Poor Sir Joseph
tol! This was his case, an
character, it seems, in London.

Shall I present you with a c
sity? 'Tis a copy of his lo
his uncle, who had, as you
well think, lost all patience w
him, on occasion of this abomin
folly.

'MY LORD DAVERS,

'I' [illegible]

:late, come when or how it will. I will only say, I am sorry on his own account, but more for that of Lord and Lady Davers, who take the matter very heavily, and wish he had married the lowest born creature in England (so she had been honest and virtuous,) rather than done as he has done.

But, I suppose, the poor gentleman was resolved to shun, at all adventures, Mr. B.'s fault, and keep up to the pride of descent and family;—and so married the only creature, as I hope (since it cannot be helped), that is so great a disgrace to both: for I presume to flatter myself, for the sake of my sex, that among the poor wretches who are sunk so low as the town women are there are very few of birth or education; but such, principally, as have had the necessities of their ignorance taken advantage of by base men; since birth and education must needs set the most unhappy of the sex above so sordid and so abandoned a guilt, as the hourly wickedness of such a course of life subjects them to.

But let me pursue my purpose of excusing my long silence. I had hardly returned from Lady Davers's, and recovered my family management, and resumed my nursery duties, when my fourth dear boy, my Jemmy (for, I think I am going on to make out the number Lady Davers allotted me), pressed so upon me, as not to be refused, for one month or six weeks close attention. And then a journey to Lord Davers's, and that noble pair accompanying us to Kent; and daily and hourly pleasures crowding upon us, narrow and confined as our room there was, (though we went with as few attendants as possible), engrossed more of my time. Thus I hope you will forgive me, because, as soon as I returned, I set about writing this, as an excuse for myself, in the first place; to promise you the subject you insist upon, in the next; and to say, that I am incapable of forgetfulness or negligence to such a friend as Lady G. For I must always be *your faithful and affectionate humble servant,* P. B.

LETTER XCIII.

MY DEAR LADY, G.

You desire to have a little specimen of my nursery tales and stories, with which, as Miss Fenwick told you, on her return to Lincolnshire, I entertain my Miss Goodwin and my little boys. But you make me too high a compliment, when you tell me, it is for your own instruction and example. Yet you know, my dear Lady G. be your motives what they will, I must obey you, although, were others to see it, I might expose myself to the smiles and contempt of judges less prejudiced in my favor. So I will begin without any further apology; and, as near as I can, give you those very stories with which Miss Fenwick was so pleased, and of which she has made so favorable a report.

Let me acquaint you, then, that my method is to give characters of persons I have known in one part or other of my life, in feigned names, whose conduct may serve for imitation or warning to my dear attentive Miss; and sometimes I give instances of good boys and naughty boys, for the sake of my Billy and my Davers; and they are continually coming about me, 'Dear Madam, a pretty story,' now cries Miss. 'and dear mamma, tell me of good boys, and of naughty boys,' cries Billy.

Every day, once or twice, I cause Miss Goodwin, who plays and sings very prettily, to give a tune or two to me, my Billy and my Davers, who as well as my Pamela, love and learn to touch the keys, young as the latter is; and she will have

sweet finger; I can observe that; and a charming ear; and her voice is music itself!—'O the fond, fond mother!' I know you will say, on reading this.

Then, Madam, we all proceed, hand-in-hand, together to the nursery, to my Charley and Jemmy: and in this happy retirement, so much my delight in the absence of my best beloved, imagine you see me seated, surrounded with the joy and the hope of my future prospects, as well as my present comforts.

Miss Goodwin, imagine you see, on my right hand, sitting on a velvet stool, because she is eldest, and a Miss; Billy on my left, in a little cane elbow-chair, because he is eldest, and a good boy; my Davers, and my sparkling-ey'd Pamela, with my Charley between them, on little silken cushions, at my feet, hand-in-hand, their pleased eyes looking up to my more delighted ones; and my sweet-natured promising Jemmy, in my lap; the nurses and the cradle just behind us, and the nursery maids delightedly pursuing some useful needle-work for the dear charmers of my heart—All as hush and as still as silence itself, as the pretty creatures generally are, when their little watchful eyes, see my lips beginning to open: for they take great notice already of my rule of two ears to one tongue, insomuch that if Billy or Davers are either of them for breaking the mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my finger to my lip, or if Miss points her's to her ear, even to the breaking of a word in two, as it were: and yet all my boys are as lively as so many birds: while my Pamela is cheerful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a dove.

I began with a story of two little boys, and two little girls, the children of a fine gentleman, and a fine lady, who loved them dearly, that they were all so good, and loved one another so well, that every b saw them, admired them, a of them far and near: t would part with any thin another; loved the poor; kindly to the servants; d thing they were bid to do; proud; knew no strife, should learn their books be the prettiest scholar; that vants loved them, and woul thing they desired; that th not proud of fine clothes their heads run upon th things when they should m books; said grace before their prayers before they bed, and as soon as they ros always clean and neat; w tell a fib for the world, a above doing any thing that one; that God blessed the and more, and blessed th and mamma, and their un aunts, and cousins, for thei 'And there was a happy fa dear loves!—No one idle; tily employed; the Masters books; the Misses at their b or at their needles; except play hours, when they we rude, nor noisy, nor misc nor quarrelsome; and no su was ever heard from their as, 'Why mayn't I have thi as well as Billy or Bobby 'Why should Sally have that, any more than I?' Be 'As my mamma pleases; m ma knows best;' and a bo smile, and no surliness, or s brow to be seen, if they wer any thing; for well did the that their papa and mamm them so dearly, that they w fuse them nothing that was good; and they were sur they were refused, they n something that would ha them hurt, had it been Never were such good girls as these! And they and the Masters becam

ars, and fine gentlemen, and every body honored them: and the Misses became fine ladies, and fine housewives; and this gentleman, when they grew to be women, sought to marry one of the Misses, and that gentleman the other; and happy was he that could be admitted into their companies! so that they had nothing to do but to pick and choose out of the best gentlemen in the county: while the greatest ladies for birth, and the most remarkable for virtue (which, my dears, is better than either birth or fortune,) thought themselves honored by the addresses of the two brothers. And they married, and made good papas and mammas, and were so many blessings to the age in which they lived. There, my dear loves, were happy sons and daughters; for good Masters seldom fail to make good gentlemen; and good Misses, good ladies; and God blesses them with as good children as they were to their parents; and so the blessing goes round!—Who would not but be good?'

'Well, but, mamma, we will all be good:—Won't we, Master Davers?' cries my Billy. Yes, brother Billy.

But what will become of the naughty boys? Tell us, mamma, about the naughty boys!

'Why there was a poor, poor widow woman, who had three naughty sons, and one naughty daughter; and they would do nothing that their mamma bid them do; were always quarrelling, scratching, and fighting; would not say their prayers; would not learn their book; so that the little boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for blockheads; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat and thump them about, for their naughty ways, and their undutifulness to *their poor mother*, who worked *hard to maintain them*. As they grew up they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant; so that they impoverished their poor mother, and at last broke her heart, poor poor widow woman!—And her neighbors joined together to bury the poor widow woman: for these sad ungracious children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her heart was quite broken; and this helped to break it the sooner; for had she lived, she saw she must have wanted bread, and had no comfort with such wicked children.'

'Poor poor widow woman!' said my Billy, with tears; and my little dove shed tears too, and Davers was moved, and Miss wiped her fine eyes.

'But what became of the naughty boys, and the naughty girl, mamma?'

'Became of them! Why one son was forced to go to sea, and there he was drowned: another turned thief (for he would not work,) and he came to an untimely end: the third was idle and ignorant, and nobody, who knew how he used his poor mother, would employ him; and so he was forced to go into a far country, and beg his bread. And the naughty girl, having never loved work, pined away in sloth and filthiness, and at last broke her arm, and died of a fever, lamenting, too late, that she had been so wicked a daughter to so good a mother!—And so there was a sad end to all the four ungracious children, who never would mind what their poor mother said to them; and God punished their naughtiness as you see!—While the good children I mentioned before, were the glory of their family, and the delight of every body that knew them.'

'Who would not be good?' was the inference: and the repetition from Billy, with his hands clapt together, 'Poor widow woman!' gave me much pleasure.

'Coquetilla was the only daughter of a worthy baronet, by a lady very gay, but rather indiscreet than unvirtuous, who took not the requisite care of her daughter's education, but let her be over-ran with the love of fashion, dress, and equipage; and when in London, balls, operas, plays, the Park, the Ring, the withdrawing-room, took up her whole attention. She admired nobody but herself, fluttered about, laughing at, and despising a crowd of men-followers, whom she attracted by gay, thoughtless freedoms of behavior, too nearly treading on the skirts of immodesty, yet made she not one worthy conquest, exciting, on the contrary, in all sober minds, that contempt of herself, which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world. After she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed the wings of her reputation; for, being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution and confidence enough to break through those few cobweb reserves, in which she had encircled her precarious virtue; and which were no longer of force to preserve her honor, when she met with a man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing as she was thoughtless. And what then became of Coquetilla?—Why, she was forced to pass over sea to Ireland, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull obscurity; to go by another name, and at last, unable to support a life so unsuitable to the natural gaiety of her temper she pined herself into a consumption, and died, unpitied and unlamented, among strangers, having not one friend but whom she bought with her money.'

'Poor Lady Coquetilla!' said Miss Goodwin; 'What a sad thing it is to have a wrong education; and how happy am I, who have good a lady to supply the place dear distant mamma!—But pleased, Madam, to proceed to next.'

'Prudiana, my dear, was daughter of a gentleman who widower, and had, while the yo lady was an infant, buried her m ma. He was a good sort of m but had but one lesson to teach Prudiana, and that was to a all sort of conversation with men; but never gave her the r turn of mind, nor instilled in that sense of her religious du which would have been her guard in all temptations. For, vided she kept out of the sight conversation of the gentlemen, avoided the company of those la who more freely conversed with other sex, it was all her papa des of her. This gave her a haug sullen and reserved turn; made stiff, formal, and affected. She sense enough to discover early faults of Coquetilla, and, in dis to them, fell the more easily into contrary extreme, which a rec education, and her papa's cauti naturally led her. So that p reserve, affectation, and censori ness, made up the essentials of character, and she became more amiable even than Coquetilla; as the other was too access Prudiana was quite unapproa ble by gentlemen, and unfit for conversation, but that of her serva being also deserted by those of own sex, by whom she might b improved, on account of her ce rious disposition. And what the consequence? Why this: ev worthy person of both sexes des ing her, and she being used to nobody but servants, at last thr herself upon one of that class: in evil hour, she finds something is taking to her low taste in person of her papa's valet, a so infinitely beneath her Qua

coxcomb of a servant), that every body attributed to her the scandal of making the first advances; for, otherwise, it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his master's daughter. So here ended all her pride. All her reserves came to this! Her censoriousness of others redoubled people's contempt upon herself, and made nobody pity her. She was, finally, turned out of doors, without a penny of fortune: the fellow was forced to set up a barber's shop in a country town; for all he knew was to shave and dress a peruke; and her papa would never look upon her more: so that Prudiana became the outcast of her family, and the scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in conversation and company with the wretches of her husband's degree!

'Poor, miserable Prudiana!' said Miss—'What a sad, sad fall was hers. And all owing to the want of a proper education too!—And to the loss of such a mamma, as I have an aunt; and so wise a papa as I have an uncle!—How could her papa, I wonder, restrain her person as he did, like a poor nun, and make her unacquainted with the generous restraints of the mind.

'I am sure, my dear good aunt, it will be owing to you, that I shall never be a Coquetilla, nor a Prudiana neither. Your table is always surrounded with the best of company, with worthy gentlemen as well as ladies: and you instruct me to judge of both, and of every new guest, in such a manner, as makes me esteem them all, and censure nobody; but yet to see faults in some to avoid, and graces in others to imitate; but in nobody but yourself and my uncle, any thing so like perfection, as shall attract one's admiration to one's own ruin.'

'You are young, yet, my love, and must always doubt your own strength; and pray to God, more and more, as your years advance, to give you more and more prudence, and watchfulness over your conduct.

'But yet, my dear, you must think justly of yourself too; for let the young gentlemen be ever so learned and discreet, your education entitles you to think as well of yourself as of them: for, don't you see, the ladies who are so kind as to visit us that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good figures in conversation, say as good things as any of the gentlemen? For, my dear, all that the gentlemen know more than the ladies, except here and there such a one as your dear uncle, with all their learned education, is only, that they have been disciplined, perhaps, into an observation of a few accuracies in speech, which, if they know no more, rather distinguish the *pedant* than the *gentleman*: such as the avoiding of a false concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do, as well as the best; not to put a *was* for a *were*, an *are* for an *is*, and to be able to speak in mood and tense, and such like valuable parts of education: so that, my dear, you can have no reason to look upon that sex in so high a light, as to depreciate your own: and yet you must not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one rule your guide:

'In your maiden state, think yourself above the gentlemen, and they'll think you so too, and address you with reverence and respect, if they see there be neither pride nor arrogance in your behavior, but a consciousness of merit, a true dignity, such as becomes virgin modesty, and untainted purity of mind and manners, like that of an angel among men; for so young ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other sex.

'In your married state, which is a kind of state of humiliation for a lady, you must think yourself subor-

dinate to your husband; for so it has pleased God to make the wife. You must have no will of your own, in petty things; and if you marry a gentleman of sense and honor, such a one as your uncle, he will look upon you as his equal; and will exalt you the more for your abasing yourself. In short, my dear, he will act by you, just as your dear uncle does by me: and then, what a happy creature will you be!'

'So I shall, Madam! To be sure I shall!—But I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise directors, and such an example before me: and, if it please God, I will never think of any man (in pursuance of your constant advice to young ladies at the tea-table), who is not a man of sense, and a virtuous gentleman. But now, dear Madam, for your next character. There are two more yet to come, that's my pleasure! I wish there were ten!'

'Why the next was Profusiana, you may remember, my love. Profusiana took another course to her ruin. She fell into some of Coquetilla's foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the upper life, she gives herself up to the circus, to balls, to operas, to masquerades, and assemblies; affects to shine at the head of all companies, at Tunbridge, at Bath, and every place of public resort; plays high, is always receiving and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments; and is so much above the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving of the other sex, that no gentleman, who prefers solid happiness, can think of addressing her, though she is a fine person, and has many outward graces of behavior. She becomes the favorite toast of the place she frequents: is proud of that distinction; gives the fashion, and delights in the pride, that she can make apes in imitation, whenever she pleases. But yet endeavoring to avoid being thought proud, makes herself cheap, and is the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence; and with much ado, preserves her virtue, though not her character.

'What, all this while, is poor Profusiana doing? She would be glad, perhaps, of a suitable proposal, and would, it may be, give up some of her gaieties and extravagancies: for Profusiana has wit, and is not totally destitute of reason, when she suffers herself to think. But her conduct procures her not one solid friendship, and she has not in a twelvemonth, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she can attend to, or a friend that she can depend upon. All the women she sees, if she excels them, hate her: the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanies most, are all in a plot against her honor. Even the gentlemen, whose conduct in the general is governed by principles of virtue, come down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedoms allowed there, and often times give themselves airs of gallantry, and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage with an acquaintance begun upon that gay spot. What solid friendships and satisfactions then is Profusiana excluded from!

'Her name indeed is written in every public window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate or sot, who wears a diamond to engrave it: and that it may be, with most vile and barbarous imputations and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. The wounded trees are perhaps also taught to wear the initials of her name, linked, too unlikely, and widening as they grow, with those of a scoundrel. Ha, ha!

this while she makes not the least impression upon one noble heart: and at last, perhaps, having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies, she is cheated into the arms of some vile fortune-hunter; who quickly lavishes away the remains of that fortune which her extravagance had left; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sinks into obscurity that cuts short the thread of her life, and leaves no remembrance, but on the brittle glass, and still more faithless bark, that ever she had a being.

'Alas, alas! what a butterfly of a day,' said Miss, (an expression she remembered of Lady Towers,) 'was poor Profusiana! What a sad thing to be so dazzled by worldly grandeur, and to have so many admirers, and not one real friend!'

'Very true, my dear; and how carefully ought a person of a gay and lively temper to watch over it! And what a rock may public places be to a lady's reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her conduct, when she is exposed to the censures and observations of malignant crowds of people, many of the worst of whom spare the least those who are most unlikely themselves.'

'But then, Madam,' said Miss, 'Would Profusiana, venture to play at public places? Will ladies game, Madam? I have heard you say, that lords, and sharpers but just out of liveries, in gaming, are upon a foot in every thing, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his reputation? And will ladies so disgrace their characters, and their sex, as to pursue this pernicious diversions in public?'

'Yes, my dear, they will too often, the more's the pity! And don't you remember, when we were at Bath, in what a hurry I once passed by some knots of genteel people, *and you asked what those were doing? I told you,* whisperingly, they were gaming; and loth I was, that my Miss Goodwin should stop to see some sights, to which, till she arrived at the years of discretion, it was not proper to familiarize her eye; in some sort acting like the ancient Romans, who would not assign punishments to certain atrocious crimes, because they had such an high idea of human nature, as to suppose it incapable of committing them: so I was not for having you, while a little girl, see those things, which I knew would give no credit to our sex, and which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and shocking to you: but now you are so much a woman in discretion, I may tell you any thing.'

She kissed my hand, and made me a fine curtsey—and told me, that now she longed to hear of Prudentia's conduct. 'Her name, Madam,' said she, 'promises better things than those of her three companions; and so it had need; for how sad is it to think, that out of four ladies of distinction, three of them should be naughty, and, of course, unhappy.' —'These two words, of course, my dear,' said I, 'were very prettily put in: let me kiss you for it: since every one who is naughty, first or last, must be certainly unhappy.

'Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable Prudentia. Like the industrious bee, she makes up her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet; for every character is of use to her, by which she can improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt, who loved her, as I do you; and of an uncle who doated on her, as your's does: for alas! poor Prudentia lost her papa and mamma almost in her infancy, in one week: but was so happy in her uncle and aunt's care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading, by observation, and by attention, she daily added new advantages to those

which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied, the fluttering freedoms and dangerous flights of Coquetilla. The sullen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves, which Prudiana assumed, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid. And the gay, hazardous conduct, extravagant temper, and love of tinselled grandeur, which were the blemishes of Profusiana's character she dreaded and shunned. She fortifies herself with the excellent examples of the past and the present ages, and knows how to avoid the faults of the faulty, and to imitate the graces of the most perfect. She takes into her scheme of that future happiness, which she hopes to make her own, what are the true excellencies of her sex, and endeavors to appropriate to herself the domestic virtues, which shall one day make her the crown of some worthy gentleman's earthly happiness: and which, of course, as you prettily said, my dear, will secure and heighten her own.

'That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shines in all her actions and behavior, commended her to the esteem and reverence of all mankind; as her humility and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making the best of what she said of the absent person, of either sex, do to the love of every lady. Her name, indeed, is not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the barks of trees in public places: but it smells sweet to every nostril, dwells on every tongue, and is engraven on every heart. She meets with no address but from men of honor and probity: the fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, spread no snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as her's is. They see' that all her amiable virtues are the happy result of an uniform judgment, and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she does the highest credit. And at last, after several worthy offers, enough to perplex a lady's choice, she blesses some one happy gentleman, more distinguished than the rest, for learning, good sense, and true politeness, which is but another word for virtue and honor; and shines, to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend, and Christian; and so confirms all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong and such edifying presages.'

Then folding my dear Miss in my arms, and kissing her, tears of pleasure standing in her pretty eyes, 'Who would not,' said I, 'shun the examples of the Coquetilla's, the Prudiana's, and the Profusiana's of this world, and choose to imitate the character of Prudentia!—the happy, and the happy-making Prudentia.'

'O Madam! Madam!' said the dear creature, smothering me with her rapturous kisses, 'Prudentia is you!—Is you indeed!—It can be nobody else!—O teach me, good God! to follow your example, and I shall be a second Prudentia—Indeed I shall!'

'God send you may, my beloved Miss! And may He bless you more, if possible, than Prudentia was blessed!'

And so, my dear Lady, G. you have some of my nursery tales: with which, relying on your kind allowance and friendship, I conclude myself *your affectionate and faithful.* P. B

CONCLUSION.

The Editor thinks proper to conclude in this place, that he may not be thought to deserve a suspicion that the extent of the work was

ıreasured by the patience of its ılers. But he thinks it necessa- in order to elucidate the whole, subjoin a note of the following ts.

Mr. B. (after the affair which k date at the masquerade, and ıcluded so happily) continued to one of the best and most exem- ary of men, an honor to his coun- , both in his public and private pacity: having, at the instances some of his friends in very eleva- l stations, accepted of an honora- e employment abroad in the ser- e of the state; which he dis- arged in such a manner, as might expected from his qualifications ıd knowledge of the world: and his return, after an absence of ree years, resisting all the tempt- ions of ambition, devoted himself private duties, and joined with s excellent lady in every pious sh of her heart; adorning the arried life with all the warmth of elegant tenderness; beloved by s tenants, respected by his neigh- rs, revered by his children, and most adored by the poor, in every unty where his estates gave him terest, as well for his own bounti- l temper, as for the charities he rmitted to be dispensed, with so eral a hand, by his lady.

She made him the father of seven e children, five sons, and two ughters, all adorned and accom- ished by nature, to be the joy and light of such parents; being edu- ed, in every respect, by the rules their inimitable mother.

Miss Goodwin, at the age of eigh- n, was married to a young gen- man of fine parts, and great so- iety and virtue: and both she and , in every material part of their nduct, and in their behavior to e another, emulate the good ex- ıple set them by Mr. and Mrs. B.

Lord Davers dying two years he- *e this marriage*, his lady went to *de at the Hall* in Lincolnshire, the place of her birth, that she might enjoy the company and conversation of her excellent sister; who, for conveniency of the chapel, and advantage of room and situation, had prevailed upon Mr. B. to make it the chief place of his residence; and there the noble lady lived long (in the strictest friendship with the happy pair) an honorable relict of her affectionate lord.

The worthy Mr. Andrews, and his wife, lived together in the sweet tranquility set forth in their letters, for the space of twelve years, at the Kentish farm: the good old gentlewoman died first, full of years and comfort, her dutiful daughter performing the last pious offices to so beloved and so loving a parent: her husband survived her about a year only.

Lady G. Miss Darnford that was, after a happy marriage of several years, died in childbed of her fourth child, to the inexpressible concern of her affectionate consort, and of her dear friend Mrs. B.

Lord H. after having suffered great dishonor by the ill course of his wife, and great devastations in his estate, through her former debts, and continued extravagance (intimidated and dispirited by her perpetual insults, and those of her gaming brother, who with his bullying friends, terrified him into their measures,) threw himself upon the protection of Mr. B. who, by his spirit and prudence, saved him from utter ruin, punished his wife's accomplices, and obliged her to accept of a seperate maintenance; and then taking his affairs into his own management, in due course of time, entirely re-established them; and after some years his wife dying, he became wiser by his past sufferings, and married a second, of Lady Davers's recommendation, who, by her prudence and virtue, made him happy for the remainder of his days.

Mr. Longman lived to a great

age in the worthy family, much esteemed by every one, having trained up a diligent youth, whom he had recommended, to ease him in his business, and who, answering expectation, succeeded him in it after his death.

He dying rich, out of his great love and gratitude to the family, in whose service he had acquired most of his fortune, and in disgust to his nearest relations, who had perversely disobliged him; he bequeathed to three of them one hundred pounds a-piece, and left all the rest to his honored principal, Mr. B.; who, as soon as he came to know it, being at that time abroad, directed his lady to call together the relation[illegible] gentleman, and after to[illegible] to the heart with a just a[illegible] reproof, and finding them [illegible] due sense of their deme[illegible] had been the cause of thei[illegible] then to divide the whole, [illegible] been left him, among them, [illegible] er proportions as they [illegible] nearly related: an action [illegible] so generous and ennobled [illegible] and which procured him the [illegible] and blessings, not only of the [illegible] ted, but all who heard of it. [illegible] is easy to imagine, how ch[illegible] and how gracefully, his be[illegible] lady discharged a command [illegible] suited to her natural genero[illegible]

THE END.

[redacted]

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